WILDCAT

1919

Mildred A. McCalla.

Junior

Purple and Gold
of 1919

The Year Book of
Morrison R. Waite High School

VOLUME V.

Edited and Published by
The Senior Class of 1919

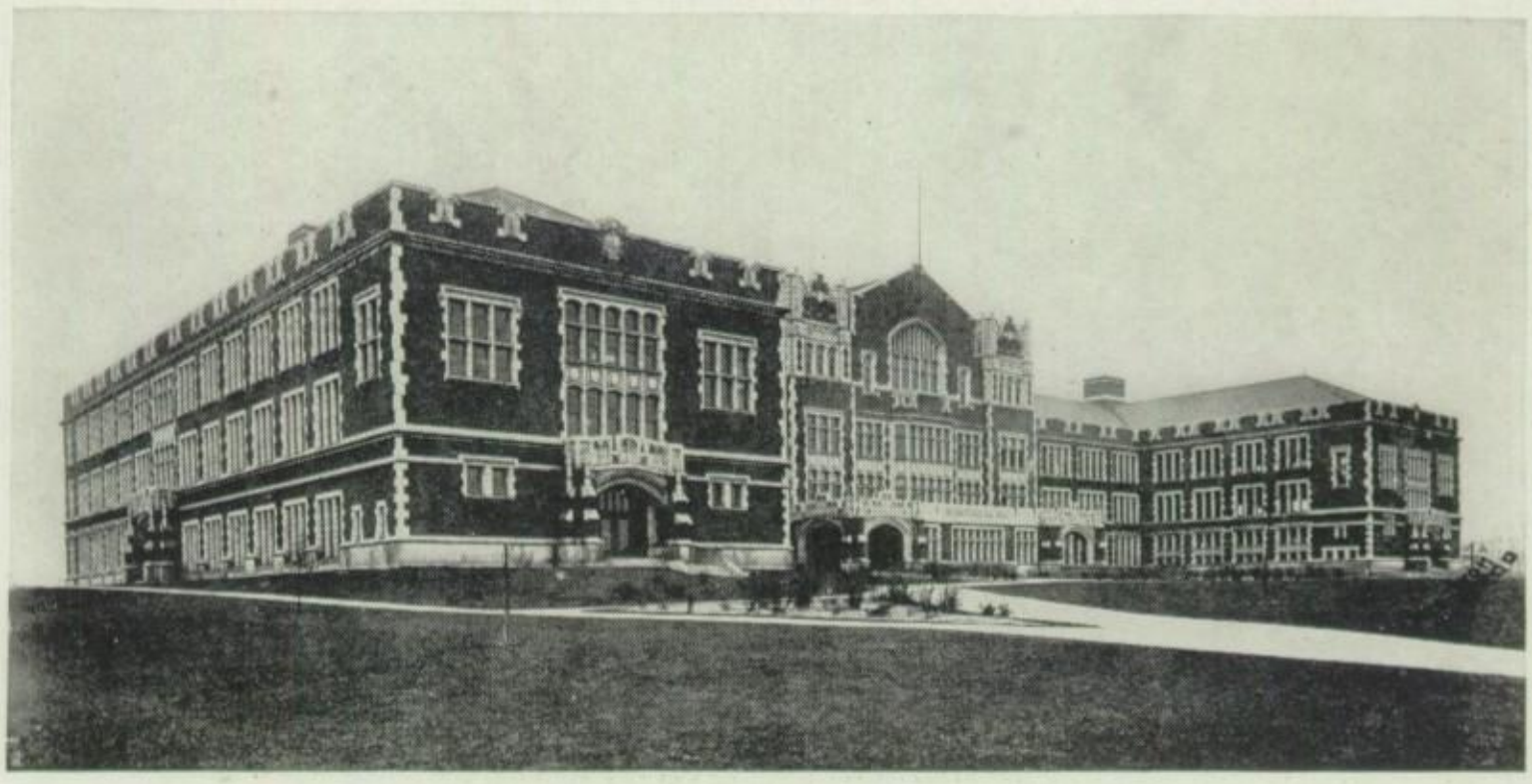
Dedication

WE, the Class of 1919, reverently dedicate this, the Fifth Volume of the Purple and Gold, to Walter Goorley and George Fischer, who so freely, so unselfishly, and so nobly laid down their lives on the altar of freedom that liberty might live.

Foreword

ANOTHER school year has passed swiftly from our lives; another Purple and Gold lies before us. This book contains a summary of all the happy events in which dear old Waite took a part during the past school year.

The Editor and Staff have endeavored to make this number a book well worth while; a book portraying the true spirit of the school. It is our sincere wish that in the future years, this Annual may be a pleasant reminder of the dear old days that were spent at Waite in 1918-19.



WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

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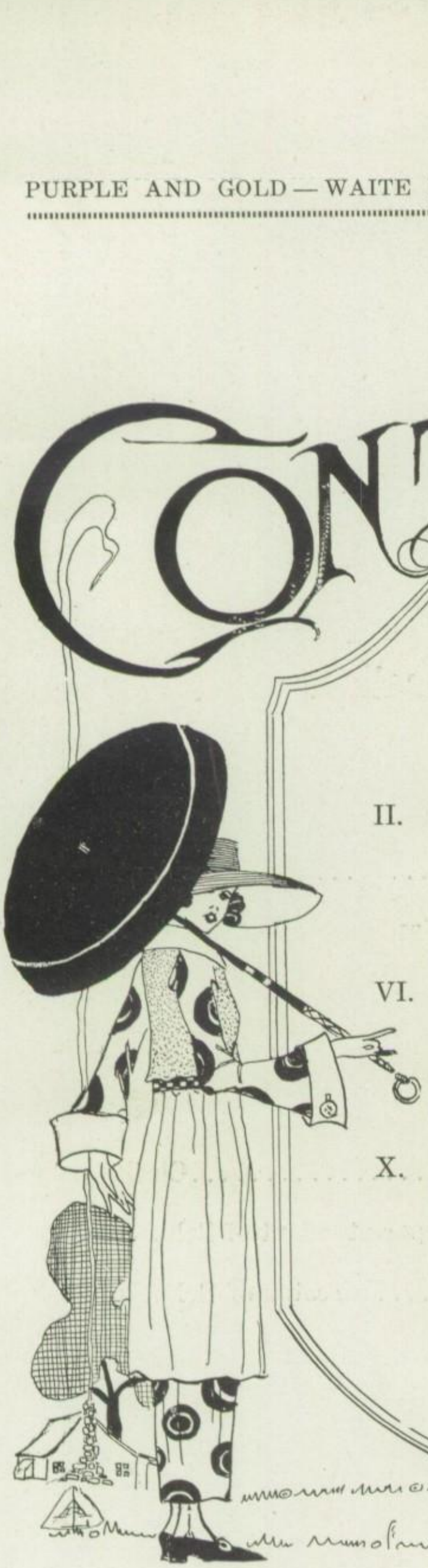

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1919

Board of Education

Judge Tyler..... President

Thomas H. DeVilbiss

Charles Feilbach

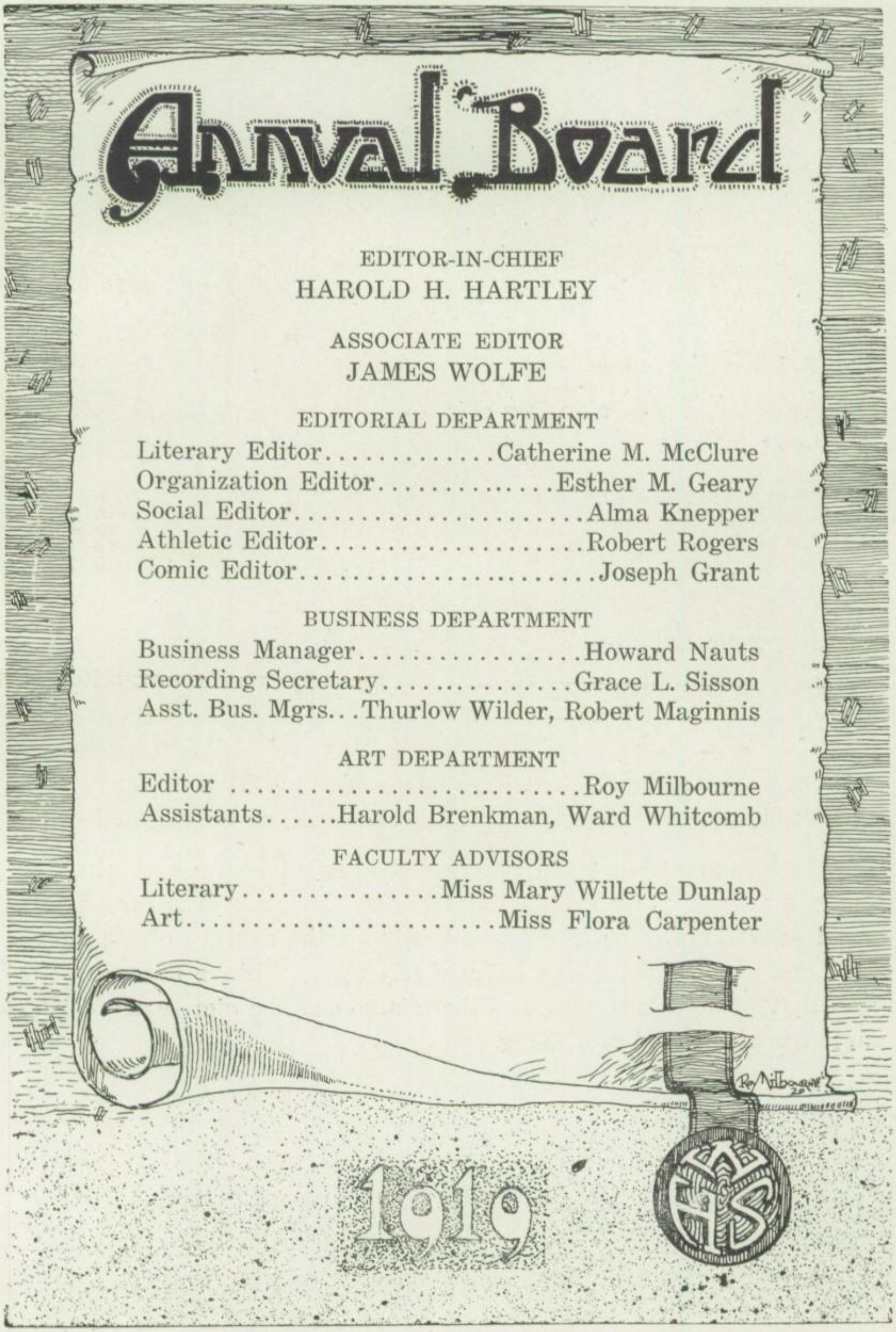
Robison Locke

W. C. Carr

Miss Lillian Donat.....Clerk

Dr. William B. Guitteau.....Superintendent of Schools

Edwin Gee.....Director of Schools


Anvil Board
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ASSOCIATE EDITOR
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Literary Editor.....Catherine M. McClure
Organization Editor.....Esther M. Geary
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Comic Editor.....Joseph Grant
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ART DEPARTMENT
Editor .....Roy Milbourne
Assistants.....Harold Brenkman, Ward Whitcomb
FACULTY ADVISORS
Literary.....Miss Mary Willette Dunlap
Art.....Miss Flora Carpenter
1919

WE offer this little tribute to our new principal in manifestation of the love of the student body for him. The faculty, too, claims a place in this love and well it might.

As there is such a feeling existing, it is eminently most fitting and proper that Mr. Pollock should be our principal.

We are glad to know and feel that our every undertaking is met with his hearty approval and kindly interest; that the smile which brightened room 178 for so long, is now spreading warmth and gladness throughout the entire school.

Who questions the fact but that under his able leadership the name of Waite High will be revered and respected as the first school of Toledo—what better man is to be found than he who is able to bring together a family and people, the faculty and pupils in a school, and make it just seem like one large happy family? That is what Mr. Pollock is doing and that is why we are so glad, and proud of him.

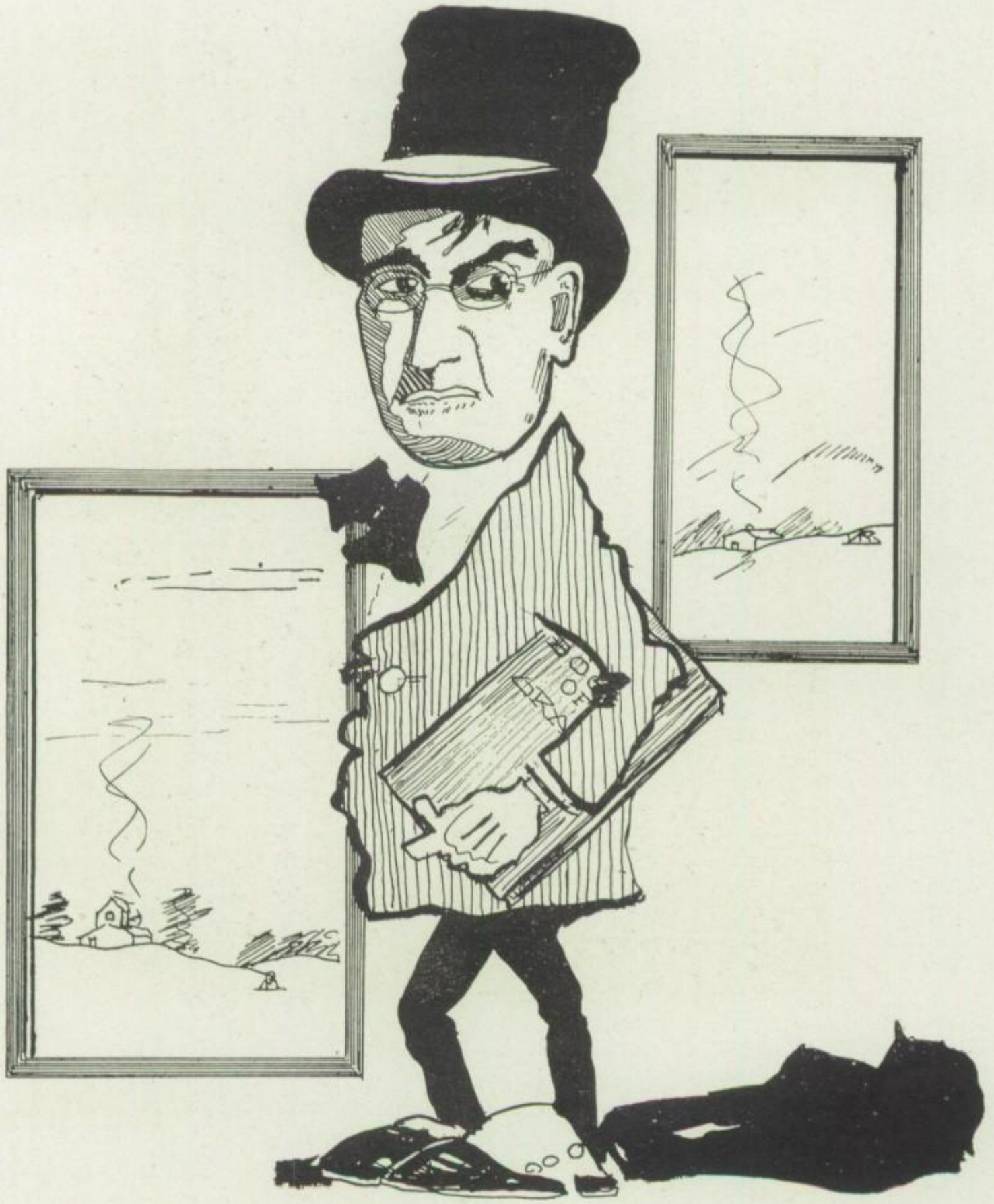
We all agree that much can be accomplished in a school where a fine school spirit prevails. What hopes, then, are ours for next year! For there is no school spirit without the support of a principal and what a support we have to rely upon. This is the sort of man that we all love so well, and there is no one like him—ever smiling, ever willing and ever doing.

MR. JAS. A. POLLOCK, PRINCIPAL

CHARLES W. Gayman, graduate of Ohio State University, was made principal of the Morrison R. Waite High School in 1914.

It was not an easy task to be placed at the head of a new and unorganized High School, but Mr. Gayman was equal to the task, and through his untiring efforts he has made the school what it is today, and that is a school of which we are all proud.

To the surprise of both the students and faculty, Mr. Gayman announced his resignation from the school staff, in order to become an instructor at the Toledo Computing Scale Co., by April 1. And we, the students of Waite High School, wish to express our appreciation of all that he has done for the rise of our school, and also to wish him a prosperous and successful future.



FACULTY

English Department

MARY W. DUNLAP—
Instructor in English Literature; Toledo High School.

BARBARA G. SPAYD—
Instructor in English; Toledo High School; Toledo Normal School; University of Chicago, Ph. B.

MARY H. HUTCHISON—
Instructor in English; Toledo High School; Toledo University, A. B.

HARRIET L. KIMBLE—
Instructor in English; Oberlin College, A. B.

HARRIET PAFENBACH—
Instructor in English; Ohio Wesleyan University, B. A.

GERTRUDE M. BLACK—
Instructor in English and French; Toledo High School; Smith College, A. B.

MRS. SANGER—
Instructor in English; University of Illinois, A. B.

MISS MARY ROACHE—
Instructor in English; Toledo Normal School; University of Wisconsin and Ypsilanti Normal; Summer Work; Toledo University, B. S.

Mathematics Department

F. W. MATHIAS—
Instructor in Trigonometry and Algebra; Toledo High School; Ohio State University; Teacher in charge of Study Room 126.

A. W. STUART—
Instructor in Geometry; Ayers, Massachusetts, High School; Lawrence Academy, Amherst College, A. B.

SARAH W. WAITE—
Instructor in Algebra, Toledo High School; University of Michigan, A. B.

LUCILE MARINE—
Instructor in Geometry and Algebra; Ohio State University.

ANNA GARVER—
Instructor in Geometry and Algebra; Smith College.

MARGARET HALL—
Instructor in Algebra; Oberlin College.

LAURA PAFENBACH—
Instructor in Geometry and Algebra; Ohio State University, B. A.

MARGUERITE GRIFFITH—
Instructor in Geometry and Algebra; Indiana University, B. A.

Language Department

GRACE L. GIBSON—
Instructor in Latin; Greenville, New York, Academy; St. Margaret's Seminary, Waterbury, Conn.; Oberlin College, Ph. B., A. M.

MARJORIE BELLE NOBLE—
Instructor in Latin; Toledo High School; Olivet College, A. B.; Columbia University, M. A.

FON BOERGER—
Instructor in Latin; Oberlin College.

ESTHER BOYER—
Instructor in Latin and Ancient History; Columbia University, B. A.

GENEVIEVE F. RYAN—
Instructor in French; University of Paris (Sorbonne); University of Michigan.

GERTRUDE M. BLACK—
Instructor in French and English; Toledo High School; Smith College, A. B.

CRYSTAL EMERSON—
Instructor in Spanish and French; Toledo High School; College of Fine Arts, Literature and Science, Ann Arbor, B. A.

ISABELLE M. MAY—
Instructor in French; Lehrerimen Seminar, Hanover, Germany; College de Notre Dame, Lyons, France; Brevet du Baccalaureat.

History and Civics Department

LOUISE PRAY—
Instructor in American History and Civics, English and Modern History; Toledo High School; University of Michigan, A. B.

KATHRYN NEWBIRT—
Instructor in Ancient History; University of Michigan, A. B.

ESTHER BOYER—
Instructor in Latin and Ancient History; Columbia University, B. A.

MRS. FITKIN—
Instructor in American History and Civics; Ohio State University, A. B., B. S. of Education.

Science Department

LEE CANFIELD—
Instructor in Physics, Toledo High School; Oberlin College, A. B.

FRED KLAG—
Instructor in Physics; Toledo High School; Ohio State University, M. E. in E. E.

L. S. PUNCHES—
Instructor in Chemistry; Oberlin College, B. A.

LULU HOWARD—
Instructor in Chemistry; Cornell; Ann Arbor; Toledo University, A. B., B. S.

FLORENCE A. GATES—
Instructor in Physiology; Toledo High School; Purdue University, B. S., M. S.

MRS. SWEET—
Instructor in Physiology; Toledo High School; University of Michigan, A. B.

JOSEPHINE GOODALL—
Instructor in Biology and Botany; Toledo High School; Oberlin College, A. B.

M. R. VAN CLEVE—
Instructor in Astronomy, Botany and Physical Geography; Troy, Ohio, High School; University of Pennsylvania; University of Chicago.

C. C. COONTZ—
Instructor in Agriculture and Physical Geography; Findlay High School; Ohio Wesleyan; Ohio State University, B. S.

J. K. HENNEY—
Instructor in Botany and Radio Telegraphy; Western Reserve University.

Manual Training Department

ETHEL M. THOMAS—
Instructor in Domestic Science; Toledo High School; Michigan Agricultural College.

MAUDE E. FERGUSON—
Instructor in Dressmaking; Mason High School; Michigan State Normal; Michigan Agricultural College, B. S.; Teacher's College, Columbia.

NELLE WALES—
Instructor in Sewing; Toledo High School; Teacher's College, Columbia.

FLORA CARPENTER—
Instructor in Free Hand Drawing; Wichita, Kansas, High School; Pratt Institute, New York; Art Institute, Chicago, Ill.; Toledo Normal School.

ARTHUR G. BACKUS—
Instructor in Mechanical Drawing; Winona, Minnesota, High School; Pratt Institstitute, Brooklyn, New York.

HENRY MATHIAS—
Instructor in Joinery; Toledo High School; Columbia University; University of Wisconsin.

CHARLES COLLINS—
Instructor in Mechanical Drawing; Toledo High School; Purdue University.

HUGH MONTGOMERY—
Instructor in Typesetting and Printing.

J. HELLMAN—
Instructor in Forging, Auto Construction, Machine Shop and Pattern Making; Indiana University; Washington University, St. Louis, A. B.

Commercial Department

M. B. SEVERANCE—
Instruction in Com'l Law, Economics, Salesmanship, and Bookkeeping; Port Rowan, Ontario, High School; Michigan State Normal; Teacher in charge of Study Room 178.

ALMA LOK—
Instructor in Stenography and Typewriting; Gregg School, Chicago.

ELLEN FOOTE—
Instructor in Stenography and Typewriting; Davis Business College.

JEROME TRAVIS—
Instructor in Business Arithmetic; Raisin Valley Seminary; Ypsilanti Normal School; Teacher in charge of Study Room 64.

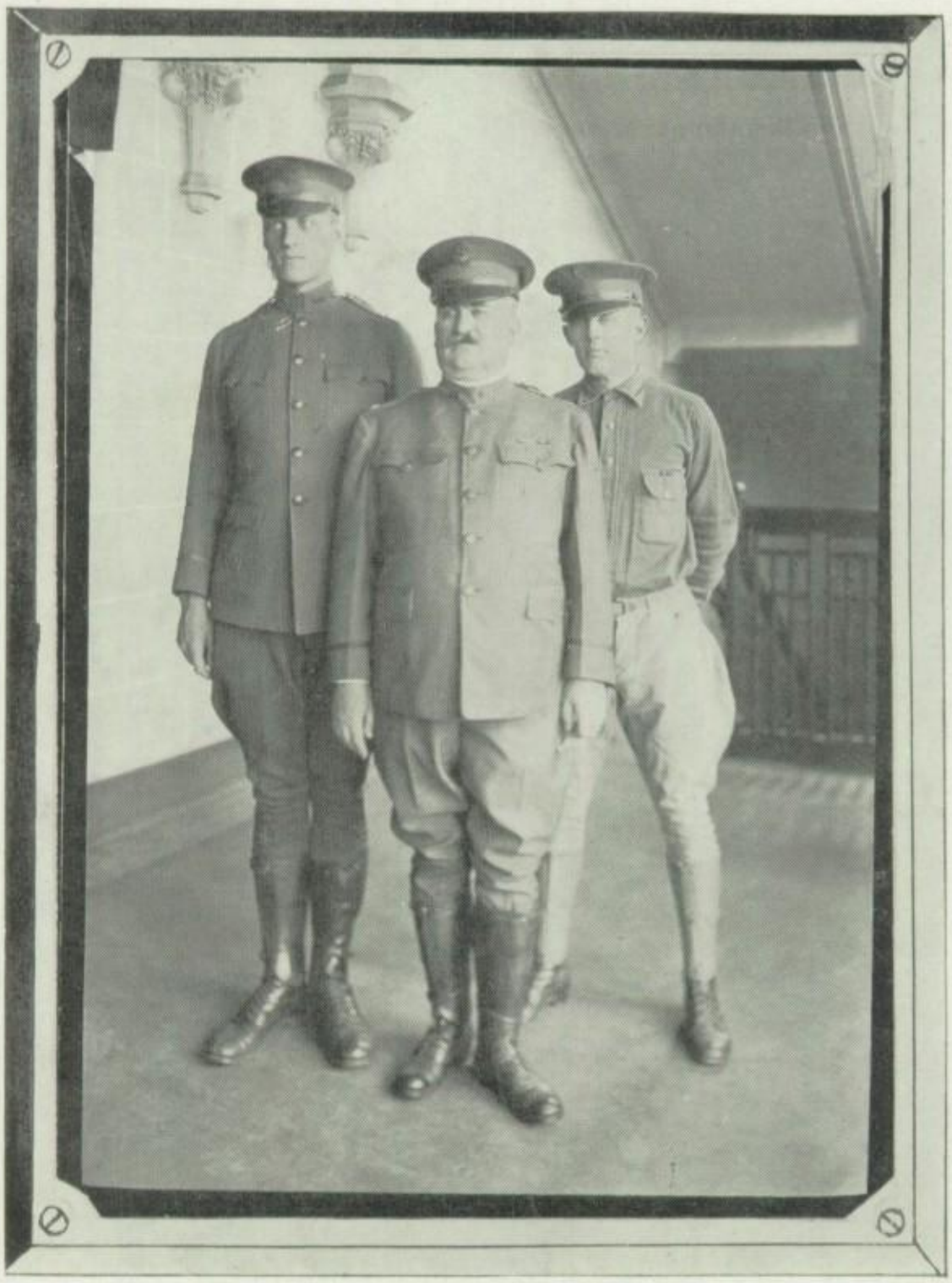
ANNA B. COMMAGER—
Instructor in Business English and Commercial Geography; Toledo High School; Oberlin College.

A. J. LYNN—
Instructor in Bookkeeping; Practice High School, Indiana University; Head Com'l Dept., Ft. Smith, Ark. High School and Bloomington, Ind. High School; Indiana University, A. B.

EMMA S. FENNEBERG—
Instructor in Business English, Business Arithmetic, and Industrial History; Germany and University of Michigan.

CARL TOEPFER—
Instructor in Bookkeeping; Toledo High School; University of Chicago, A. B.

DEAN KENDALL—
Instructor in Salesmanship; Boston, Mass., and New Haven, Conn.; University of Chicago.



Military Department

GEN. WM. V. McMAKEN—

Captain Toledo Cadets, O. N. G., 1879 to 1897. Colonel 16th Infantry, O. N. G., 1897-1899. Brig. Gen., O. N. G., 1899-1917.

Federal Service—Colonel 6th Ohio Vol-Inf., April, 1898 to May, 1899, served four months in Cuba.

Mexican Border Service—1916-1917. Commanding 1st Ohio Inf. Brigade.

World's War—Brig. Gen. Commanding 74th Inf. Brig., 37th Div., until honorably discharged, March 25, 1918.

LIEUT. W. C. CLARK—

Private Toledo Cadets, 1892-1895. Private 1st Ohio Cavalry, O. N. G., 1st Sergt., 1st Ohio Cavalry; 1st Lieut., 1st Ohio Cavalry, 1910-1913. Resigned March 17, 1913.

LIEUT. THEODORE G. KELLER—

May 1, 1918, Enlisted as private, Camp Hancock, Ga., Ordnance Corps.

July, 1918, Officers' Training, Camp Hancock, Ga., Ordnance Corps.

Sept., 1918—Commissioned Lieut. and made Drill Instructor, Camp Hancock, Ordnance Corps.

Honorably Discharged, February, 1919.

Enrolled for 5 years, in Officers' Reserve Corps, 1919-1924.

Our Janitor

WE are all proud of Waite High School and well may we be proud. The magnificent building, located in the midst of its beautiful grounds and facing the natural amphitheatre containing our athletic field, is one of the beauty spots of Toledo. Nor does it possess beauty alone. The heating, ventilating and lighting arrangements were made according to the most modern methods. The gymnasium and auditorium offer opportunities for skill and talent. The library with its many books and its studious atmosphere, the quiet study rooms, the well equipped laboratories and shops, the pleasant class rooms, presided over by our esteemed principal and his corps of excellent teachers, all tend to place our facilities for education in the first rank.

However we could not admire this beauty, we could not appreciate these pleasing surroundings, we could not enjoy these privileges but for one man. That is the man who sees that the beautiful grounds are cared for, that the building is kept clean and bright, that our paper baskets are not overflowing, that we are warm in winter and cool in summer, that repairs are made, and that we do not have to go without our books all day if by chance we forget our locker keys. In short the welfare of our school rests to a large extent in the competent hands of our janitor, Mr. Keller.

SENIOR

T. C. Wilder
R. Heater
A. Hartley
A. Whitmore
Bob Rogers
1919

Senior Class Officers, 1919

Motto—Non palma sine labore.
Class Colors—Pink and Green.

OFFICERS

Thurlow C. Wilder.....President

Ruth Heater .....Vice-President

Helen Whitmore .....Secretary

Harold H. Hartley.....Treasurer

Robert Rogers .....Sergeant-at-Arms

WILLIAM C. ADERMAN—Commercial

Student Council ('17).

"A serious boy, at peace with all mankind, who lets no foolish thought disturb his mind."

LOUISE ARTZ— Elective

Zetalethean.

"Welcome whereso'er she went."

RALPH BARNES— Elective

HARRY BASIL— Elective

Saturnalia; Hi-Y Club ('16), ('17).

"Give me work to do."

NORMAN C. BEESE— Academic

"It is better for a young man to blush than to turn pale."

EXARHOS K. BEKOS— General

Student Council; Quill and Dagger; Treasurer of Junior Class ('18); Quill and Dagger, Censure ('18), Vice President ('19); Ring and Pin Committee ('19).

"I'm not in the roll of common men."

JESSIE BELDEN— Academic

EDWIN BENSON— Elective

Quill and Dagger ('19).

"This then is proof of a well-trained mind."

CLAIR BERGMAN— Elective

"For he was just the quiet kind whose nature's never vary.

NELLIE BEVENS— Elective

Zetalethean ('18), ('19).

"Her looks do argue her replete with modesty."

PAUL BLACK— Manual Training

THELMA BLAKE— Elective

Zetalethean

"She's one o' them things as looks the brightest on a rainy day."

BERNETA BLOCK— General

Spanish Club; Friendship Club; Saturnalia.

"Bad luck believe me, never haunts
A child who works for what she wants."

LESLIE BLOMBURG— Elective

Forum.

"A man of polite learning and a liberal education."

CATHERINE BOISELLE— Elective

Periclean, Recording Sec'y ('18); Le Cercle Francais ('16); Trial by Jury; Asst. Art Editor of Retina ('19).

"I can myself create my little world and draw all men to me."

MERLE BOLTON— Academic

Zetalethean; Le Cercle Francais;

"Beware of all but most beware of man."

FRANCES BOOTH— Academic

Zetalethean; Waite Friendship Club; Sec'y ('17); Retina Board ('19); Chairman Senior Motto Committee; Saturnalia; Vaudeville Shows; Le Cercle Francais.

"In the right place is her heart and her hand is ready and willing."

RUTH E. BOWEN— Elective

Le Cercle Francais.

"We think a happy life consists in tranquillity of mind."

CARL BRAND— Elective

"But there's nothing half so sweet in life, as love's young dream."

ELSA BRANDENBERGER— Academic

Le Cercle Francais

"Silence has become her mother tongue."

FLORENCE BREESE— General

Saturnalia; Zetalethean; Waite Friendship Club.

"To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue."

HAROLD BRENKMAN— Elective

GEORGE BRUGGEMEIER— Manual

Forum ('17); ('18); ('19); Secretary ('18); Local Editor Retina ('19).

"I know it's a sin for me to sit and grin."

ARNOLD BUNGE— Commercial

Hi-Y Club; Forum.

"To say the least, he was a virtuous man."

RUBY BURGEMEISTER— Commercial

Spanish Club.

"And her silver voice is the rich music of a summer bird."

ALICE CAMPBELL— Elective

Friendship Club ('17); ('18). Le Cercle Francais.

"Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius."

RAYDELL CARREL— Commercial

Waite Friendship Club, Vice President ('19). Basketball Team ('17); ('18.)

"Heaven blessed thee with a cheerful disposition."

EDWARD CARY— Elective

Forum ('18), ('19).

"There must be some good hard work in him—for none has yet come out."

JOHN CAUFFIEL— Elective

Forum; Treasurer, ('19); Sergeant-at-Arms ('19).

"I never felt the kiss of love, nor maiden's hand in mine."

EDWIN CHRISTOPHER— Elective

"The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart."

HELEN CLARK— Elective

Le Cercle Francais ('18); ('19); Student Council ('16); Spanish Club; Orchestra; Saturnalia; English VIII Club.

"Blest with a taste exact and unconfined,
A knowledge both of books and humankind."

LUCILE CLOSE— Academic

Friendship Club; Saturnalia.

"Don't try to use sarcasm or you'll have to cry quits,
For she'll always defeat you in a battle of wits."

OLIVER COMBS— Elective

Quill and Dagger, ('17), ('18), ('19); Spanish Club, ('17) and ('18); English VIII Club, President, ('19).

"Then did she lift her hands under his chin,
And praise the pretty dimpling of his skin."

MARY C. COY— Elective

"Howe'er it be it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good."

MARY E. COY— Manual

FERN CRITES— Commercial

"Man seems the only growth that dwells here."

ELLA CURRIE— Elective

Waite Friendship Club; Le Cercle Francais.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood."

HARRIET DANCER— Elective

"Oh, what a tell-tale face she has."

GLADYS DAVEY— Elective

Opera Club; Bells of Corneville; Spanish Club; Periclean.

"Gently comes the world to those That are cast in gentle molds."

RALPH DEVINEY— Manual

Senior Social Committee; Football ('18).

"The wisest man the warl e'er saw, He dearly lo'ed the lassies, O."

PAUL DIPMAN— Manual

Forum, Corresponding Secretary and Reporter, ('19).

"And there came wise men out of the East."

HAVEN F. DOANE— Elective

Saturnalia; Quill and Dagger, ('17), ('18), ('19); Senior Social Committee ('19).

"But give me a sly flirtation,
By the light of the chandelier,
With music to play in the pauses
And nobody very near."

MILDRED DUNN— Elective

"The very smile before you speak,
That dimples your transparent cheek,
Encircles all the heart."

MOIRA DUNN— Academic

Waite Friendship Club; Le Cercle Francais, Vice President ('18).

"An essential of the true woman is common sense."

NELLIE DUPUIS— Commercial

"Oh pardon me if e'er I talk too much."

HILDA DUSHANE— Elective

"Always thoughtful and kind and untroubled."

H. WATTS EICHER— Elective

Waite Hi-Y Club ('18), ('19).

"So sweet and voluble was his discourse."

WILLIAM ELLIS— General

Forum; Spanish Club; Hi-Y Club, Sergeant-at Arms, ('19).

"A proper man as one shall see on a summer's day."

HAROLD EMCH— Commercial

"Everything comes if a man will only wait."

JAMES ENDERBURY— Elective

Saturnalia; Quill and Dagger; Chaplain ('19); Class Historian ('19); Senior Social Committee, ('19).

"Fine manners are the mantle of fair minds."

VALDEMAR EPPLE— Commercial

"Talk to him of Jacob's ladder and he would ask the number of steps."

PAUL EVANS Elective

SAMUEL J. FEATHERSTONE— Elective

Saturnalia; Wireless Club; Treasurer; Forum.

"She floats upon the river of his thoughts."

DOROTHY FINGERHOOTH— Elective

Periclean, Treasurer, ('19).

"Mistress of herself, though China fall."

DOROTHY FISCHER— Elective

OLIVE FISCHER— Academic

Saturnalia.

"Because right is right, to follow right were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

VALENTINE FISCHER— General

Hi-Y Club.

"By a tranquil mind I mean nothing else than a mind well ordered."

OLIVIA FRISK— Elective

Zetalethean, ('18), ('19).

"Those eyes, darker than darkest pansies, and that hair, more black than ash buds in the front of March."

LORENZ FRITZ— General

Quill and Dagger, Reporter, '19; Senior Announcement Committee.

"I had rather excel others in knowledge than power."

DOROTHY FUREY— Manual

Zetalethean, ('18), ('19).

"And in short measures life may perfect be."

ESTHER M. GEARY— Academic

Zetalethean, ('17), ('18), ('19), Chaplain ('18); Le Cercle Francais ('18); Saturnalia; Living Magazine; Vice President Junior Class; Senior Motto Committee; Annual Board ('19).

"A little, tiny, pretty, witty, charming, darling she."

HAZEL GEISLER— Commercial

Friendship Club.

"How pure in heart and sound in head."

RICHARD GILLHAM— Elective

Student Council ('17); Associate Editor Retina ('18); Forum; Editor-in-Chief Retina ('19).

"The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do."

BERNICE GOLDSTEIN— Commercial

"There's many a black, black eye they say, but none so bright as mine."

KENNETH GOODRICH— Commercial

Forum; Senior Social Committee.

"A tower of strength that stood foursquare to all the winds that blow."

JOSEPH A. GRANT— Manual

Comic Editor, Annual Board ('19).

"He was full of jest and joke."

G. IRENE GRASSER— Elective

Periclean.

"Unknown to her the rigid rules, the dull restraint, the chiding frown."

BESSIE GREINER— Elective

Zetalethean.

"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."

ILA HAHN— Elective

Waite Friendship Club.

"Constant as the needle to the pole, or the sun-dial to the sun."

ELLA MARGUERITE HAHN—Elective

Periclean, Vice President ('19).

"She had tongue at will, yet was never loud."

HELEN HARRIS— Elective

"Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign the Summer's calm of golden charity."

HAROLD H. HARTLEY— General

Quill and Dagger, ('18), ('19); President ('19); Treasurer Senior Class; Editor-in-Chief Purple and Gold. Spanish Club ('19).

"He is what he is from nature."

LAURENCE R. HAWKINS— Elective

Quill and Dagger ('19); Spanish Club ('18).

"And still his jaw ran on, the more news he bore."

RUTH LEONE HEATER— Elective

Saturnalia; Vaudeville Show ('17); Waite Friendship Club, Reporter ('18); Living Magazine; Zetalethean, Vice President ('18), President ('19); Secretary Junior Class; Vice President Senior Class.

"Queen Rose of the rosebud garden of girls."

VERA HEATH— Elective

Zetalethean; Trial By Jury.

"Vessels large may venture more, But little boats should keep near shore."

EARL HEILNER— Elective

"Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look."

WILLIAM HELDT— Commercial

Orchestra; Forum.

"Let me have music, and I seek no more delight."

CHARLES HIDER— Manual

Spanish Club.

"His words trip before him at his command."

CRYSTAL HISS— General

Periclean, Censor ('19).

"As frank as rain on cherry blossoms."

NELLIE HOAG— Elective

"No fretful temper sullies her true cheek."

EVELYN HOBE— Elective

Zetalethean; Saturnalia, Vaudeville Show."

"She has two eyes so soft and brown
Take care, she gives a side glance and looks down
Beware! Beware! she is fooling thee."

BERNICE HOLLY— Commercial

"As merry as the day is long."

HAROLD J. HOLMES— Manual

Forum; Hi-Y Club.

"My only books were woman's looks
And folly's all they've taught me."

EDGAR HOVEY— Elective

"In peace there is nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility."

GEORGE W. IRWIN— Elective

"Your face is a book, where men may read strange matters."

MARION JACOB— General

"A happy girl, eyes glad with smiles."

RUTH JAMES— Elective

"A simple maiden in her flower is worth a hundred coats of arms."

JANE JAROSZEWSKI— Elective

"I will wear my heart upon my sleeve."

LAVERNE JAYNES— Elective

"I am constant as the Northern Star."

FLORENCE JOHNSON— Elective

Periclean.

"She's stately, like yon youthful ash."

HAROLD KAUFFMAN— Manual

Forum, Censor ('19), President ('19)

"Bashfulness is an ornament to youth."

HELEN KESTER— Commercial

"Nothing is more useful than silence."

WERNERT KIEMLE— Elective

Saturnalia; Bells of Corneville; Comic Editor Retina ('19).

"Had sighed to many, though he loved but one."

IVA KNAGGS— Commercial

"Yet taught by time, my heart has learned to glow for others' good, and melt at others' woe."

ALMA KNEPPER— Elective

Periclean, Recording Secretary ('19); Social Editor of Annual ('19); Senior Pin Committee.

"If ladies be but young and fair, They have the gift to know it."

IRENE KNULL— Elective

"Silence sweeter is than speech."

LAURA KNULL— Elective

ELEANOR KOCH— Commercial

Friendship Club.

"They called her a sensible girl."

PHILLIS KRIEGER— Elective

Le Cercle Francais; Opera Club; Bells of Corneville; Alumni Editor Retina ('19); English VIII Club.

"Why should I blush, I own I love."

ADELBERT KUEHN— Academic

Forum, President ('19); Vice President ('16), ('17), ('19); Orchestra; Business Manager Retina ('19); Saturnalia.

"It is not wealth or birth or state,
It's 'git up and git' that makes men great."

RALPH D. LADD— Elective

Basketball ('17), ('18), ('19); Junior Social Committee.

"He was born to banquet and to drain the bowl."

BEULAH LEE— Commercial

Zetalethean; Waite Friendship Club; Girls' Basket-ball Team; Living Magazine.

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax
Her cheeks like the dawn of day."

MIRIAM LEE— Elective

Periclean; Friendship Club; Advanced Gym. Class.

"Blue-eyed and fair in face."

PARK LE GRON— Manual

Quill and Dagger, ('17), ('18), ('19), Sergt.-at-Arms ('19).

"Spoken well of by the ladies."

ELMA LENTZ— Elective

Zetalethean; Friendship Club; Trial By Jury; Bells of Corneville; Advanced Gym. Class; Basket-ball Team; Asst. Business Mgr. Retina ('19); English VIII Club; Spanish Club.

"She is a perfect knowledge box, an oracle to great and small."

MYRTLE LORENZ— Elective

Zetalethean; Advanced Gym. Class.

"A fair-haired daughter of the Gods."

ALBERT McAFEE— Elective

Quill and Dagger ('16), ('17). Saturnalia.

"This man in life, wherever placed, hath happiness in store."

CATHERINE M. McCLURE—Academic

Zetalethean, Secretary ('19); Annual Board, Asst. Editor ('18); Literary Editor ('19); Basket-ball, Captain ('19); Le Cercle Francais; Waite Friendship Club, Treas. ('17); Saturnalia; Advanced Gym. Class; Opera Club; Bells of Corneville; Trial by Jury; Living Magazine.

"A maiden modest and yet self-possessed, youthful and beautiful and simply dressed."

BEATRICE McNEES— Elective

"A good heart is worth gold."

GLENNA MARTIN— Elective

LOUISE MASTEN— Academic

Periclean, Chaplain ('19); Le Cercle Francais; Friendship Club; Senior Motto Committee; Advanced Gym. Class; Bells of Corneville; Saturnalia; Trial by Jury; Opera Club.

"So fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet."

AMBROSE MILLER— Elective

Foot-ball Reserves ('17), ('18); Junior Social Committee; Quill and Dagger, Treasurer.

"The best of us lack more than wings to be angels."

ROY MILLER— General

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

MILDRED MORGAN— Elective

Ermine; Bells of Corneville; Friendship Club; Zetalethean.

"Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."

IRVING MOULTON— General

"He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade and a hand to execute mischief."

CECIL MURPHY— General

Saturnalia.

"He had a face like a benediction."

DOROTHY NEITZEL— Academic

"Beautiful thoughts make beautiful lives."

ARNOLD NOPPER— Academic

Track ('16); Foot-ball ('17), ('18.)

"His limbs were cast in manly mould
For hardy sports or contests bold."

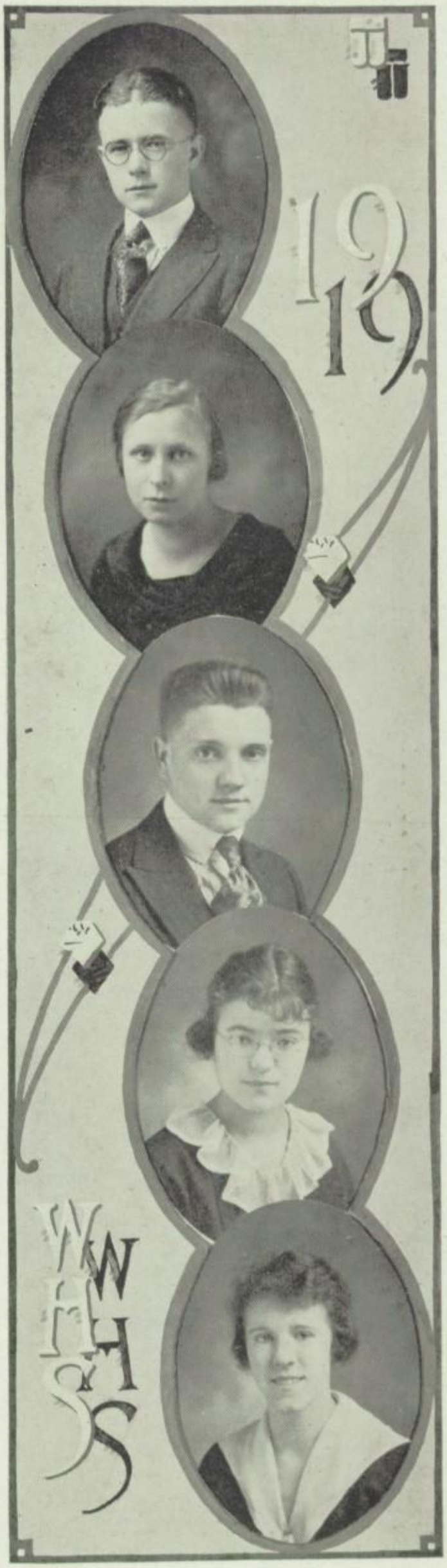
JEANNETTE NUNEVILLER— Academic

Student Council ('16); Pinafore ('16); Saturnalia; Zetalethean, Vice President ('19); Le Cercle Francais; Living Magazine; Senior Announcement Committee; Senior Class Prophetess.

"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laughed and danced and talked and sung."

LAURA ORWILER— Elective

"A contented mind confers it on all."



HERBERT F. OVERMIER— Manual

GUERGEN PAEPCKE— Commercial

"There is something in me, I don't know what it is, but I know it is in me."

ALINE PARK— Elective

Friendship Club.

"A light heart lives long."

KATHERINE PARKS— Academic

"Her words are trusty heralds of her mind."

VERDA PELTON— Academic

Le Cercle Francais; Saturnalia.

"The rising blushes which her cheek o'erspread, are opening roses in a lily's bed.

MABEL POWELL— Elective

"Speech is great but silence is greater."

MARGUERITE POWELL— Elective

"Ah why should life all labor be."

LORETTA M. PRATT— Commercial

"So light of foot, so light of spirit."

ESTHER QUICK— Elective

"There is a majesty in simplicity which is far above the quaintness of wit."

MYRON RAUDEBAUGH— Manual

Hi-Y Club ('17), ('18), ('19), Vice President ('19); Forum.

"Studious of ease and fond of humble things."

FAYNE REEDY— Elective

"Oh your sweet eyes, your low replies."

CARMEN REPLOGLE— Elective

"They who truth and wisdom lead, can gather honey from a weed."

OLGA RODEMICH— Commercial

Periclean.

"Happily to steer from grave to gay, from lively to severe."

ROBERT ROGERS— Elective

Student Council ('16), ('17); Asst. Foot-ball Manager ('17); Asst. Basket-ball Manager ('17); Foot-ball and Basket-ball Manager ('19); Annual Athletic Editor ('19); Sergeant-at-Arms Senior Class.

"He takes a particular delight in the company of modest women."

EARL ROSENGARTEN— Elective

Saturnalia; Trial By Jury; Quill and Dagger; Treasurer ('18); Secretary ('19); Junior Social Committee.

"But by the Lord lads I'm glad you have the money."

RUTH ROSS— Elective

"Bright is her face with smiles."

PAUL RUCH— Elective

"A guardian angel o'er his life presiding, doubling his pleasures and cares dividing."

LOWELL D. RUNKLE— Commercial

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

WILLIAM E. SAMSEN— General

"All studies here I solemnly defy."

AUDREY ST. CLAIR— Elective

"Those who know her best like her best."

FLORENCE SASS— Commercial

Zetalethean.

"An open hearted maiden, true and pure."

FRANK SCHAETZKE— Manual

Forum.

"In knowledge there is strength."

RAYMOND SCHEETS— Commercial

Base-ball ('15), ('17); Track ('15), ('16); Foot-ball ('17), ('18), ('19), Captain ('19). Basket-ball Reserves ('17); Varsity ('18); Cross Country Team ('16).

"Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic."

ORVILLE SCHMIDT— Academic

Quill and Dagger ('16), ('17).

"He wrestles not with prayer."

RACHEL SCHARER— Commercial

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

RAYMOND O. SCHMOEKEL— Manual

Corresponding Secretary, Reporter, Censor Forum ('18), ('19); Hi-Y Club; Art Editor Retina ('19); Saturnalia.

"Life is but an empty dream, why wake up and slave."

ALICE SCHROEDER— Elective

"Then the world were not so bitter that a smile could not make it sweet."

JOSEPHINE SCHUH— Elective

Periclean.

"She speaks, behaves and acts just as she ought to."

S. ARTHUR SHAW— Elective

Quill and Dagger; Class Novelist; Hi-Y Club.

"He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

J. MAX SHEPHERST— General

Hi-Y Club, Secretary ('18), President ('19); Forum, Vice President ('19).

"Always spick and span and neat, A nicer fellow you'd never meet."

GLADYS SHUMATE— Elective

Periclean, Corresponding Secretary ('19).

"Put the golden sunshine in each day, others need the cheer that comes through you."

BERNARD J. SIMON— General

Hi-Y Club.

"Words are like leaves, and where they most abound, much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

CORNELIA SINNING— Academic

Saturnalia.

"A maid of quiet ways."

FRANCES SIVERS— Commercial

Class Poetess.

"How lady-like, how queen-like she appears."

EUNICE SLAGHECK— Commercial

"Such a one do I remember whom to look at was to love."

MARY SLOAN— Commercial

Zetalethean; Waite Friendship Club; Basket-ball Team, Manager ('19); Retina Board ('19). Advanced Gym. Class.

"Happy and from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

ROBERT L. SMITH— Elective

Hi-Y Club.

"Rosy and round as an apple was he."

ESTHER SORTER— General

"This world, where much is to be done and little to be known."

RHEVA SPEAKS— General

"She noted all she saw and read,
And had a most discerning head."

ALVENA STEVENS— Academic

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

RUTH STOCKING— Elective

Friendship Club; Zetalethean; Retina Board, Literary Editor ('19).

"In whose least act abides a nameless charm, that none else has for me."

CHARLES W. SWOPE— Elective

Forum, Chaplain ('17).

"Every day is ladies' day with me."

CARL TEXTOR— Manual

MARGUERITE THOMPSON— Commercial

GERALD TRUDEAU— Elective

Junior Social Committee; Quill and Dagger; Senior Social Committee.

"The soul of this man is as his clothes."

DORIS VYE— Elective

Opera Club; Bells of Corneville; Spanish Club; Vice President ('17); Retina Board, Social Editor ('19); Periclean, President ('19).

"Let us, let all the world agree,
To profit by resembling thee."

EDWARD WALTER— Commercial

"He was a valiant youth and his face gladened the earth."

CARLOS WARNER— Elective

"The Sire waits thee singing song for song."

LUCILLE C. WEBB— Elective

Zetalethean.

"For all she did she had a reason,
For all she said, a word in season."

ESTHER WEIHRAUCH— Elective

Zetalethean.

"I leave thy praises unexpressed."

MARIE WEINGARDT— Academic

Periclean ('17), ('18) ('19); Le Cercle Francais, Treasurer ('18); Saturnalia.

"Ambition has no rest."

MARVEL WENNING— Elective

"Is she not passing fair."

LAWRENCE W. WHEELER— Elective

"Thus I wag through the world, half the time on foot, and the other half walking."

HELEN WHITMORE— Commercial

Periclean, Reporter ('19); Waite Friendship Club, President ('19); Secretary Senior Class Basket-ball Team; Advanced Gym. Class.

"She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with, and pleasant, too, to think on."

THURLOW C. WILDER— Manual

Senior Class President; Athletic Editor Retina ('17), ('18), ('19); Annual Board ('19); Track ('16), ('17); Foot-ball ('17), ('18); Student Manager Basket-ball ('18); Quill and Dagger; Hi-Y Club.

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man'."

MARGARET ZEIGLER— Elective

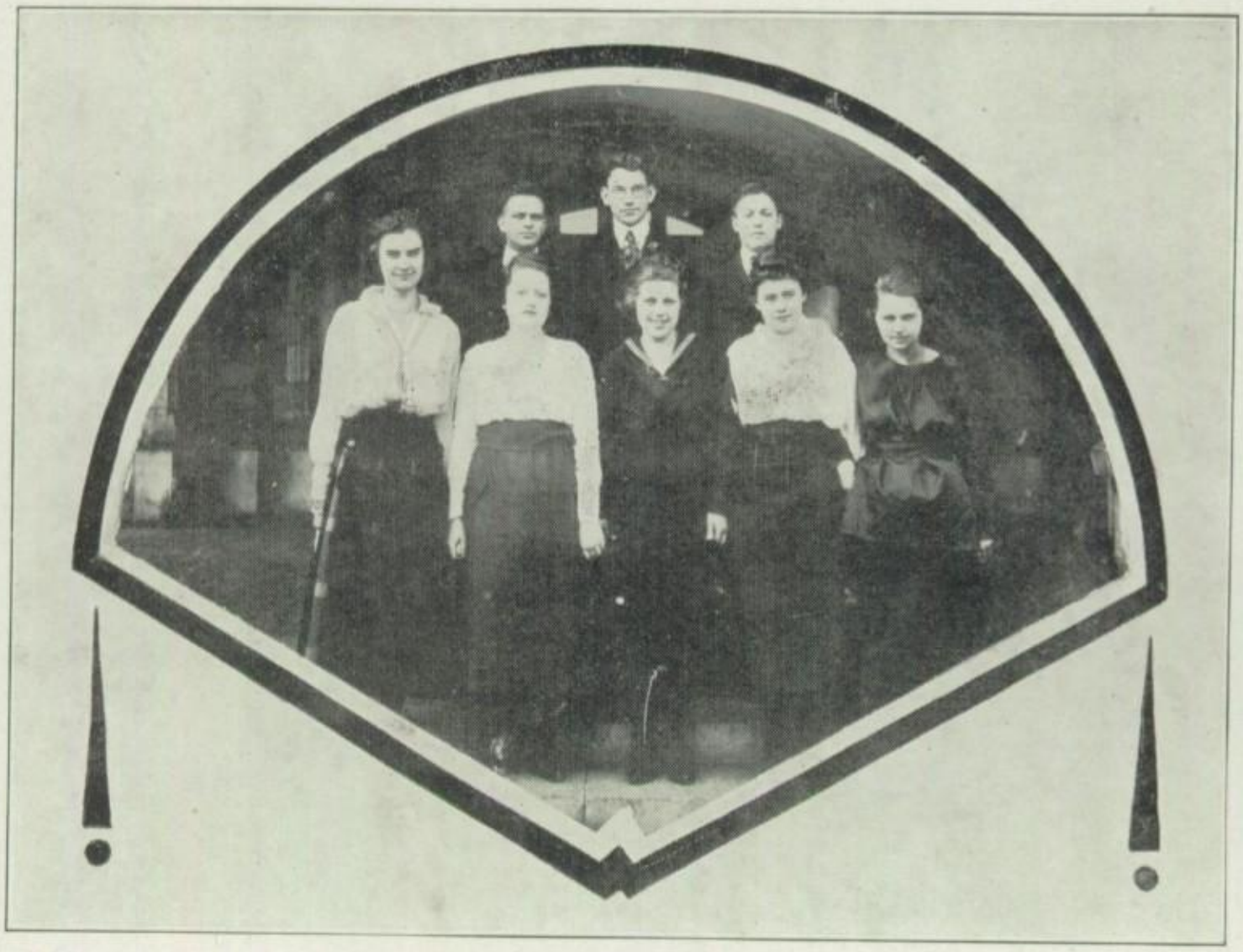
"Anything but history, for history must be false."

S. Arthur Shaw.....Novelist

Frances Sivers .....Poet

Jeannette Nuneviller .....Prophet

James Enderbury .....Historian



Our February Graduates

IT WAS with much regret that we bade goodbye to eleven of our associates on February twenty-eighth. This was the largest mid-year class that was ever graduated from Waite, and it contained some of our most popular and talented pupils, whom all of us have missed very much. They have done much to make the school spirit what it is by their work in the Societies and by their contributions to the Retina and Annual. Some of them have remained in school and will graduate in June, but most of them have gone out into the world and are already on the way to success. May they all reach their goal, and, in years to come, may they remember with joy, their happy days spent at Waite.

Senior Committees

Social Committee

Ralph DeViney ..... Chairman

Kenneth Goodrich
Haven Doane
Gerald Trudeau
James Enderbury

Pin Committee

Samuel Featherstone ..... Chairman

Harold Kaufman
Exarhos Bekos
Alma Knepper
Irene Grasser

Color Committee

Irene Knull ..... Chairman

Florence Johnson
Phillis Krieger

Announcement Committee

Lorenz Fritz ..... Chairman

Crystal Hiss
Jeannette Nuneviller

Motto Committee

Francis Booth ..... Chairman

Esther Geary
Louise Masten

Banquet Committee

Mary Sloan
Elma Lentz
Catherine McClure
Helen Whitmore

Class Poem

A Woodland Spot, a green secluded nook,
Light feathery birch leaves trembling in the breeze,
Gay songs of birds, the rippling silver brook,
Each lent enchantment to the woodland ease.
The gentle breezes wafted fragrance rare,
Which, from the dewy rose, they first had caught,
Then mingled had, with scent of lilies fair,
A Fairyland by Nature's art was wrought;
A wondrous bower with shining sunbeams warmed—
No place more fair, could fairy hands devise;
And, in the center, as of crystal formed,
Calm, bright, and deep, a balm for weary eyes,
There shone a lake—a diamond in the dell—
A shimmering, sparkling, placid, tranquil pool,
More beautiful than tongue or pen can tell,—
For dreaming hours, a refuge fair and cool.

'Twas on a warm and sunny day in Spring
I sat beside the clear and sparkling stream,
Reveling in the birds' gay caroling.
Ten thousand shadows made the water seem
A mirror pure, which Nature claimed her own,
And vainly looked, upon her beauty bent.
On it's calm surface, twigs and leaflets shone,
While shy wild roses e'en the trees outwent
To cast their radiance on the glistening sheen.
I gazed on those dark myriad shadows cast,
With thoughts sped far from that still woodland scene,
Gay fancy painting airy visions of the past.

When lo! the shadows mirrored on the lake
Before me vanished quite, and in their stead
A changing panorama, which did take
My wavering fancy where it gently led
Far back into the realm of bygone years.
Still clearer grew the image as it drew
A wondrous childhood land, which time endears,
Where gay birds sang and fairer flowers grew
Than since have grown; where Nature lavishly
Enriched each mind unmixed with life's alloy,
With dext'rous touch, set elves and angels free
To charm the heart of every girl and boy.
Safeguarded, they, with true simplicity,
Thought all things pure because their hearts were pure,
Nor cared nor knew of life's complexity.
No fruitless quests for gain could them allure,
All God's Great-Out-of-Doors was their abode.
No artifice, no rush, nor turmoil theirs,
Nor knew they of the winding of life's road.
Unstained by guile, their lives were free from cares.

The picture faded, but e'er quite decayed
The rippling waves—lest fancy be short-lived—
With haste, a different vision had portrayed
And showed the Labyrinth Great Nature hath devised,
Where everyone, entangled in its meshes close,
Must blindly and persistently pursue
His unknown way until the calm light glows
Which clears away the mists he struggles thru,
And shows him his true self—there stands, unveiled,
His own aspiring soul—Ideals and Thought,
Before ensnared, while the black mire prevailed,
Ambitions—longings—struggles for untaught,
And unexplored high planes with radiant hue,
All clearer, more distinct, take form and give
To the Lone Traveler discernment clear and true
Of his own self, with whom he needs must live.
And to him Knowledge comes, at last, long-sought,
A stainless armour for the Jousts of Life,
A weapon true, which lab'rous years have brought,
A shield in Life's Great Tournament of Strife.

Then once again the mirrored forms did change,
Reflecting sharp the war, which lavishly
Did scourge the earth within it's monstrous range
And rob our life of joy and harmony;
Did make the world a clamoring, shrieking mass
Of savagery, which bestial joy did find
To wound, to kill, to ruin, and efface
God's handiwork—the earth, and human kind.
Say not that that great carnage was in vain,
That strife and hatred on the earth hold sway!
Earth rising in its anguish scorns to feign
Defeat, but sends its trembling fears away;
Rings loud the clarion note of victory;
Shines forth a glorious baptismal birth,—
A radiant heaven-born Democracy.
Leaving behind its doting age, the earth
With new-born zest begins the glorious race,
Resumes its part in the eternal plan,
Urged on by hope, humility and grace,
By aim of man to serve his brother man.

Anon that phantom fled—and I did mark
A view where youth had reached maturity—
A sturdy ship—a rude but hardy bark,
For perilous voyage launched on the high sea.
Its path was stormy—yea, 'twas plunged and rolled.
Breakers did beat and almost overwhelm
The vessel frail. But with tenacious hold
Still stood its dauntless pilot at the helm,
His struggling craft of life to guard and guide.
At times, fatigued and weary with the care
To keep his ship erect, black waves to ride,
He grew disheartened, faint, steeped with despair;
Yet ever in the darkest starless night,
In blinding storm and shrieking winds, anon,
A Beacon shone—a pure ambition's light.
It penetrated fog and beckoned on,
And on, and on. The pilot strength received
To steer the craft. At last, the voyage done,
He moored his bark, the Beacon still perceived
And gained his prize—Ambition sought and won.
A flash—the rustling leaves—the scene was gone.

* * * * * *

But Classmates, may the Vision splendid cast
A warm and radiant crimson Afterglow,
As armed with glowing hopes and youthful zest,
We shall depart to paths we do not know
In the great world of men. As we pursue
The Beacon Light that leads to lofty heights,
To boundless realms yet unexplored and new,
Where white-robed Opportunity invites,
May Childhood Trust be our companion there,
And Faith in God, ourselves, and all mankind.
May Truth and Wisdom, gained by patient care,
Be guarded close with that which years shall find;
And while we seek the sunlit Trail to Happiness,
We know full well that virtue in ourselves doth lie.
The golden key we do ourselves possess,
Which oft we hope for others to supply.
Thus Classmates, may we rise to lofty height,
To a purer, nobler, more exalted plain,
Until, at last, we reach the distant Light
And win Fair Garlands—Truth and Virtue gain.

—Frances C. Sivers.

(With apologies to S. L.)

WHEN first I learned that I was to write the class prophecy, my mind became blank, so blank that it was positively blank. I came home and sat down before the fire in a brown study; from this I passed into a green study, still later, into one of deep purple. While in this last stage a thought burst upon me with a force which few if any, can realize. I jumped up, seized my hat, rushed to the door, darted down the steps, and then walked leisurely to the home of my friend, Monsieur Feedya Fueletme. In our days of high school acquaintance, his name had been plain Oliver Combs. But since taking up Psychical Research and engaging himself in establishing communications with the spirit world, he had deemed it advisable to change his name for purely commercial reasons. He had interested me in his research work and we had often carried on experiments together, which were far from unsuccessful. We had often pondered over strange coincidences in life. Even now as I entered the room he hastily set down his light evening repast, two green peas and an empty banana skin, and jumped up to meet me, exclaiming:

"What a remarkable coincidence that you should come when I was eating my two green peas and not thinking of you in the least."

I respected my friend's fondness for green peas and empty banana skins and tactfully to avoid interrupting his repast, I exclaimed:

"And a yet more singular coincidence—that your fondness for two green peas should equal my fondness for port wine. Have you some? I might drink it and tell you my errand while you are finishing your own refreshments."

I then proceeded to tell him of the one hundred and seventy-five futures that had been entrusted to my care. He agreed to establish communication with the spirit world as soon as possible, in an effort to help me. My mind felt relieved at once. Even the blankness left it. My faith in the marvelous supernatural powers of my friend is unlimited.

Very carefully we prepared the room for the seance just as we had done many times before, arranging the table so that it was supported by the four legs only, and the pictures so that each of them was prevented from crashing to the floor by a nail and a wire only. We then placed the books in such a way that no two of them occupied the same places as any other two, and after carefully laying a wet towel over the waste basket and making sure that we had not removed any of the woodwork from the position previously designed for it by the carpenter, we felt ready to welcome the spirits.

Then I sat down, as usual, overawed by my friend's marvelous power. He hung a sheet at one end of the room. Turning out the light, he advanced to one corner where I had often observed something resembling a machine which he called his cabinet. There was a buzzing sound, and suddenly a clear, white, round light was thrown upon the sheet which served as a screen.

"Whose future do you wish to see first?" he asked.

I was so overawed at this supernatural demonstration, that I was unable to speak for some minutes.

"The spirits cannot be kept waiting," he cried. Thereupon with all the clearness of pictures thrown by a magic lantern, my friends began to appear before me.

I was indeed startled to behold the spiritual projection of a large Buick. Across the entire lower half of the windshield was painted a huge sign, "Office, Dr. Adelbert J. G. Kuehn, Physician." Peering through the upper, or unpainted half of the windshield, I beheld Dr. Kuehn administering to Verda Pelton the famous "Kuehn-Kure" consisting of a greenish pill one inch by three-eighth in length. Verda was taking the cure in the hope of being relieved of temporary blindness caused by the mercury arc lights in a moving picture studio, where she was a co-star with Carl Brand in a sensational problem serial, "One Plus One Is One."

With marvelous rapidity the apparition vanished from the screen only to be replaced by a vision as startling as the first had been. Suddenly I saw a great number of men. A spirit voice began in sepulchral tones, which so resembled those of Monsieur Feedya

Fueletme that I should have been convinced they were his own had I not still known him to be in the land of the living.

"Here," said the voice, "are a few scenes from the greatest labor day parade in the history of Stony Ridge."

Throngs of people came surging through the street, and I was wondering how a parade could make it's way through so dense a crowd, such as I had never seen outside of Pemberville, when the entire corps of motor cops rode recklessly by on their tricycles. The corps consisted of Ralph Deviney, whose inability to balance himself on a bicycle had led to the adoption of tricycles. Finding himself unable to manage the crowd alone, it was necessary to call out the mounted police. In a few minutes William Ellis, Edward Christopher, Harold Holmes, Floyd Lane and Carlos Warner charged madly along on rocking horses.

I looked more closely and observed that the scene before me was none other than a graphic representation of the band leading the parade. Whom did I see at the head but my old friend Exarhos Bekos, the world-famous victrola player. Next to him came William Samsen, master of the mouth organ. William writes his own compositions and has the distinction of being the only living player able to execute the same. Following on all sides came Robert Smith, carrying the music rack. The next projection of the labor day parade portrayed the trained animals led by Raymond Schmoekel, the most successful animal trainer on the globe. Of him it is universally said, "By his eloquence he has moved elephants."

After the parade, the crowd began to disperse. Harold Kauffman, the famous director for the Kaugh Kartoons, which bid fair to replace the Bray Cartoons in popularity, wrapped his machine in a blanket, placed it in a baby carriage, and carefully covered it with mullein stalks. Wernert Kiemle, reporter for the Luckey Lyre," closed his roll-top desk which, with a Smith Premier typewriter, he always carries with him for greater convenience in taking notes. This idea of a reporter's being always supplied with a roll top desk and a typewriter, was originated by Dorothy Neitzel, reporter for the Hawaiian Gazette. It must be admitted that this arrangement is attended with nevertheless difficulty without the coperation of some such good drayage company as Mr. Kiemle has secured. The last of the parade had scarcely passed from view when the huge wagon of the Close-Distance Cartage Company drew up to carry Wernert's paraphernalia to the next stop. This was to be at the factory of Albert McAffee, the sardine magnate. This Cartage Company was founded by Lucille Close. She had established stations in Michigan and Kentucky and under her expert management business had increased to such an extent that at almost any season of the year a solid line of drays might have been seen passing from Kentucky to Michigan.

This vision having disappeared, there flashed upon the screen the projection of a huge stage. Across it rushed a man tearing his hair, rolling his eyes, and filing his nails. I recognized Edward Cary, the great director genius of the preceding generation. The Voice explained as follows: "For three weeks Edward has been acting just this way. He is trying to lessen the time spent in raising the curtain, and he is unable to decide whether to have a transparent curtain, or to move his shown out in front of the curtain. On Monday, it had taken two and three-quarters minutes to raise it; Tuesday, two and seven-eighths minutes, and after oiling the pulleys to a great extent, it had taken two and thirty-one thirty-seconds minutes on Wednesday. Presently a number of girls from the Follies rushed in, clad in short skirts and picture hats. They were gesturing madly, and I was informed that they were demanding their pay, no part of which had they received for six weeks. I looked closer and saw that Gladys Davey was the leader of the Follies, and among the others I recognized Beatrice McNees, Olivia Frisk, Mabel Powell, Nellie Bevens, Marion Jacob, Christel Hiss, Cornelia Sinning, and Margaret Zeigler. But the best dancer, Harriet by name, was not present, due to a sprained ankle, the result of having slipped on the top of a catsup bottle while promenading on the Great White Way. Among those whom I recognized not at all, and of whom I had not the slightest idea of their identity were: Alma Knepper, Ruth Bowen, Elsa Brandenberger, Alice Campbell, Helen Clark, Rachel Scharer and Florence Breese. Edward sank into a chair, mopping his brow as the girls, with threatening glances, trooped out. They had no sooner disappeared than in walked a man, who, by the part in his hair, I recognized as Thurlow Wilder. "He was tall, handsome, squarely and powerfully built, bronzed by the sun and moon (and even copper colored in spots, from the effect of the stars). Who could forget that face in which honesty, intelligence, and exceptional brain power were combined with christianity, simplicity and modesty?" With the aid of Lorenz Fritz he held the rope for Esther Quick, Raydell Carrel, Audrey St. Clair, and Aline Park, tight rope walkers, who appeared in the last act. Edward looked at Thurlow and something in the latter's upturned face caused Edward to throw his nail file at him. Thurlow ran and as he ran, he stepped on one of the trained toads belonging to Thelma Blake, the snake charmer, from the Bruggemier circus. Thelma had come to have afternoon tea with Haven Doane, who looked after the screw-drivers and monkeywrenches for Samuel Featherstone, stage manager. Thelma raged and Haven came nobly to her rescue. In a moment the stage hands came swarming in and the stage became the center of a terrible fight. It lasted for three hours, with thirty minutes off for lunch. It was awful. The men pulled one another's hair, kicked one another from behind,

pulled one another's noses, and some forgot themselves so completely as to bite one another. Thurlow stoop on tiptoe brandishing a wet napkin and striking right and left, until Haven rushed at him and struck him fiercely in the face with a doughnut. At the end of three hours, by mutual consent, the fight was declared a draw; the points standing at 16¾ and 17. As the stage began to clear, I recognized John Cauffiel lying limply in the midst of the scenery for a Turkish Harem. Valentine Fischer was propping his head against a flowered shirt front, which Bernard Simon had lost in the scuffle. Joseph Grant was calling loudly that he would gladly give five feet of gas pipe for a piece of beef steak. Vera Heath, Thelma's maid, with the aid of Lowell Runkle, her chaffeur, helped her to her waiting car. As the scene faded I still beheld Edward Cary desperately figuring and my heart ached for him.

This very sad scene was followed by one even more pathetic. I beheld a beautiful grove carpeted with grass so green as to be positively grass-green. Leafy bushes were scattered about and everywhere were flowers—still in the bud. Presently someone came into the midst of the grove and spread himself out and covered himself with leaves. The birds looked down from the trees, and as they saw the beautiful sight, they fell from the boughs with a thud upon the grass. Presently the person shook himself and sat up. I looked closer and from the wild look in his eye I could tell it was no other than Ambrose Miller. Fastened round his forehead with a piece of shoe-string was a leaf. The Voice informed me that Ambrose was studying the arts of camouflage, and it's mysteries, and the great depths to which he had studied had somewhat dazed his mind, and ever since he had gone about with a leaf tied on his forehead, thinking himself a bush. Nevertheless, he had established numerous laboratories throughout the country, the largest one, at Hicksville, being under the management of his ablest disciple, Helen Harris. The offices extend the whole length of the main street and Ralph Ladd, camouflaged as a cherub, empties the waste-baskets and proves himself in general a very efficient office boy. The laboratories which cover many square feet, are under the supervision of Orville Schmidt. Some of the most promising students are Donald Walter, Helen Cripe, Esther Sorter, Fern Crites and Ella Currie.

Next I saw flashed upon the screen a newspaper in a clear black and white. In the advertising section I read:

"Grandmother gums it. Baby cries for it.
The Delicious Double-Onion Flavored Chewing Gum.
Evelyn Hobe sole manufacturer, Norma Beese, chief distributor."

Farther on I read:

"No household complete without a box of Aunt Dupuis' Dainty

Delights. Manufactured at Nellie Dupuis' great candy factory. Incorporated for $1,000,000. Capital $9,999,999.65. Surplus $.35. For sale at Berneta Block's Barrel Hoop factory."

Next to this was:

"Florist.
Tiedtke's Renovated Flowers.
Cut Rate Prices.
Sunflowers and Wild Cucumbers a Specialty
Richard Gillham
Top of the Summit and Cherry Monument
Drop up and get acquainted."

Still farther on was this:

"One dollar down and fifty cents per month for one box Maiden's Blush Rosy Rouge. Warranted harmless. Cannot be detected from the original Bloom of Youth. Greatest mail-order business in the world. Address Irene Grasser, Number 7E, Bread Line, New York City."

In the news items I saw:

"Calamity in the South Sea Islands

Because of the unsanitary conditions, great sickness prevails. Undertakers are overcome. Arnold Nopper, leading undertaker of all the islands, gets corpses mixed. On Thursday last, he sent to a wealthy family a shrivelled old man instead of their beautiful daughter. Mr. Nopper has since discharged his chief embalmer, William Aderman, and the funerals are now going on as before."

On another page I read.

"Earl Rosengarten, head of the Rosengarten Turnip Trust, sues Robert Rogers, head of the Rogers Parsnip Trust, for putting out a series of adds asserting that parsnips have a greater food value than turnips. The case is in the hands of Judge Eleanor Koch, who has laid the matter on the shelf, having received a pet canary from one of the aforesaid gentlemen, and a silk umbrella from the other. Not wishing to make any enemies in her legal practice, she is unable to decide in favor of either of the two."

Suddenly I heard the wind blow and saw great creaks. The fog darted hither and thither, covering up everything. I could see nothing—except a street corner, some buildings, and a number of people standing in a circle. I leaned forward and looked again. It was no other than a Salvation Army approaching. Some of the girls, with perk Salvation Army bows under their chins, were earnestly talking to the bystanders. The Voice informed me that they were selling the famous recipe for the Salvation Army Pickles which were

being sent to the starving Armenians. The one doing the most of the talking was Mary Sloan, but Helen Whitmore, Hilda Dushane, Dortha Fingerhooth, Mary Coy, Ruth Ross and Mildred Morgan were close seconds. On the opposite corner Raymond Sheets in a rain coat and rubber boots, was selling shell beads which Laura Orwiler and Loretta Pratt had found while doing deep sea diving in the Y. W. C. A. pool. There seemed to be great rivalry between the two corners as to which one could make the most noise. The judges being Olga Rodemich, matron of the Old Ladies' Home, and Paul Dipman, night watchman at the Water Works.

Next I saw an office. Papers were strewn all over the floor. The walls were covered with movie actors and ink spots, and in one corner hung a huge advertisement for Ilah Hahn's improved sausage-cutter. Directly opposite this, and in another corner of the room, two inches below the molding, hung the wrist watch that Park LeGron, feather-weight champion, had worn on the wrist with which he had administered the "upper-cut" to William Heldt, champion boxer of Atchison, Topeka and Kalamazoo. There were two desks in this office. One belonged to Catherine Boisselle, illustrator on The Friday Morning Companion. The other to Frances Sivers, who writes poetry for The Pacific Yearly, a magazine devoted to the care of bees.

Suddenly the room became red. Everything was red—so red that there was indeed no other color there. Growing frightened, I cried out, but Monsieur calmed me and bade me watch the screen. As I looked I beheld flames—great hungry ones. I could see that they were licking the sides of a huge building. Crowds were standing about and men were running and shouting. The fire department drew up, and hastily the men began filling buckets with water from the hose. These they handed to bystanders who threw the water at the burning building. The captain whom I recognized as Harold Hartley, stood on an ash can and addressed his men. "Calm yourselves, gentlemen, and don't work so hard. We have plenty of time. The fire shows no signs of going out. Keep out of the water there, Trudeau, don't get yourself so wet; you won't be fit to be seen. Better let someone help you with that pail, Whipple, I fear it is too heavy for you." At times, when the flames increased in volume, the chief ordered the hose to be turned directly on the crowd, which, of course, helped materially. How strong and manly did Captain Hartley look as he stood watching Dorothy Furey lift a brimming pail and hurl it savagely through one of the windows! On his head the captain wore a fireman's hat, shaped like a meat-grinder. His fireman's coat was belted in at the sides, flaring in front and at the back, while his fireman's boots, which came half-way up to the fireman's coat, were fastened on with strings from a fireman's shoe. Captain Hartley stepped down from the ash can and held a consultation with Chief-of-

Police Frank Schatzke, as to whether the horses of the hook and ladder automobile should be driven into water to prevent the sparks from their shoes causing further damage. As they could come to no decision, the assistant Chief of Police, Valdemar Epple, was called in, but, as he could offer no practical suggestion, third chief Lawrence Wheeler and fourth chief Myron Randebaugh were sought. But all to no avail. At length, ninth chief Guergen Paepcke suggested that cushions be put under the horses' feet. The following day Phyllis Kreiger, head of the Waitresses' Union, presented him with a medal for Sharp-Thinking. Still the fire raged. The crowd stood in water five feet deep, and hurled pails of water which the firemen filled for them. Chief Hartley resumed his post on the ash can and shouted words of encouragement in vain. One wall after another fell in, until, alas, the great edifice which had been Olive Fischer's cracker factory, was reduced to mere crumbs.

In the next vision I saw a huge plate glass window. Across the front was written the following in large pink letters:

Quick Meal Restaurant
At the Sign of the Empty Stomach
Tables for Ladies and Gentlemen
Extra chairs reserved for Men and Women
Open Day and Night
Myrtle Lorenz, Proprietor Nellie Hoag, Head Waitress

Special Attraction: Tuesday and Thursday nights: James Webb's Cabaret featuring Doris Vye, Ruby Burgemeister and Fayne Reedy—whirlwind dervishes.

Across the street from this was a Tea Room; "The Milkweed," owned by Marguerite Hahn and Merle Bolton. Coffee and wafers with humming birds tongues were advertised as specialties. Great rivalry existed between the two shops due to the fact that Ruth Heater, the leading society matron of the town, favored "The Milkweed." The traffic in this section was so dense that Earl Heilner, the traffic cop, was forced to get a sign that pointed in all directions at once.

Two blocks down from Marguerite's tea room, and on the opposite side of the street from Myrtle's restaurant, was the factory of the great fish magnate, William Young. Canned minnows were his specialty, although pickled jelly-fish were gaining in popularity. A large part of his success was due to his excellent business manager, Cecil Murphy, his janitor Harold Emch, and also to Lucille Webb, his private stenographer. The very good quality of the fish which he got from the Dunn fisheries, owned by Mildred and Moira, likewise contributed to his business prosperity. But it must be admitted that almost no part of his success was due to William himself.

Suddenly the room became filled with a clear salmon colored light, and on the screen came the projection of a huge platform. A girl walked to the center of it and began to speak. At once I recognized Alma Lentz. I was informed that she was beginning her famous debate: Resolved: "That Black is White." Owing to the fact that she had no opponent, the judges, Bessie Greiner, Ruth James, Rheva Speaks and Irving Moulton were confident that she would win. At the back of the stage, machines were taking a record of her argument for the Jaroszewski Talking Machine Exchange. I was so happy to think that Elma had at last found her calling, that I was sorry to see the scene change to that of an old-fashioned stairway. At the foot of the stairway I saw a large clock. The Voice told me that this was a most remarkable clock, invented by the great dancing mechanical genius, James Enderbury, known the world over as the second Edison. The clock struck at seven-thirty, at eight, half-past eight, then it half struck a quarter to nine, and then, slowly, it struck striking. There was a great demand for these clocks and they were in constant use in all state hospitals. Arnold Bunge, warden of the Toledo State Hospital, said that no other kind of clock had ever had such soothing effects upon the patients.

Next I saw the projection of a vast farm. It was a very beautiful place with dark current bushes, snug barns, and straw stacks, a cozy mansion with the light gleaming from the windows. Indeed it had a very prosperous appearance, I learned that the farm consisted of forty acres of denatured toadstools, which Laurence Hawkins, owner, cultivated and sold to the New York hotels. Through the window he could be seen sitting before the fireplace peacefully smoking his pipe and drinking an egg phosphate. Beside him sat his wife, Marvel Wenning Ruch. She had married Paul some months before but the latter, having become very wealthy from the invention of a squash-seeder, became infatuated with Thelma Thompson, leading lady at Swope's Snappy Theatre. Divorce followed and Marvel, not able to bear up alone under the affliction, was delighted to accept Laurence's offer to share his peaceful farm with her. The Hawkins toadstools were known all over New York even as far as Brooklyn Bridge. He received the largest orders from Marie Weingardt's Hotel and Josephine Schuh's roof garden.

Paul Ruch had received his idea for the squash-seeder while looking at the display of hats in Eunice Shlagheck's millinery store. It had taken him some years to have it patented, because Leslie Blomburg, the patent lawyer, was spending all his time endeavoring to find enough usefulness in Beulah Lee's improved doorknobs to grant a patent to her.

Next the screen was suffused with gray—the shade of gray that one sees in the early morning. As the screen began to clear, I per-

ceived a milkwagon going down a street. On the side of the wagon in large milky letters was printed: "Booth's Dairy Products." I looked within and beheld Frances grasping a hose in her hand. Presently the wagon stopped before a house and Frances, with unerring aim, shot the milk from the hose into a bottle which was standing on the porch. When this was accomplished, she drove to the next house where the same procedure was repeated. By her marvelous genius she had invented this unique "milk-shooter," thus saving herself the necessity of ever getting out of the wagon. But this idea would have been practically useless had not Kathryn McClure always preceded her, driving a mowing machine, in which she sat holding a magnet. By means of this magnet she removed the money and tickets from the inside of the bottle. These girls had rendered another service to humanity also. Kathryn awoke everyone on the street with her mowing machine, thus saving Ruth Stocking the necessity of blowing a whistle to summon to work the employees of her large shoe-button factory. But at eleven-thirty Roy Miller, the janitor of the shoe-button factory, rang a bell for the men to go to lunch; at twelve o'clock a Jews' Harp was played for the men to go on eating, and at twelve-thirty a flag was run up at half mast signalling the men to return to work.

After this picture disppeared the entire room was filled with a golden hue. As the light slowly faded away I beheld on the screen the face of Harry Basil. As soon as the whole picture became distinct, I saw that he was standing with arms folded in front of a discarded voting booth. Across the door was printed: "Basil's No-Fat-Butter Shop." Harry was giving orders to Florence Johnson, his general manager, as to how she should balance the scales so that for every fourteen and three-quarters ounces, the scale would register one pound.

Next in a clear green and gold I saw a very large building. Surrounding it were spacious lawns dotted here and there with tomato plants and burdock leaves. At the back of the building was a dirty little creek, which wound it's dirty little way through broad fields of cabbage heads, among which were Edna Gale, Hazel Geisler, and Bernice Goldstein—farmerettes. A sign across the front of the building read: "Louise Masten's Sanitarium. Wonders wrought by the Musical Cure. Perfectly Harmless." This "musical cure" was administered by the great musician, Esther Geary, known all over the United States, England, Porto Rico and Halifax as "the girl with the artistic touch." The Sanitarium was always filled with patients and the waiting list was so long that Irene Knull, the secretary, and her assistants, Carmen Replogle, and Florence Sass, were having great difficulties with the vast correspondence. The nurses, Bernice Holly, Iva Knaggs, Esther Weihrouch, Alice Schroeder, and Alvena Stephens

were kept busy every minute of the day for almost seven days out of the week. Most of the patients were shell-shock victims. Edwin Benson was the worse of these. There were also victims of other shocks." Kenneth Goodrich was in a very sad state. He had married a beautiful wife—a strawberry blond with a dough face. But she had refused to mow the lawn, or take care of the furnace, or do any of those little things which lend so to the comforts of a home. But this was not all. In the midst of fixing a leak in the water pipe, she had eloped with a scissors sharpener. Indeed poor Kenneth had never fully recovered, and in order to soothe him at all, it was necessary for Esther to play "The Old Oaken Bucket" for him every day at four o'clock. Another victim was Arthur Shaw, who had been seriously shocked when Marguerite Powell had proposed to him during Leap Year. LaVerne Jaynes, Arthur's nurse, could not even persuade him to partake of his meals until Esther had played "On the Beach at Waikiki." There had been many patients apparently cured, but all of them had refused to leave, asserting that if once they were from under the influence of Esther's music, they would immediately become their former selves. Of course this was very tiresome for Esther, although Kathryn Parks and Gladys Schumate took turns working the pedal for her. Louise received many offers to relieve Esther of her position, but if anyone ever mentioned to Esther that she should leave, she herself became shocked at the thought of leaving her "dear patients."

As this vision passed from view, I realized that I had seen the futures of all my friends. I know they will all come true. Don't you think so? You don't? Well, have it your own way.

E. Jeanette Nuneviller, '19

East and West

HEAVY grey dusk was settling down upon mountain and plain as a solitary rider, mounted upon his small, wiry Western horse, spurred onward over the broad prairie. As the shadowy mantle of darkness descended upon the land, a sense of loneliness seemed to seize the man, for he leaned down close to his animal's head and spoke softly and gently into it's sensitive ear. The animal, urged along by this praise and coaxing, sped forward at a livelier gait. Then, one by one, tiny distant lights began to glow, and, as if in response to their appearance, twinkling stars came into view above.

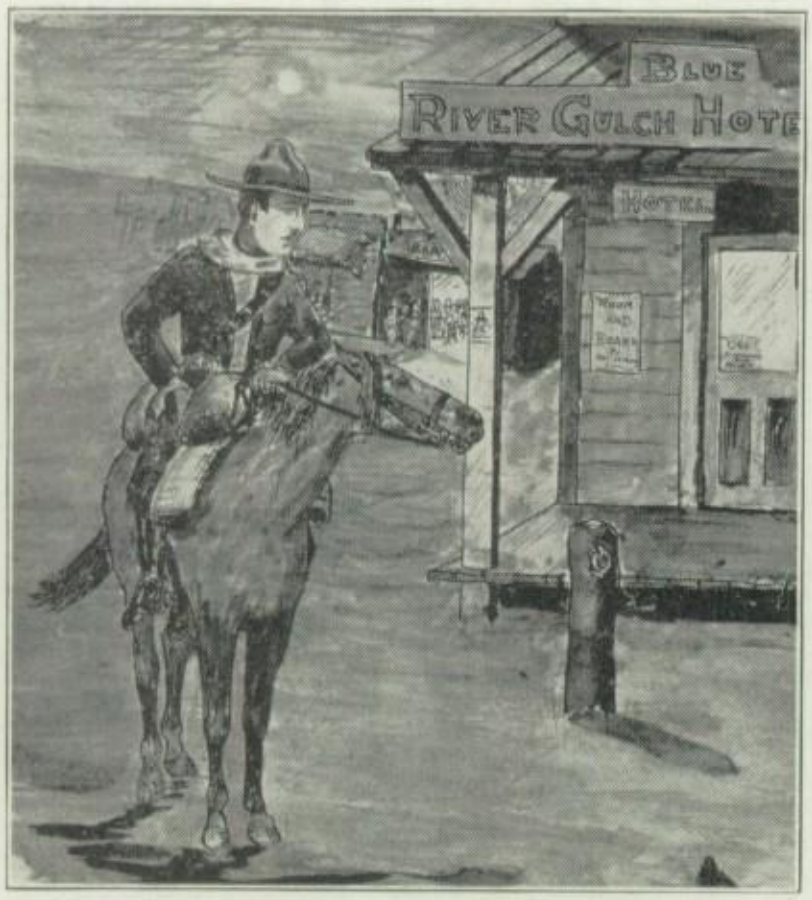
Nearer and nearer grew the lights; larger and larger grew in size their yellow glow. They spoke of comrades and fellowship, which dispelled that sense of loneliness. God above was good and man nearby was brotherly. So thought our horseman. Suddenly the glowing lights flared out as abruptly as if they had all been candles extinguished by a great gust of wind.

Our rider had descended into a deep wide valley, but soon he was leaving it at the opposite side. At the top of the grade he found himself on a dusty road leading into a small mining town.

He passed by several small cabins belonging to miners, from the windows of which streamed the yellow lights he had seen from afar off.

Reaching more pretentious buildings, he reined up in front of one of the largest. Leaning forward in his saddle, he scrutinized a large rudely made sign which read:

"BLUE RIVER GULCH HOTEL"



"Reaching more pretentious buildings, he reined up in front of one of the largest."

From my position across the road, I could observe the stranger's face. I saw at once that he was not a Western man, but had undoubtedly come from the East. He was smooth-shaven and his riding apparel, though of Western style and manufacture seemed new and neat in spite of the heavy dust that lay thick upon it.

The stranger dismounted and walked toward the entrance of the so-called hotel. By this act, I was given conclusive proof that he was an Eastern man. He had not the easy gait and swagger of the Westerner.

By the light that streamed out from the entrance of the building, I could see his features. Suddenly his eyes lighted up, a broad smile spread over his face, and he seemed convulsed with inward laughter. At the time, I did not know the reason for his laughter. It was only after I had become acquainted with him when he told me the reason. The contrast between that old weather-worn, discolored edifice and a modern, elaborately furnished hotel had seemed so ludicrous to him.

This man, who was soon to become my close friend, now entered the hotel. Walking up to a battered desk, he succeeded in dethroning the God Morpheus by awakening an old miner who sat there snoring, his head fallen upon the desk.

The drowsy clerk was soon awake and starting up exclaimed, "Howdy stranger! Just pull in?"

The stranger affirmed that such was the case, and added "I am Edward Barclay from Pittsburgh."

"Glad to know ye, Barclay. I'm Smith; Joe Smith, of Blue River Gulch."

Barclay smiled.

"I shall be here for several weeks, Mr. Smith, and of course must have a place to stay. I——."

"Calculatin' to put up at this hotel, eh?" broke in Smith. "Well, you won't find any better."

Barclay was forced to admit to himself that the old man was loyal at any rate.

"We ain't overcrowded, jist now, so I kin give you one of our corner rooms. It's bright and airy-like. It's fine to set up there nights and watch the landscape. Got a dandy view of the Blue River Saloon so's you kin see all the shootin' frays without stoppin' any of the lead yourself."

At this juncture, Smith brought to view a key fastened to a large brass tag upon which was stamped the number 3. With this object dangling from one hand, he pounded up the old stairway closely followed by the Easterner. They finally reached a door numbered 3. The old man, after some noisy fumbling, succeeded in unlocking the door.

Barclay peered at the room through the open doorway. Dust covered everything, and a heavy, musty odor filled the close air.

"I reckon she's quite a room, eh Barclay?"

The prospective roomer, who seemed to be able to see only the ludicrous side of the situation, could hardly refrain from bursting into laughter, but controlling himself, he nodded slightly in answer to the question. After seriously considering the matter, he was not well pleased with the room, but optimistically decided that it was probably the best he could secure under the circumstances. He even admitted that conditions might easily have been worse. Accordingly he told the old clerk that he would take the room, whereupon the old ex-miner gave him the key and shuffled off, well satisfied with the situation.

After Smith had disappeared, Barclay's first move was to introduce some fresh air into the room. He walked to the nearest window and, after some difficulty, succeeded in raising it.

He breathed deeply of the cool, refreshing breeze that rushed inward. A pale moon gleamed down upon the wide plains, and upon the hills and mountains far away. It was a Western night, but the Easterner loved it's beauty.

"Here he beheld the soul-inspiring landscape of which Smith had spoken."

Crossing the room, he opened another window. Here he beheld the soul inspiring "landscape" of which Smith had spoken; a scene far different from the first one. Across the street, below, he saw a low building ablaze with lights. From it came the sounds of discordant music, mingled with the occasional shouts or bursts of laughter from the lips of the miners. Through the open doorway he could see the tables sur-

rounded by roughly clad men, the long counter, and the rows of shining bottles. Blue River Bar was open and doing business.

Barclay turned away from the window soberly. He had been deeply impressed by the contrast between the two scenes. On one hand, God's handiwork; on the other, Man's folly.

The Easterner's next act was to remove, as far as possible, the dirt and dust he had acquired during his day's ride, after which he left his room and descended the stairway. As he did so, he noticed a strange figure shuffling away hurriedly, overladen with several large bundles. Before Barclay had formed any mental conception of whom he had seen, this personage had passed through the open doorway.

Barclay then walked slowly toward Smith who was at his accustomed place at the desk.

"Who was the visitor?" asked Barclay, smiling.

"We ain't had no visitors since you came, Barclay," returned the other.

"Perhaps not a visitor, but at least a caller."

"Oh, that was the Chinee carrying out the wash. The heathen's name is Wing Loo, and he does up the hotel's laundry. All the boys know him and let him wash up their duds, too."

"I'll remember him and let him have my patronage."

Both men were silent for a moment; then the aged clerk said, "Figgerin' on gettin' acquainted hereabouts, I suppose?"

Barclay glanced up quickly. "Such were my intentions. The nature of my business demands not only that I become acquainted with several citizens of Blue River Gulch, but also that I make such acquaintances speedily."

The old clerk was now listening eagerly and attentively. There were several unanswered questions in Smith's mind regarding this new guest. To be sure his name was Edward Barclay and he had said that he was from Pittsburgh, but WHAT was he? He had spoken of the "nature of his business." What was his business? Why had he come to Blue River Gulch? The mining opportunities in Blue River Gulch were not as good as they had been several years before, although of course mining was still a very important industry. Did this Easterner intend to become a miner?

With these questions puzzling his mind, Smith waited anxiously for the other to continue. He was destined to disappointment, however, for Barclay, who had been leaning comfortably upon the old desk, straightened up and moved toward the door.

"To become acquainted one must make acquaintances," he said; "No doubt the general rendezvous is at Blue River Bar?"

The word "rendezvous" was somewhat of a puzzler to Smith, but his intuition was quick, however, and, within a moment, he had made a good guess as to its probable meaning.

"That's one of them," he called out; "Tony Moore runs the Bar and 'Bones' Baker runs the General Store. Tony ain't particular what you buy, so long as you buy enough of it, but 'Bones' sells only sweet cider with a three quart limit!"

"The General Store for me," shouted back the Easterner.

Smith smiled.

I was standing alone near the entrance of "Bones'" store when the stranger from Pittsburgh approached. I had been filled with a sadness of loneliness and remorse, but these emotions seemed to disappear at the instant I gazed into his frank, pleasant countenance. We seemed mutually attracted, for we involuntarily drew toward each other, shook hands, and introduced ourselves. We conversed for some time upon general topics. It seemed only natural for him to ask questions concerning the town of Blue River Gulch, and, likewise, it seemed only natural for me to answer these questions. Unconsciously I named several residents of our town and told him of their traits and characteristics.

I told him, among others, of Tony Moore, who owned and operated the place of business already spoken of. Tony was a short man of swarthy complexion, whose countenance was repellant and loathesome. His black, deceitful eyes were set in a head surmounted by unkempt, greasy, dark hair. Tony's personal appearance did not seem to grate harshly upon the miner's sense of beauty, for they patronized him in great numbers. At his bar the miner's gold dust poured as freely as did his merchandise.

I might have said more about this person whose character was as unclean as his person, but I did not. Instead, I told my new acquaintance of another man, whose character contrasted as strongly with that of Tony, as daylight contrasts with darkness. Respected by many—disliked by some, this other man seemed truly a God-send to the little mining town. He stood for a clean mind, clean body, and clean living. This man, at the entrance of whose store we were then standing, was known all over town as 'Bones' Baker.

Barclay seemed to have grown exceedingly interested in my description of "Bones," and manifested a desire to see him and become acquainted with him.

Barclay's desires were to be realized, for, a few minutes later, I took leave of him as he was conversing with the gentleman in question. At first sight Barclay became cognizant of the fact that "Bones" physical stature and appearance displayed his strength of character for Bones was an exceedingly well-developed man, tall in stature and muscular in body. His features, although not altogether handsome, were manly and pleasing.

"You'll hear more about this man, 'Empty' Williams," Bones might have been heard to say after he and Barclay had talked together for many minutes.

Barclay listened attentively.

"This man Williams" continued the other, "isn't the kind of a fellow he appears to be. Time was when "Empty's" appearance seemed too clean to suit the rest of the boys, so they took him out and dragged him along the road for a time, so that he'd look more natural and manlike. Those were the days when Empty owned two of the largest and best claims in the place. There's no use telling about 'Tony' Moore and his gambling tables, but that's where Williams' gold dust went."

"Does he still own his mining claims?" inquired Barclay.

"No," was the answer. "He has lost both of them. He now has a small one, but it does him no good; because, instead of working it, he idles his time away around town."

The two men conversed together for some time, and it was late when Barclay retraced his steps to the hotel. He ascended to his room and stood for a long time at the open window which overlooked the prairie. A cool refreshing breeze was blowing and an old inhabitant would have predicted correctly, that a clear, bright and warm day might be expected for the morrow.

Barclay meditated silently, reviewing in his mind the events of the past few hours. He was well satisfied that his new acquaintances were numerous, and felt that, considering the short lapse of time, his knowledge of the town and its inhabitants was not meager. The one man in whom he had become especially interested, was the man known as "Empty" Williams. Unlike the rough miners, who treated with extreme disfavor any feminine sentimentalism or sympathy, Barclay felt some concern about this man and hoped for the future regeneration of this once clear-minded person. He hoped that he, himself, might be enabled to do something to bring about a transformation in this man's life.

With these thoughts in mind, the Easterner left the window and retired. He closed his eyes and was soon in the land of dreams, unconscious of the fleeting hours that finally brought the cool, gray dawn of another morning.

The morning grew into a day long to be remembered by several inhabitants of Blue River Gulch. To know why this was an eventful day, you must be informed that this day marked the coming of "The Angel."

According to prediction, the weather proved to be bright and warm. It was, in fact, not merely warm, but exceedingly sultry. The sun shone down in full glory so that the miners, shielding their eyes with their hands and gazing out over the land, could see the shimmering, dazzling heat waves rising from the plain. It was near the hour of noon, when one miner, who was thus gazing out over the plain, exclaimed to a companion standing nearby, "Look yonder, Partner! See them three men a-gallopin' in y'ere!"

His statement proved to be true, for slowly though surely the three horses with their riders moved toward Blue River Gulch. I could easily explain the reason for their slow approach for the suffocating heat and the glaring sun meant that the steeds, as well as their owners, could be nothing less than weary and exhausted.

As they entered the town, I discovered, to my surprise, that the three horsemen turned out to be one man and two women. All three were strangers to me as well as to the other inhabitants. The man, whose name as we later learned was Bob Burke, rode first. He was a large, well-built fellow, clothed in the usual garb of the Westerner. Following him was an elderly woman, Bob's mother. My eyes sought the third member of the party, and, as I gazed at her, I seemed to be held spellbound. It was not mere beauty that I saw in that bewitching countenance; it was the essence of feminine attractiveness. This was Vivian Burke! This was "The Angel!"

Without warning, the elderly woman swayed dizzily in her saddle and then drooped over upon the neck of her horse, narrowly escaping a fall to the ground. Bob Burke, hearing a shrill scream of fright from "the Angel," leaped from his horse and ran to his mother's assistance. She had fainted—overcome by the heat and exhaustion. As the son assisted his mother to the ground, he called to several miners, who were standing nearby, to bring him some water. One man, spurred into action by this request, darted off down the road. The rest of the men, stupid as they were, stood at a distance as if paralyzed, apparently wondering at the strange occurrence. The miner who had left the group suddenly darted past them, carrying a vessel of water. He reached the newcomers in the middle of the road and knelt down beside "the Angel" and her brother Bob, who were bending over the unconscious woman. The cold water seemed to work wonders, for within a moment or two, Bob's mother had opened her eyes and risen to a sitting posture. Bob then turned to the man who had so kindly brought the water, saying, "I want to thank you for your assistance. Will you help us further by showing us the way to the home of Thomas Burke?"

The miner eagerly replied that he would be glad to do so, and the four set off, Mrs. Burke leaning heavily on her son's shoulder.

As they walked slowly along, with the horses following in the rear, the miner learned that Robert Burke, as well as his mother and sister, had come to Blue River Gulch upon the invitation of Thomas Burke, Bob's uncle. Thomas Burke, who was a wealthy mine owner of the town, had offered his nephew the opportunity of accumulating a small fortune by operating one of his mines. Bob was not by any means averse to accepting this offer, in fact, he rejoiced at the opportunity. He soon learned, however, that it would be impossible for him to leave for the West without being accompanied by his mother and sister. They both insisted upon sharing life with him

in the small mining town. He had hoped to persuade them to stay in the East, but they remained steadfast in their decision. Accordingly, the three had set out from their home in Brooklyn, New York, and, after many days of wearisome travel, they found themselves at last in Blue River Gulch.

Within less than thirty minutes the four had come in sight of the large cabin belonging to Thomas Burke. Their guide pointed out the place to the newcomers and turned to go. "Just a moment," exclaimed Bob, "May I ask you who you are? You know all about us, but we do not even know your name."

The miner hesitated for several moments as if reluctant to give his name. He finally said, "I reckon you kin call me 'Empty' Williams or 'Empty' for short, like the boys do. It wouldn't seem natural to be called by any other name."

"We are glad to have become acquainted with you, Mr. Williams," said Bob heartily as he grasped the other's hand.

"I would like to thank you for your kindness to us, Mr. Williams," said "The Angel" stepping forward. "Empty" looked at her and as he did so "The Angel" smiled at him and held out her hand. Almost involuntarily "Empty" grasped the delicate palm and then blushed a deep crimson. Abruptly and awkwardly he dropped her hand, and, after attempting to conceal his embarrassment by uttering a few almost inarticulate words, he strode away.

Such was the coming of "The Angel."

The days that followed found a strong friendship existing between Edward Barclay and "Empty" Williams. They seemed naturally attracted to one another and Barclay was becoming more and more hopeful that "Empty" would finally become his own self again. Little did he suspect what the coming days would really mean in the life of this man.

One evening, as Barclay was sitting idly on a chair in front of the hotel, he noticed the familiar form of "Empty" approaching. The two men greeted each other, after which "Empty" drew up a chair close to Barclay's and sat down. Both remained silent for a time, when "Empty" suddenly said, "Say, Barclay, do you reckon this outfit I got on is good enough to go callin' in?"

Barclay turned slowly around and looked at his friend with wonder in his eyes. "Empty" met his gaze steadily and repeated, "Do you reckon it is?"

Barclay now moved to speak, replied, "Why, it's all right with me, "Empty." You can visit me in that outfit any time of the day or night. I shall not make any comments on it."

"Do you reckon it's good enough to go callin' in?" continued the other persistently, apparently disregarding the answer his friend had given.

"It might not be acceptable in the ball rooms of Boston, but of course, this isn't Boston," answered Barclay again.

Empty was not yet satisfied and finally said courageously and boldly, "Then, is this outfit good enough to go callin' on "The Angel" with?"

Barclay was now speechless with surprise. He could only stare at the man before him. "The Angel?" Yes, he had heard of "The Angel." Everyone had. Her attractiveness and pleasing personality was the talk of the miners, both old and young. This man "Empty" Williams intended "to go callin'" on "The Angel?"

Suddenly the truth flashed upon Barclay's mind. The secret of the transformation of "Empty" from the idler into the man was now revealed. He realized moreover, his own opportunity of assisting "Empty" to make this transformation complete. He saw that this man was regaining his former pride not only in regard to his personal appearance, but also in regard to his behavior and firmness of character.

"Certainly not!" was Barclay's answer to his friend's question; and, as a result, the idler departed from him that evening firmly resolved that he would purchase a new suit of clothes; that he would buy a new pair of shoes; that he would do all he could to make himself presentable in "The Angel's" sight. Barclay had told him that he must stop idling away his time; that he must go to work on his claim in order to secure the funds wherewith to purchase the articles that he desired.

The result was that no miner in the town worked any harder at his claim than did "Empty." No claim in the vicinity paid better than did his; and, furthermore, no other miner in Blue River Gulch was received by "The Angel" with that same smile and that warm welcome with which "Empty" was received.

Thus began the regeneration of "Empty" Williams.

Two weeks after "Empty's" resolve to turn away from the life of the idler, a startling announcement shook the little town of Blue River Gulch.

One warm quiet June afternoon, "Bones" Baker, who was the sheriff as well as the owner of the General Store in Blue River Gulch, sent several miners through the town to announce an important, general town meeting to be held in front of the hotel within an hour. At the specified time most of the inhabitants had gathered at the specified place and were waiting to learn the reason for the meeting. "Bones" the sheriff, was standing upon a chair, facing the throng. His first statement was abrupt and startling.

"Men," he said, "there is a thief in camp!"

A hoarse murmur of surprise and astonishment traveled through the group. When the murmering had ceased "Bones" continued.

"Let no man escape from this crowd or from Blue River Gulch.

Bob Burke has been robbed of five hundred dollars worth of gold."

At this juncture the sheriff beckoned to Burke to come forward. After he had done so, "Bones" asked him to tell the miners how he had been robbed. Accordingly Bob faced the throng and said:

"As most of you know, I, as well as my mother and sister, am a newcomer in Blue River Gulch. We live with my uncle in the Burke Cabin close to the hollow. Last evening I returned from the claims with a large quantity of gold which I put away with the rest of the gold I had, in the place where I always keep it. I had, at that time, five hundred dollars worth of the ore.

"This morning at one o'clock, I was aroused from my sleep by the sound of someone moving in my room. Fearing for the safety of my gold, I arose cautiously and walked in the direction of the sound. The room was pitch dark and, before I knew it, I had stumbled into someone. We grappled with each other; but, before I could protect myself, I had received this cut."

Here the speaker turned up his left sleeve and displayed to the assemblage a bandaged forearm. He then partially removed the bandage, disclosing a long, jagged knife wound.

"After I had received this cut, I succeeded in knocking the knife from my assailant's hand."

"After I had received this cut," continued Burke, "I succeeded in knocking the knife from my assailant's hand and it clattered to the floor. The next moment, the thief dealt me a heavy blow and I fell to the floor unconscious. When I regained consciousness, my mother had bandaged the wound. She told me that the gold had been stolen and also gave me this piece of bone which she had found upon the floor. This bone is evidently a part of the handle of the knife. It must have been broken off when the knife fell to the floor."

After Burke had finished, Bones said, "Tell us who the thief looked like."

"I cannot describe his appearance," replied Burke. "Although the moon was shining bright last night, my room was dark as it always is. This is due to the fact that a large tree stands near my window and it always darkens my room. I know nothing about the thief except that he was a strong man."

Bones now turned to the crowd and stated that if anyone had any accusations to make, he should make them at that time.

The miners then broke up into small groups and discussed the situation excitedly. Finally one miner drawled out in a loud voice,

"Say, sheriff, I reckon we'd like to hear from this stranger they call Barclay. I ain't got nothin' agin' him and I can't prove he wasn't at the hotel all last night but we want to know what he's a-doin' here."

A man who was standing at the edge of the group now become exceedingly excited. This man was, as we might have guessed, none other than old Smith, the hotel clerk. Smith's curiosity was now to be satisfied. Barclay would now have to tell why he was in Blue River Gulch. He could keep secret no longer "the nature of his business." Smith's eyes were fairly bulging from his head as Barclay pushed his way forward through the crowd.

"Gentlemen," began Barclay, who appeared as easy and calm before the miners, as if he had been back is Pittsburgh, addressing one of his club meetings, "Gentlemen, there is now no reason for keeping secret my business in this town. In fact my business here is finished, and I expect to leave here within a week. I may as well tell you that I am a traveling buyer for the Pennsylvania Land Company. I am in the West to buy land for this company. Of course you all understand that there is competition in this business as there is in any other business. It was to my advantage to remain silent until I had made my purchases. I have made these purchases, as Mr. Baker, the sheriff, knows, and I am now ready to move on farther West.

About the robbery, I know nothing. I was in my room at one o'clock this morning."

When Barclay had finished, Bones assured the miners that he believed that everything that the Easterner had said was true. "Bones" desired to ask Barclay a question or two before he permitted him to go, and therefore inquired, "Did you say that you know nothing of the robbery?"

"Yes," answered the Easterner.

"And you were in your room all last evening?"

"No, I was restless last night and decided to take a walk."

"At what time was this?"

"Near midnight."

"You did not, by any chance, walk toward the hollow near where the Burke cabin stands?"

"Why—yes! I walked in that direction," affirmed Barclay.

The Easterner now began to feel nervous. He looked at the crowd and discovered that all eyes were fastened upon him. He saw, that although innocent of the crime, a net of circumstantial evidence was being woven, slowly though surely, around him.

"Tell us what you did next," commanded "Bones."

"I walked past the hollow and Burke's cabin and continued up the road for about a mile. I then turned around and came back to the hotel. I arrived there at a little after half past twelve."

"I'm sorry, Barclay," said the sheriff reluctantly, "but you'll have to be searched."

Barclay willingly submitted himself to be searched, while Bones, in the meantime, sent two of the miners to search the Easterner's room. It proved, however, that Barclay had no gold of any description upon his person or in his room.

"Another question or two yet, Barclay. Did you see anyone near the Burke cabin when you passed by?"

Barclay hesitated for some time. He finally admitted that he had seen some one near the cabin when he was returning to the hotel.

"Do you know who he was?"

Barclay now wished that he had never seen Blue River Gulch; that he was a thousand miles away from the town. Again he answered in the affirmative.

"This man was 'EMPTY' WILLIAMS," he finally said sadly.

All eyes were now turned to "Empty" who was standing close by "The Angel," her mother and brother.

Here was torture indeed! Barclay, whose friendship with "Empty" had deepened into brotherly love, was now forced to bring incriminating evidence against this friend.

"HOW DO YOU KNOW it was 'Empty' Williams?"

Barclay answered this question as if he was in a dream.

"The moon—was shining brightly," he said brokenly, "I saw 'Empty' Williams. As I called his name, he disappeared into the hollow and did not answer me. His hat—coat—face. It was 'Empty' Williams."

As Barclay said the last word he stumbled off weakly, and sat down in an adjacent chair, burying his face in his hands.

"Bones" then told "Empty" to step forward. "The Angel" who had now become alarmed at the condition of affairs, ran to her brother and implored him to say that "Empty" was innocent. In compliance with her request he attempted to make such a plea, but he was silenced by Tony Moore and several of his followers, who shouted out in rough tones of voice, that if there was a thief in camp, they wanted to know who he was.

"Empty" had meantime made his way confidently and fearlessly forward.

"You have heard what Barclay has said," were the sheriff's words, "Were you at the hollow near Burke's cabin last night between midnight and one o'clock?"

"No!" answered "Empty" quickly and emphatically.

Never had anyone been so astounded as Barclay was when "Empty" Williams made this statement. On the other hand "Empty's" amazement had likewise been unbounded when Barclay had accused him of being at the hollow at the time mentioned. Here

was the strangest of situations! Two close friends denying one another. "Bones" knowing the existence of such a friendship between the two men, was as puzzled as they themselves were. He could only stand and stare from one to the other in amazement.

Barclay suddenly jumped to his feet excitedly and shouted, "Wing Loo! Where is the Chinaman. I had forgotten. I saw him last night about a quarter of a mile from the Burke cabin. He must know something about this. Where is Wing Loo?"

Barclay rushed off like a madman in search of the Chinaman. Several other men left the assemblage and followed him closely. Barclay found Wing Loo in his tiny cabin and seizing him about the waist, he half dragged, half carried him back to the hotel. Arriving there, he hurried the Chinaman forward within view of the throng and shouted breathlessly, "Tell them what you know!"

Wing Loo blinked stupidly at his audience, but said nothing.

"You were near Burke's cabin last night when someone got away with a pile of gold," explained Bones, "What were you doing there?"

Wing Loo, aroused by the sheriff's threatening attitude, said hurriedly, "Me no takee gold."

"We will find out whether you took any gold. What were you doing there?"

"Tony Moore, him velly bad man," the Oriental said solemnly.

Several of the miners laughed loudly at this statement, while others glanced at the censured Tony, who was scowling darkly at Wing Loo. Wing Loo's bland face was expressionless.

"Never mind about Tony Moore. What were you doing near the Burke home?"

"Me folgettee minel's wash till late in night. Takee wash out to minel and come home. By Bulke cabin me see Tony Moore jump flom window. Tony go into hollow. Me follow. Him thlow something in river. Me find knife stuck in mud. Tony make bad thlow, and knife not go in watel."

Wing Loo was now holding up a knife, with a discolored blade, to the view of the assemblage. Bones took the knife from him and, after examining it, he said, "This knife, which is evidently blood-stained, bears the initials T. M. on the handle. Part of the bone handle is gone."

Tony Moore, his face purple with rage, made his way forward, swearing in the profanest manner at the "heathen Chinee." As he approached the sheriff and Wing Loo, he became more wrathful until, finally, unable to control himself, he made a furious lunge for his accuser.

The next few moments that followed were the most tragic that Blue River Gulch had ever experienced. Ten minutes later Tony Moore had fallen upon the threshold of his saloon with his life blood

streaming out upon the road. Tony Moore died guilty. He died as he had lived.

It is unnecessary to describe in detail the incidents that led to his death; of how several miners forcibly prevented his assault upon Wing Loo; of how Tony tore himself away from the hold of these men and ran toward his saloon like an enraged animal; of how Barclay shouted, "This is confession enough!"; of how Tony defied anyone in the Gulch to cross his threshold; and finally, of how "Bones" and Barclay simultaneously fired their revolvers at the thief before he could draw his weapon from its holster.

The gold belonging to Bob Burke was found where Tony had hidden it; a circumstance which gave additional proof as to who had committed the robbery.

The days that followed this gruesome tragedy were days of happiness for "Empty" and "The Angel" as well as for Edward Barclay. "The Angel" and "Empty" were happy in each other. Barclay was glad because of this happiness.

At the request of his friend, Barclay remained in Blue River Gulch a week longer than he had planned.

"Empty's" request was not an idle one, for upon a wonderful June day, the wedding of "The Angel" and "Empty" was held. It would have been a task to find, that day, a prouder man than Edward Barclay, of Pittsburgh, who was given the honor of serving as best man. The hours of exuberant joy that followed the wedding seemed to have the wings of a bird for, before anyone realized it, the day was drawing to a close. Barclay, sobered by the coming of night, informed his friend "Empty" that he had made arrangements to leave that evening, and further stated that it would be impossible for him to stay even over night.

Accordingly, at the end of the next half hour, Edward Barclay was passing down the dusty road upon which he had entered Blue River Gulch a few short weeks before. He was leaving behind him the familiar scenes that he could never forget. He was not alone, for beside him rode "Empty" strangely silent and thoughtful. The muffled beat of the horses hoofs upon the road was the only sound that disturbed the silence.

Strange to say both men were thinking of the day when they had contradicted each other. Barclay had said that he had seen "Empty" at the Burke cabin. "Empty" had denied that he had been there. Which one of the men was right? Neither one had broached the subject to the other and they parted that night, each having a question upon his tongue, which he did not ask and which was not answered.

When they reached the edge of the town, they stopped their

horses and grasped the other's hand in a grip of brotherly love that meant more than words.

Heavy gray dusk was settling down upon mountain and plain as Edward Barclay, mounted upon his small, wiry Western horse spurred onward over the broad prairie. As he looked back toward Blue River Gulch, tiny distant lights began to glow and, as if in response to their appearance, twinkling stars came into view above. The solitary horseman left the little mining town in the same manner as he had approached it, several weeks before.

Four months later found Barclay in Pittsburgh. He had made a successful trip to the West and had now returned to the "Smoky City."

One morning two days later, as he was sitting at his desk in the Pennsylvania Land Company's office, he discovered, to his joy, that among his morning mail was a letter from "Empty." After reading for some time, he came upon the following:

"Barclay, I have finally discovered the reason why we contradicted each other the day after my brother-in-law was robbed. I want you to read this description of the malady with which I am unfortunate enough to be afflicted:

> 'Symptoms—The most striking phenomenon in the affection is the obvious unconsciousness of the patient of his real position. Like a dreamer, he fancies himself under circumstances which do not really exist; but, unlike the mere dreamer, he has the power of acting in accordance with those circumstances. He rises from his bed in pursuance of some course of action in which he supposes himself engaged, or with the intention of accomplishing some purpose which his fancy has suggested, and all his movements are well concerted to the end he has in view. He appears to be utterly insensible to danger, and frequently puts himself in perilous situations, as upon the roofs of houses, or on the brink of precipitous heights, situations in which, if awake, he would incur hazard from loss of self-command.
>
> If left to himself, the sleep-walker generally returns to his bed, sleeps naturally, and awakens at the usual time, quite unconscious of the incidents that have taken place, though sometimes fatigued by his exertions. He can often be awakened by disturbing him considerably in any manner, but among the most effectual methods to arouse him is that of throwing cold water upon his face.'

"I am a 'SOMNAMBULIST' Barclay! I am a sleep walker. My wife discovered me one night, as I was walking in my sleep and she afterwards informed me of what I had done. Immediately I saw the solution to our little mystery. I saw that you had been right. You told the truth when you said that you had seen me at the Thomas Burke cabin. I, however, did not know I was there. I was sleep walking. It would only be natural for me, while sleep walking, to go to the home

"I am a sonambulist, Barclay!"

of "The Angel." You said that you had called to me and that I had not answered you. Of course you can now understand that, as I was not aware of my position, I did not hear you."

Here the letter ended and Barclay leaned back in his chair, pleased and satisfied, yet wondering why this solution of the strange affair had not presented itself to him before. He wondered at his own stupidity in not thinking of this answer to the puzzle.

Barclay has now found an "Angel" of his own. She is just as attractive, dainty, and kind as is "The Angel" of Blue River Gulch. It is hard to say which man, Edward Barclay, the Easterner, or "Empty" Williams, the Westerner, thinks the most of his "Angel." It is enough to say, however, that both are very happy.

I have finished my story, gentle reader. I have told you of Edward Barclay; I have told you of Blue River Gulch and it's inhabitants; I have told you of myself. There is nothing more to be said. What? You have a question to ask. You desire to know who I am? Such an absurd question!

I have told you that Edward Barclay was my best friend. I have told you of my fondness for "The Angel." She calls me Raymond, however, you do not know me by that name. I have always been known as—"Empty" Williams.

—S. Arthur Shaw, Novelist.

FINIS

SEVERAL weeks ago, while walking down Broadway, having an hour of spare time, thought I would visit one of the many movie houses that dot the Great White Way. I bought my ticket—walked into the play house, and took a seat. There was an intermission of three minutes. The lights were on, and a man none other than our Edward Cary, of Waite, who has become the sole owner of a string of movie houses from New York to Frisco, was addressing the audience concerning the bill of the succeeding week.

The show at last began. The title of the play was "The Real History of the Class of 1919, Waite Hi School."

The first reel, although not the most important, consisted of the sitting and introduction of characters.

The greater part of the play was taken at Waite Hi or in the vicinity of the school. The cast consisted of 238 girls and 198 boys. The first scene showed some of the boys and girls coming to school on the first day, Monday, September 15th, 1915. Joe Grant, and his ever faithful little friend Harold Kaufman, both wearing Buster Brown suits, were skipping along in high glee, rolling large hoops. Richard Gilham, with his stately step and large goggles, being somewhat of a modest chap, paid little attention to his bolder classmates, Al. McFee, Earl Rosengarten, Haven Doane, Ralph Ladd and Park LeGron, who were enjoying a scandalous game of marbles for keeps. Carlos Warner, a sleepy, slow-moving fellow, was enjoying forty winks under one of the shrubs that ornamented the school grounds. His friend, Charles Swope, was annoying Carlos with all sorts of boyish tricks, from tickling his ear with a straw, to throwing water into his face. George Bruggemeier and Robert Rogers, also dressed

in short trousers, carried huge packages of lunch under their arms, and were chewing gum with all the energy that one could expect even boys of ten to exert. Exarhos Bekos, a fine fellow with more mannish ways than the other fellows, was reading one of Voliviskis' great novels on "How To Get Rich Quick." Enraptured with the thoughts of luxury and ease, his dream came to an abrupt end when he was knocked down and his precious book thrown into a puddle of water by Adelbert Kuehn, John Cauffiel, Bill Wilder, Arnold Nopper and Carl Benson, who were playing Crack-The-Whip. In front of the school "Ginny" Miller, Harold Hartley, "Jimmie" Webb, Wernert Kiemle, and Carl Brand were playing Camel-Back.

The girls were just girls, as one may know. They had not yet put away their childish habits and were merely amateurs in the art of painting faces. Little Esther Geary, with her beautiful red hair streaming down her back, was jumping rope with Jeannette Nuneviller. Frances Booth, Irene Knull, Harriet Dancer, Irene Grasser and Mary Sloane were playing jacks in the left corridor of the building. Marvel Wenning, Ruth Stocking, Helen Clark, Catherine Boiselle, Ruth Heater, and Evelyn Hobe were playing "Farmer in the Dell." The whole school yard was a merry playground. Everyone seemed as though he would never grow old.

Another picture showed the Freshmen Class in the study room, 178, on the third floor. This room was presided over by a man named Mr. Pollock. The freshmen surely crowded into that room. The schedules for the selection of courses were given out. Then I saw the freshies darting in wild pursuit to their first hour classes. Many, losing their way, were seen inquiring of upper classmen. The Sophs were laughing at the half-frightened freshmen, and directing them to the wrong rooms.

The next picture showed a class in Freshman Latin, Miss Boerger being the teacher. The weird and restless expression on the faces of Adelbert Kuehn and John Cauffiel proved how uninteresting the subject seemed to them. The pronunciation of those Latin words, the accent, declension, conjugation, and synopsis was evidently a conglomeration which left their minds utterly blank.

The scene changed, and a class in Algebra under Mr. Merkle, was reciting. The boys seemed to be more alert than did the girls; but when he should use a plus sign or when a minus sign, when he should change signs, or when he should have two signs, were puzzling questions for the most studious Freshmen.

The movie flashed for a moment upon the manual training room of Mr. Henry Mathias. This work seemed to appeal to the boys there and the room was filled with busy workers. Some boys were hammering, others were sawing. The articles of furniture that I noticed

completed, were tables, lamps, candlesticks, cabinets, and other small articles of household use.

The next room that I saw on the canvas was Miss Hutchison's English class. Why the Freshman had to study English he couldn't understand. The girls, who, the boys say, are always good in English, recited with little exertion. One of the Freshmen, coming in late to the class-room, begged to be excused from reciting on account of forgetting his locker key, which was his one means of obtaining his English paper locked within. Miss Hutchison's answer was flashed upon the screen: "Come back two hours on Tuesday, Harold."

The movie passed on. It was now several months after the school year had advanced. It was one-thirty, at the close of school, the students were reading a monthly magazine called The Retina. The cover was extremely conspicuous; the most beautiful green ever I saw. I knew that it had been dedicated to the Freshman Class, because many Freshmen were gathered together in groups of four or five on the school lawn, listening to one of their classmates, who, by chance, had saved enough money to purchase a Retina. They were taking in the whole contents of the book from cover to cover.

In the next picture was evidently near Christmas, for the ground was covered with snow. The class, tutored by Mr. Pavlicek, were giving a play—"A Bundle of Sticks"—in the High School Auditorium. The roles were taken exclusively by Freshmen, and as far as I followed the play, it was a great success.

The end of the first reel showed the students leaving school, June 15th, 1916, for their summer vacation.

Second Reel

The second reel began Sept. 17th, 1916, with the coming together of three hundred boys and seventy-one girls at Waite Hi. These Sophs were seated in study room 64, on the first floor, under the guardianship of Mr. Travis, a man who always treats the pupils fair and square. Of coure, I saw the Sophomores playing the same tricks on the new Freshmen that had been played upon them the year previous, but the Sophs seemed proud to think that, at last, they could show their superiority over someone else.

The scene changed and a Latin show called the "Saturnalia" was flashed upon the screen. This entertainment consisted of living pictures, tableaus and dances. The pictures of Caesar, Cassius, Brutus, Anthony and other prominent men of the Roman days were displayed. The tableaus represented legions of Roman soldiers, including the different soldiers of each of her provinces, and men of the

forum. The dances were Pompeian, and were marked by their extraordinary grace and beauty.

The scene then turned to our great basket ball team under Teeple, which had several players from our class, including Ray Sheets and Frank Clemens. The team was seen in action at the National Tournament in Chicago. How they then did play and how the fifty odd loyal Waite rooters, who accompanied the team, did root, as the home team won victory after victory! The teams that were eliminated, favored our team, because of the boys' skill, and their light weight in comparison to that of their opponents. The Waite squad, although finishing the tournament at third place, was praised to the skies on its return home.

One interesting picture was that of the pupils assembled on the first floor of the building for the unveiling of a bronze tablet bearing the honored names of the boys who left old Central to fight in the Civil War.

The movie then showed the boys of our present class who joined the Colors in 1917 for the cause of Liberty and Right. Surely, our whole school honors them and we shall never forget the unselfishness of these brave youths.

The next scene was a class is plane geometry under Mr. Stuart. What a time the Sophs had at first explaining theorums and pointing out exterior, interior, or alternate interior angles, proved completely nerve-racking for the boys and girls.

This second reel ended on June 17, 1917.

Third Reel

The third reel began September 12, 1917, with 300 girls and 90 boys in the cast. The girls were seated in study room 126, the Senior room. The boys, not so fortunate as the girls, assembled in room adjoining 126. Mr. Mathias with his smiling countenance, had charge of 126.

The picture moved on to December seventh and the one great event of the Junior year, "The Junior Hop," seen in full sway at the Woman's Building. The faces of the young people were glowing from the exertion with which they were taking part in the dance. The whole affair was carried to a most successful finish.

Still the movie continued. The auditorium was seen filled with people. The orchestra was playing, the curtain rose and the "Bells of Corneville" began. As the play progressed, I noticed particularly the ease and unconcern with which the various parts were taken. Throughout the play there were numerous bursts of applause, which proved to me that the entertainment was enjoyed by the audience.

The next scene of importance was a view of the same auditorium several months later. A play "A Trial By Jury," was presented. There was a court scene, with the judge on the bench, the jury in their seats, lawyers at the bar, and a number of witnesses. On first viewing this scene, I thought I was at Bowling Green, arrested for speeding.

A picture of the gymnasium, where a masquerade party, given by the four literary societies, was taking place, was the next scene that interested me. There were clowns, red cross nurses, ballet dancers, colored comedians, tramps, rubes and even the devil himself. I noticed that refreshments were served. Punch, I believe. Some of the boys, among them Jimmie Feak, frequented this stand often.

The Collingwood was the scene of the next picture shown. The Quill and Dagger Literary Society was giving its annual dance. It was attended by one hundred couples. This was the only public dance given by any individual literary society in Waite that year.

The scene again changed to the auditorium. The windows were raised, as warm weather had come. The school year was almost at a close. The whole school was brought together to be addressed by three Canadian officers, who had seen service in Europe, and who had been brought home wounded. They were fine specimens of manhood.

The last picture in this third reel showed the noble Juniors perspiring over their examinations in June, 1918.

Fourth Reel—Senior Year

The fourth reel began September 9, 1918, with 100 girls and 90 boys assembling in room 126. Some of the fellows who had started four years previous, were among the number, but what a change. James Webb had grown from a mere infant to a young man with flashy neckties and long trousers; Robert Rogers, the student manager with his business air, had just completed a most successful year in that office; Paul Ruch, who had taken a course in salesmanship, had become a successful salesman of the Jordan car; Ralph Ladd, after many painful years, had become a Senior.

The girls, too, had changed Merle Bolton, to keep up with the latest style, had bobbed her hair; Verda Pelton had successfully mastered the art of the powder puff; and Loretta Pratt showed that she knew the latest steps in dancing.

The next picture was that of the dance given by the four literary societies in the Waite gymnasium. The dance was well attended and, from the gaiety of the students, they were evidently having a good time.

Next I saw the students being dismissed from school on account of an epidemic, the Spanish Influenza.

There were no more pictures for six long weeks, and no more pictures of the class of 1919 taking examinations.

There now flashed upon my sight, in big letters, on the screen, "English Eight Class." The picture showed the pupils in their respective seats, with Miss Dunlap conducting the class. The conversation of the class was fortunately written upon the canvas. I will try to repeat the words as they were shown.

"Harry Basil, have you your English paper this morning," inquired Miss Duslap.

"No Mam," replied Harry, as he rose to his feet. "I—"

"Disappear! Come on Tuesday, second hour. I'll take no excuses," said Miss Dunlap.

"James H. is the Influenza prevalent at Rossford," asked Miss Dunlap.

"Oh it is raging frightfully. The schools are all closed," answered James.

"Then how is it that you are allowed to come to school here?" continued Miss Dunlap.

"Well, you see that ban is just for school children," said James.

"Only for school children? What is your position at Waite, Professor?" inquired Miss Dunlap.

After that James was known to Miss Dunlap as "The Professor."

"Open your books at page 62 and read the selection at the top of the page," requested Miss Dunlap.

After reading the selection, which was rather long, Clair Bergman was asked to point out the key and echo words. Clair stood up, but not a sound was heard. "Is the key word, glean, Clair?"

No reply came from the lips of the young man.

"Is it the word following glean?" No response from Clair. The first bell rang, Clair was as uncommunicative as before. The second bell, probably awoke him, for in desperation he cried, "On what page is the selection?"

Miss Dunlap's feelings can best be expressed by her action, for the book she was holding, fell with a crash to the floor.

The next picture showed a change in principalship at Waite, Mr. Gayman, who had served faithfully and well as principal since the opening of Waite, resigned to take a position with the Toledo Computing Scale Company. Mr. Pollock, who had presided with dignity over 178, was appointed to the vacancy, supported by the good wishes of teachers and students.

The movie then turned to the Junior Hop, at the Woman's Building. The hall was decorated with Waite colors, and one of the main events of the evening was the awarding of the letters to the football men.

In rapid succession four dances were then displayed, all given at the Collingwood, by the four literary societies, the Forum, the Quill and Dagger, the Periclean and the Zetaletheans respectively. These hops were all well attended, showing that parties like these increase the school spirit, and help to create a closer friendship among the pupils.

One picture gave a view of one of the Liberty loan campaigns. I saw the girls from Waite on the street corners of the downtown and residence districts, with posters under their arms, darting among the automobiles, risking their lives, placing stickers on cars to boost the Liberty Loan. Their work was most effective and it was highly commended.

Another picture was that of the High School Cadets, drilled by General McMaken, Captain Clark, and Lieut. Keller, marching in a parade, welcoming home the boys from over seas.

The following scene showed the Senior Prom at the Woman's Building, May 16. The dance was extremely informal and everyone had a splendid time. The whole affair was a great success.

The movie then flashed a scene of the High School refectory. The refectory was elaborately decorated with Waite colors. The Seniors were seen partaking of a delicious banquet. After each person had appeased his appetite, the Class assembled in the auditorium where the Class History, the Class Novel and the Class Prophesy were read. I next saw dancing in the gymnasium, which occupied the remainder of the evening.

At last came a picture of a boat named the Greyhound. It was at the foot of Adams street and was filled with Senior girls and boys. What a time they were having! The girls had huge baskets of lunch, enough to feed the whole American army; the boys, well, they had bought the tickets for the ride. The Greyhound left dock and dancing was soon going on. How often had these pupils, now Seniors, seen this same boat steam by Waite High School, on its way into the bay. The students seemed to feel that they were just beginning to realize the high position they held. What a wonderful time everyone was having! On the Island, lunch was spread under the leafy trees, and a good lunch it looked to be, judging from the samples I saw of pie, cake, pickles, lemonade and coffee. More dancing followed, this time in the big pavilion. A game of ball was played by these boys who cared more for athletics than for girls. The dangers of the scenic railway were braved by other students, and some indulged in a ride on the merriest of merry-go-rounds. The trip home in the early evening, with the lights a twinkle along the shore, was delightful. The Greyhound landed at the pier about eight-thirty that evening with its tired but happy load.

The last scene showed the class of 1919 marching down the aisle of the auditorium on the evening of June 19. They took seats in the front rows of the auditorium, the stage evidently being unable to accommodate the largest class that was ever graduated from Waite. What a grand sight this was, the boys who were dressed in dark suits looked as though they were going to a wedding or a funeral, and the girls were in white. The class went upon the stage several times to sing selections. After the graduating address, our Seniors dismissed by the benediction, passed out of the doors of Waite to become a part of her past history.

—James H. Enderbury,
Historian

President's Farewell Address

DEAR Classmates, the hour of realization is at hand, and now, that we have reached the time when we must leave the familiar halls of this beautiful building, a majestic palace in itself, and enter into a wide and a more adventurous world, we cannot help thinking that our departure is accompanied by the satisfaction that our earnest efforts and long trying hours of study have not been spent in vain. As we say "Good-bye" to dear old Waite, our hearts are filled with mingled joy and sadness; joy, because we have reached the goal for which we have so long been striving; sadness, because we are about to sever some of the most intimate and precious relationships which life can offer. We would gladly remain longer here, but the stern voice of Duty is calling us on, and, far better equipped because of our sojourn here, we step forth into the world at the dawn of an age which gives promise of being the greatest and most fruitful in human history.

Throughout our high school life the world has been a scene of turmoil and confusion, and during this period we watched with breathless interest the greatest struggle of all times. We have witnessed the futile attempt of a group of mighty war lords to inundate the world with a flood of barbarism and vandalism. We have seen the deliberate destruction of priceless treasures of art and literature, of homes, and of families. Countries lay peaceful and contented under the setting sun at the close of one day, only to present a miserable scene of devastation and ruin under the first rays of the next morning's sun. Nations, which had ascended to the highest pinnacles of fame and glory, have sunk into the deepest depths of disgrace, disrepute and despair. Human lives have been sacrificed and cast abroad like grains of sand. So great has been the destruction on all sides, that we often wonder whether the damage can be repaired by mere man, who has caused it all. Now, at least, after the fate of the civilized world has long hung in the balance, we view, with exultation and pride, the final sweeping triumph of the defenders of democracy and justice over the evil masses representing might and oppression.

Today, the beauty of the world is again brought forth in golden gleams, because peace has once more dispelled all the dark lingering shadows of war. The new age of construction has now begun and the world has closed its door, we hope forever, to brutal greed. The victory for which the allied nations fought, has been won, and the world now finds itself where it was at the beginning of hostilities. But the path to progress and prosperity is much easier than ever before, for the greatest obstacle to the advancement of civilization—Militarism—has, we believe, been removed forever. For several years before August, 1914, there had been no great war, but one can hardly describe the conditions of the world as one of peace. There was war without guns and bloodshed, but it was war just the same. Distrust among nations, preparation for battle on an enormous scale, uncertainty of the future, and a general atmosphere of suspicion and doubt were the prevailing notes of the time. It was not a condition to which one can look back, even through the haze of battle, with yearning, because it was only war in suspension. Now, however, those undesirable conditions are things of the past. The nations of the earth will not soon forget the folly of war, for each succeeding year will bring home to them more completely the price they have paid in men, money and property. The common people have once more redeemed the countries of the world by shedding their blood on the altar of liberty, and they stand united against conflict of all kinds. From pole to pole extends a number of races of men, united by a common purpose, who shall see to it that no war maniac shall again disturb the sacred tranquillity of peace.

There now exists a new condition of mutual understanding and brotherhood among nations. Men see that the Chinaman's purpose in life is not far different from that of his Japanese brother; that the Spaniard has some things in common with the Swede; and that many races which have hitherto been regarded as widely divergent, have the same views and characteristics in more than one respect. Our boys in France discovered that the emotional Frenchman is only an American of a sentimental temperment. The Frenchman on the other hand, found that the cool-headed Yankee is only a Frenchman who had not openly revealed his sensitive disposition. The British Tommy learned that the American Sammy has not changed materially from his sturdy ancestor who once left the shores of England to pass through trials and hardships in the new world. In short, it will probably be recorded in history that one of the greatest consequences of the war is the birth of a new spirit of international understanding and sympathy.

Furthermore, the people of the earth have seen that there are some things which are more precious than life itself, and that one of them is freedom. To diffuse freedom among all nations, great and

small, powerful and weak, and to safeguard freedom against the rules of tyranny, a League of Nations has been organized. And America, where were sown the first real seeds of equality under government, is surely to be the shining light which will guide civilization to its goal, the brotherhood of nations under the Fatherhood of God.

War is a fire that fails to melt its participants into a perfect union. The war, from the effects of which we are just recovering, was a world war, and the whole universe was melted in the fires thereof. The world must rapidly harden into some form again. The restored social progress must presently begin to wear channels for itself and life must again be organized. As Americans, it is our supreme privilege and duty to support those forces which are pledged to direct the social progress along the right channels, and so to mold the cooling world that it shall more fully conform to the true desire of an enlightened humanity.

Classmates, to us the period that is at hand offers unprecedented opportunities for individual thought, initiative, and action. It calls for original thinking, for constructive work, and for courageous statesmanship. Clear-minded, keen-thinking men will find a myriad of chances to make distinctive places for themselves. Upon us, as Americans, rest the hopes and responsibilities of a regenerated world. The sturdy manhood of the allied nations has geen greatly depleted, and thousands upon thousands who paid the supreme sacrifice, lie martyred, under the blood-stained battle fields of Europe. The gigantic task of building up the world for tomorrow devolves therefore upon us, the younger generation. Let us, as Americans, remain true to the principles for which our brothers, fathers, and friends have struggled, and let us reconstruct the world in such a manner that it may truly be said that they did not die in vain. They have won in the initial struggle for the emancipation of the world, but if we fail to do our part in carrying on this noble purpose, their victory shall have availed nothing. If we fight as they fought, we cannot help succeeding. Every life given in France and Belgium is a mute appeal to us to continue the great work.

The guiding principle of today is service, effective service. We have been gradually getting ready to adopt this principle through painful experiences. Christ made clear to men of the old days that only as they served one another could they attain that for which all men seek—happiness. Slowly we have come to realize the truth of this. The happy man is he who works, not to overpower and control, but to produce and help, or, in brief, to serve his fellow men. Mutual service is the basis of modern industry and business, religion and politics.

Let us live to serve our fellow men, and thus to serve ourselves, for we not only aid those for whom we are serving, but we also

enoble ourselves by the act. The greatest leaders are those that devote themselves to a tireless, unselfish life of service. Washington, the founder of our nation, and Lincoln, the true American, are forceful examples of such leaders. The greatest model is Christ, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.

The war taught an invaluable lesson, for when the call was extended, thousands of influential men, the leaders of industry, finance, and big business flocked to Washington to lend their talents and abilities to the government. They sacrificed their own interests to serve a greater cause, the cause of Democracy. The Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Salvation Army, and other organizations threw themselves whole-heartedly into the struggle. Those who served best of all will never enjoy the fruits of their efforts, for they have passed into the Great Beyond. The entire war in fact, is a continued lecture on service.

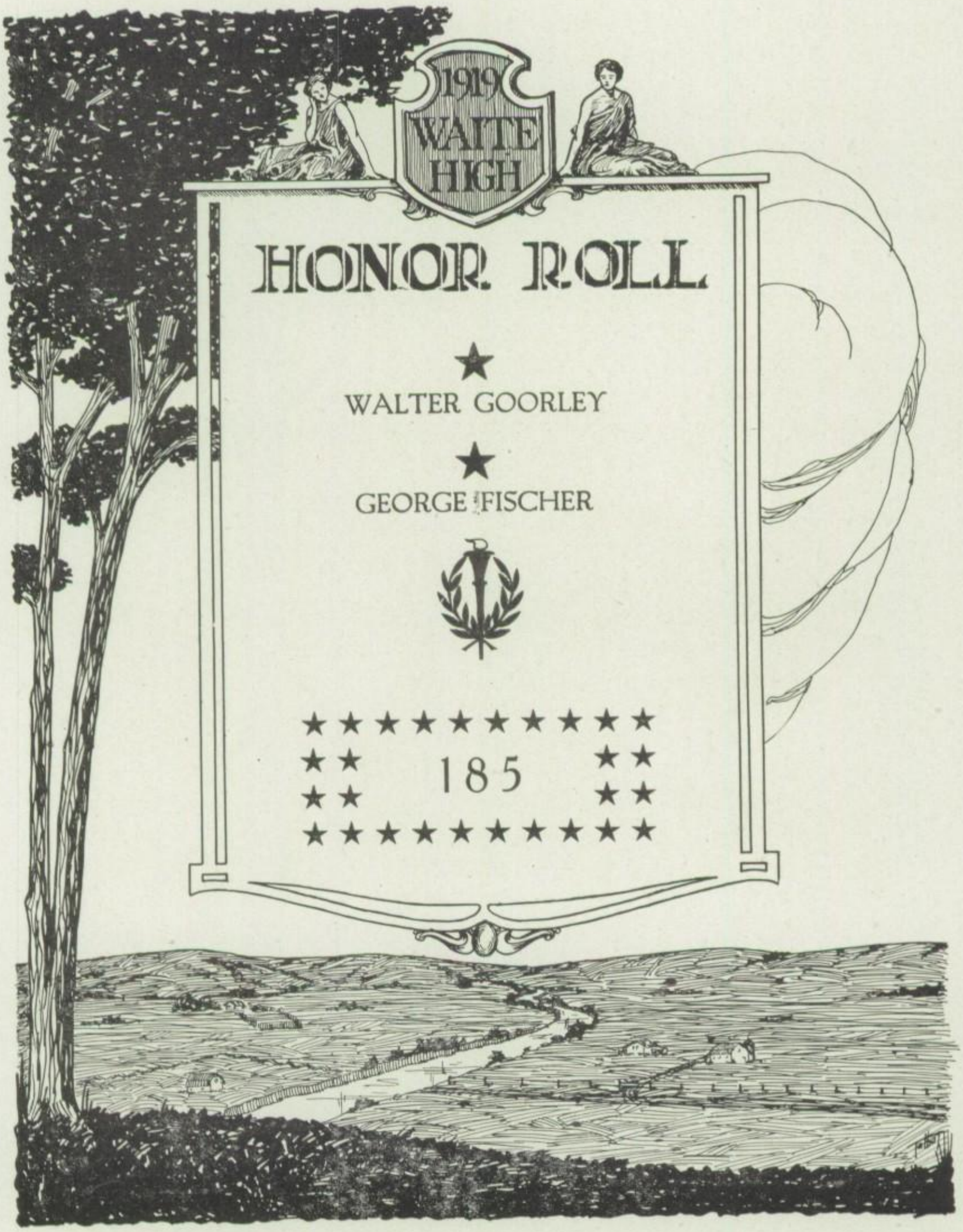
The opportunities for service are at present innumerable. Devastated France, plundered Belgium, and even deluded Germany turn to us with appeals for help. A period of world-wide reconstruction is upon us. We must face this period with all the intelligence and courage we possess, thereby serving mankind and enriching our own characters.

We have received great gifts from our country, in the benefits of a high school education. Our obligation to a country that has made possible our education and our liberty is indeed heavy.

Let our ideals and aims be as lofty and as disinterested as those on which our nation is founded. Let us set a goal toward which we shall strive with might and main. Never can this race be won by the sacrifice of character, but let strength and honesty of purpose be as important and as dear to us as the greatest personal achievements.

Today we take leave of dear old Waite, the school which for the past four years has meant so much to us. Soon we shall separate to set sail upon the boundless sea of life, on which our various routes will lie far apart. The Twentieth Century, at the beginning of which we are embarking upon our journey, carries great promise for humanity; and, of us, the rising generation, the future citizens of the United States, great things are expected. Let us ever uphold the high ideals with which we have been inspired, and let us have the courage and initiative to cast aside all precedents, and to strike out boldly in new endeavors. Above all, let the watchword of the age—Service—be the keynote of our lives—lives which shall be lived, not merely spent.

—Thurlow C. Wilder.
Class President


1919
WAITE
HIGH
HONOR ROLL
WALTER GOORLEY
GEORGE FISCHER
185

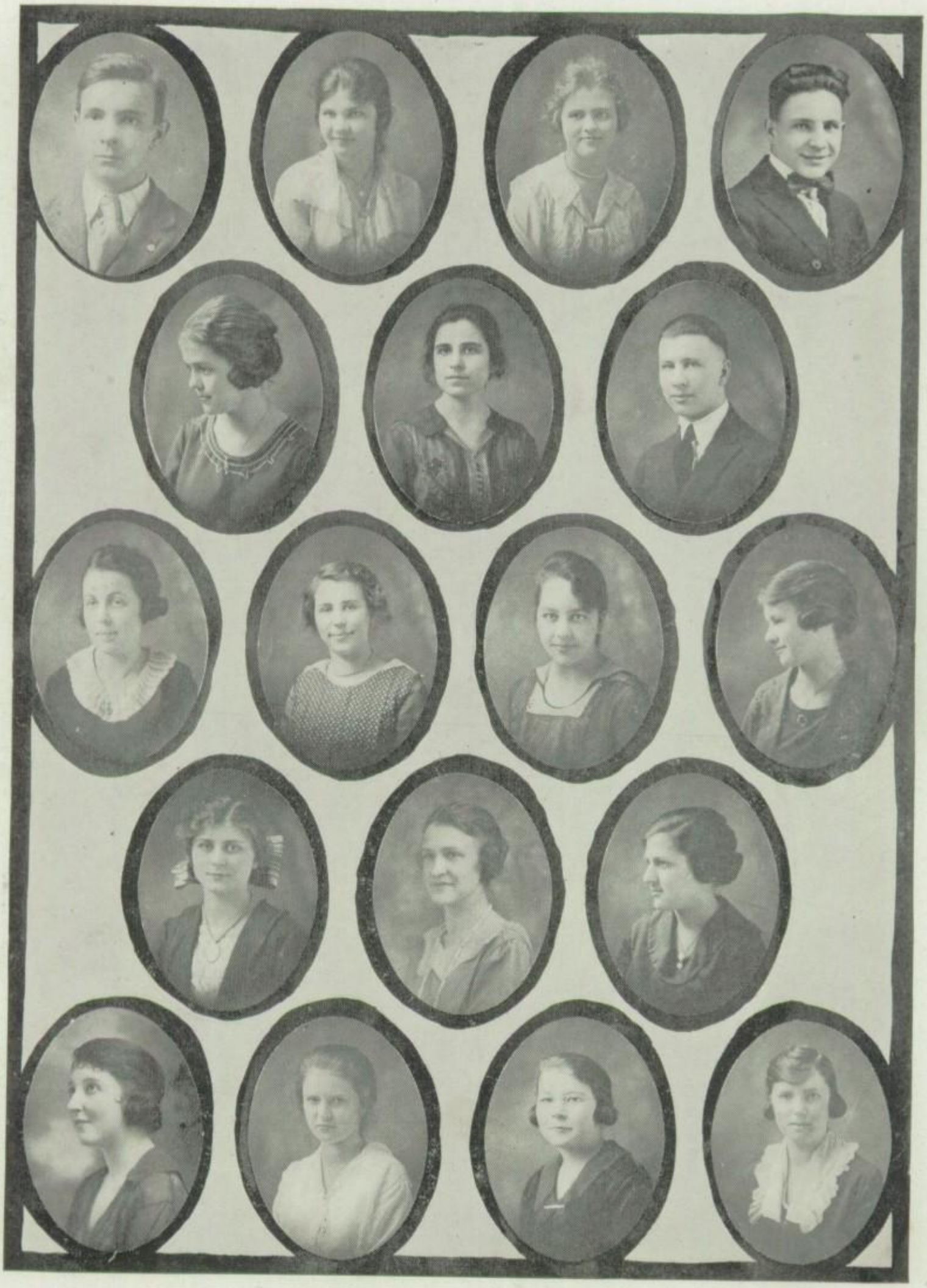
WAITE HIGH SCHOOL REFECTORY

JUNIOR
L. Bourque

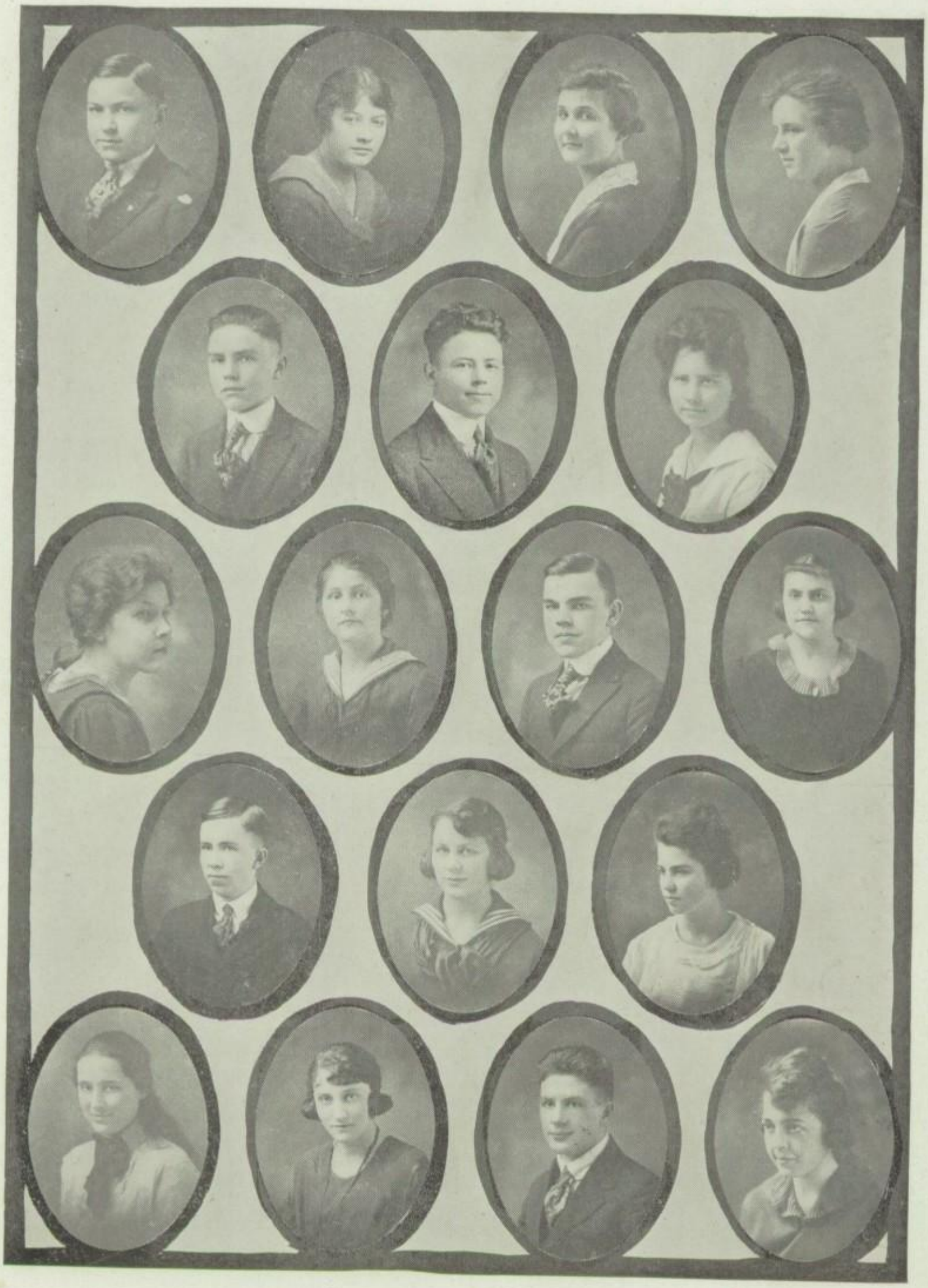
Junior Class Officers

Boni Petcoff ..... President
Elenore Duraine ..... Vice-President
Doris Nelson ..... Secretary
Cloyce Mowry ..... Treasurer
Arthur Buck ..... Sergeant-at-Arms

Lucretia Abbott Annie Andrew Vera Applegate Robert Babione
Donald Bacome Erma Baird Vera Barnes
Ella Bender Leslie Bender Dorothy Bennett Carl Benson
Roland Birkenkamp Velma Bodinus George Booth
Claude Brown Zula Burkholder Violet Campbell Eleanore Carnall

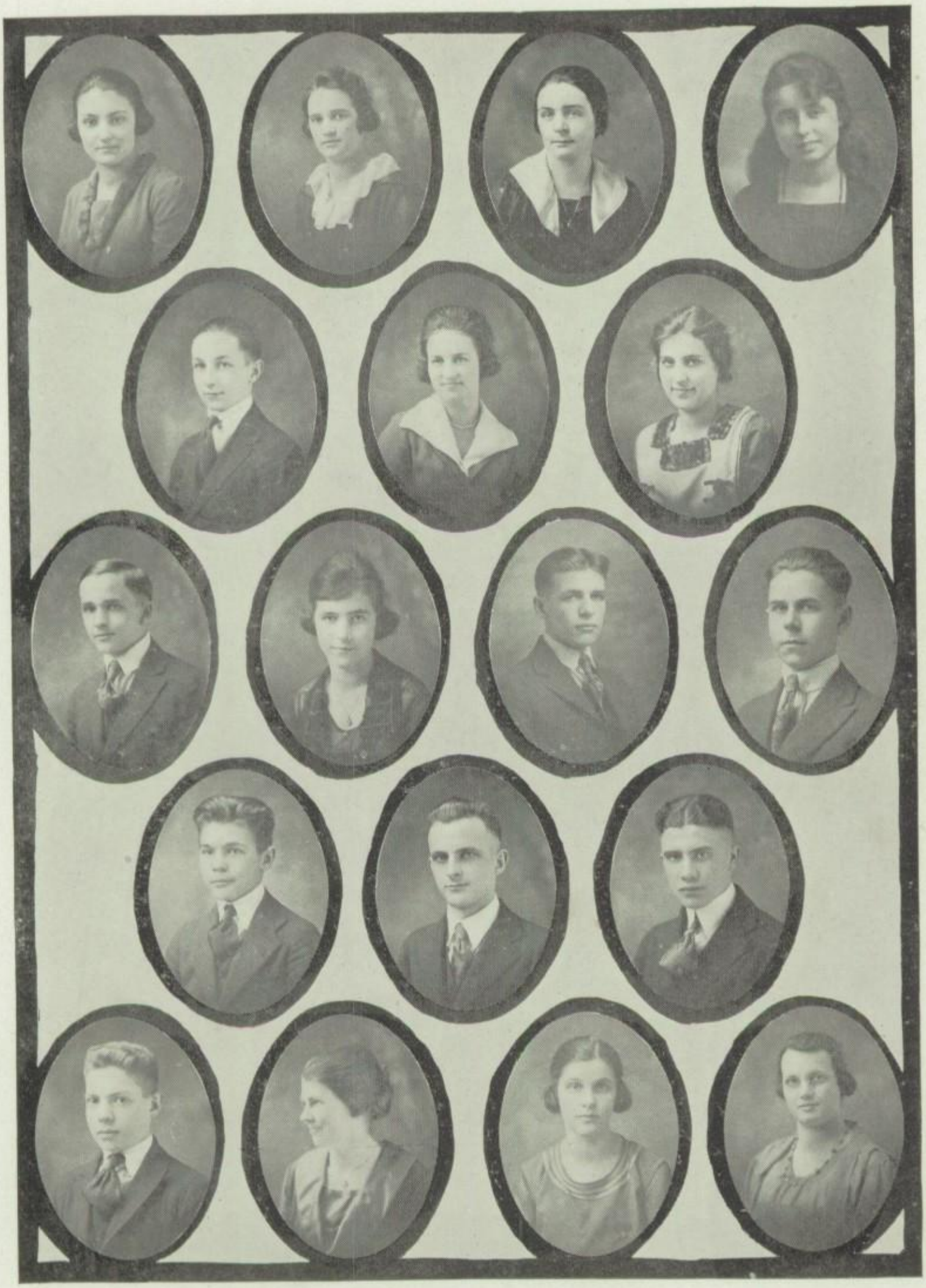


Donald Chandler Cleona Chetister Marion Clark Floyd Colbert
Irene Collins Ora Critchet Burgess Demuth
Grace Faulkner Nina Gladieux Bessie Grasser Laura Haines
Vashti Harman Miriam Hartman Mildred Haye
Hildegarde Herring Bessie Hoffman Edna Hollopeter Irene Humberstone

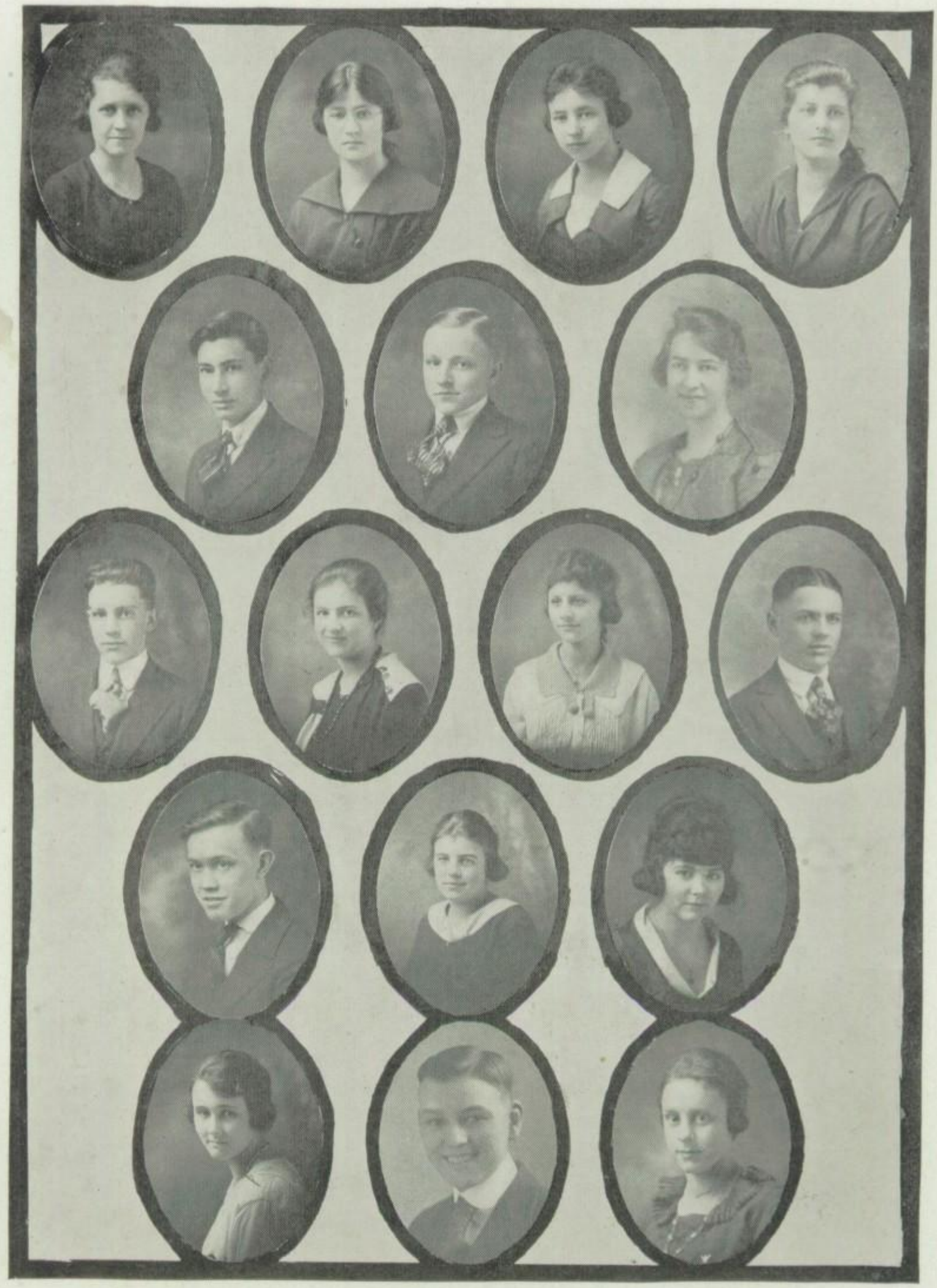


George Hunter Melva Johnson Mary Jones Dorothy Kemp
Benjamin Kievit Clyde Kiker Catherine Kruger
Wilma Kuhr Mary Kurek Edward Lamb Geraldine Lash
Charles Lewis Thelma Lingel Mildred McCalla
Colinne McClure Zoe McCoy Malcolm McInnes Charlotte Meagher

Roy Milbourne Stephen Miller Elizabeth Moran Ila Morse
Beulah Mosher Howard Nauts Loyal Nofziger
Sarah Oakwood Durelle Otten Clara Palmer Mildred Pasch
Myra Pratt Marjorie Reek Wilbur Randall
Calvin Reed Edward Riendeau Theodore Roberts Frances Roose



Esther Ruppel Eulela Rush Mary Sayen Geneva Scharer
George Schlosser Doris Severs Florence Shaw
Walter Siegrist Grace Sisson Abram Smith William Steinhauer
Harold Steinmueller Francis Stephanz Robert Stitt
Robert Straub Alice Sturgeon Marguerita Sullivan Martha Sullivan



Helen Swinehart Ruth Talbot Mildred Underwood Constance Wegman
Eugene Weiss William Wells Elsie Westfall
Ward Whitcomb Ethel Wiles Bernice Williams Marion Winkle
James Wolf Florence Woods Doris Yeagle
Ellen Yenzer Roy Young Loretta Zelner

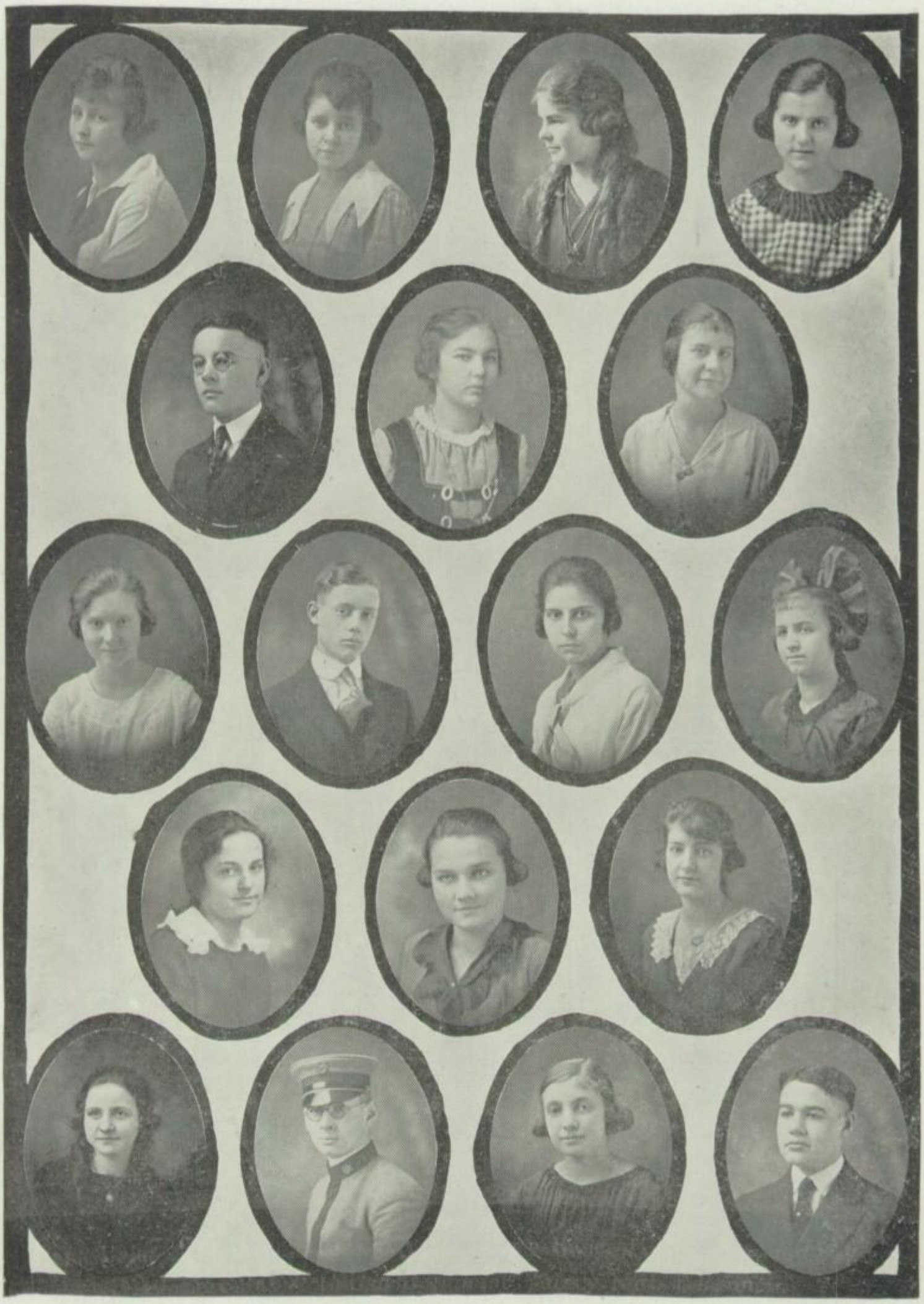
Junior Girls

Abbott, Lucretia
Andrew, Annie
Applegate, Vera
Baird, Erma
Barnes, Vera
Bauer, Mary
Beck, Harriet
Belden, Jessie
Bender, Ella
Bennett, Dorothy
Bodinus, Velma
Breene, Mary
Bumgardner, Edythe
Burkholder, Zula
Campbell, Violet
Cangney, Florence
Carnall, Eleanore
Chetister, Cleona
Closson, Ellen
Clark, Marion
Collins, Irene
Crofts, Addie
Dancer, Harriet
Dean, Lucille
Denniston, Frances
Douglas, Marion
Durian, Eleanore
Esling, Myrnah
Faulkner, Grace
Feindt, Hilda
Fisher, Dorothy
Gaertner, Florence
Gerber, Esther
Gladieux, Nina
Grasser, Bessie
Grasser, Dorothy
Haines, Laura
Harman, Vashti
Hartman, Miriam
Haye, Mildred
Herring, Hildegard
Hoffman, Bessie
Hollopeter, Edna
Holloway, Hazel
Hotaling, Pauline
Humberstone, Irene
Johnson, Melva
Jones, Mary
Kelley, Lucille
Kemp, Dorothy
Kirkland, Ila
Kniss, Marjorie
Knull, Laura
Koons, Fannie
Kruger, Catherine
Kuhr, Wilma
Kurek, Mary
Lash, Geraldene
Leeth, Mildred
Lingel, Thelma
McCalla, Mildred
McClure, Colinne
McCoy, Zoe
McBride, Alyce
Meagher, Charlotte
Metzger, Georgiana
Meyer, Pearl
Mohr, Helen
Moran, Elizabeth
Morse, Ila
Mosher, Beulah
Nadeau, Gertrude
Nelson, Doris
Oakwood, Sarah
Palmer, Clara
Pasch, Mildred
Piel, Bertha
Pratt, Myra
Reek, Marjorie
Roose, Frances
Ruppel, Esther
Rush, Eulela
Sanders, Mary
Sayen, Mary A
Scharer, Geneva
Scofield, Maud
Severs, Doris
Shaw, Florence
Sisson, Grace
Sockman, Nellie
Sterner, Mildred
Stockton, Leona
Sturgeon, Alice
Sullivan, Marguerita
Sullivan, Martha
Sullwold, Agnes
Sullwold, Charlotte
Swinehart, Helen M.
Talbot, Ruth
Tallman, Lois
Taylor, Julia
Underwood, Mildred
Valiquette, Thelma
Wegman, Constance
Van Tine, Hazel
Weida, Opal
Werner, Blanche
Westfall, Elsie
Wewiurkowski, Jane
Wiles, Ethel
Williams, Bernice
Woods, Florence
Yeagle, Doris
Yenzer, Ellen
Zelner, Loretta
Critchet, Ora

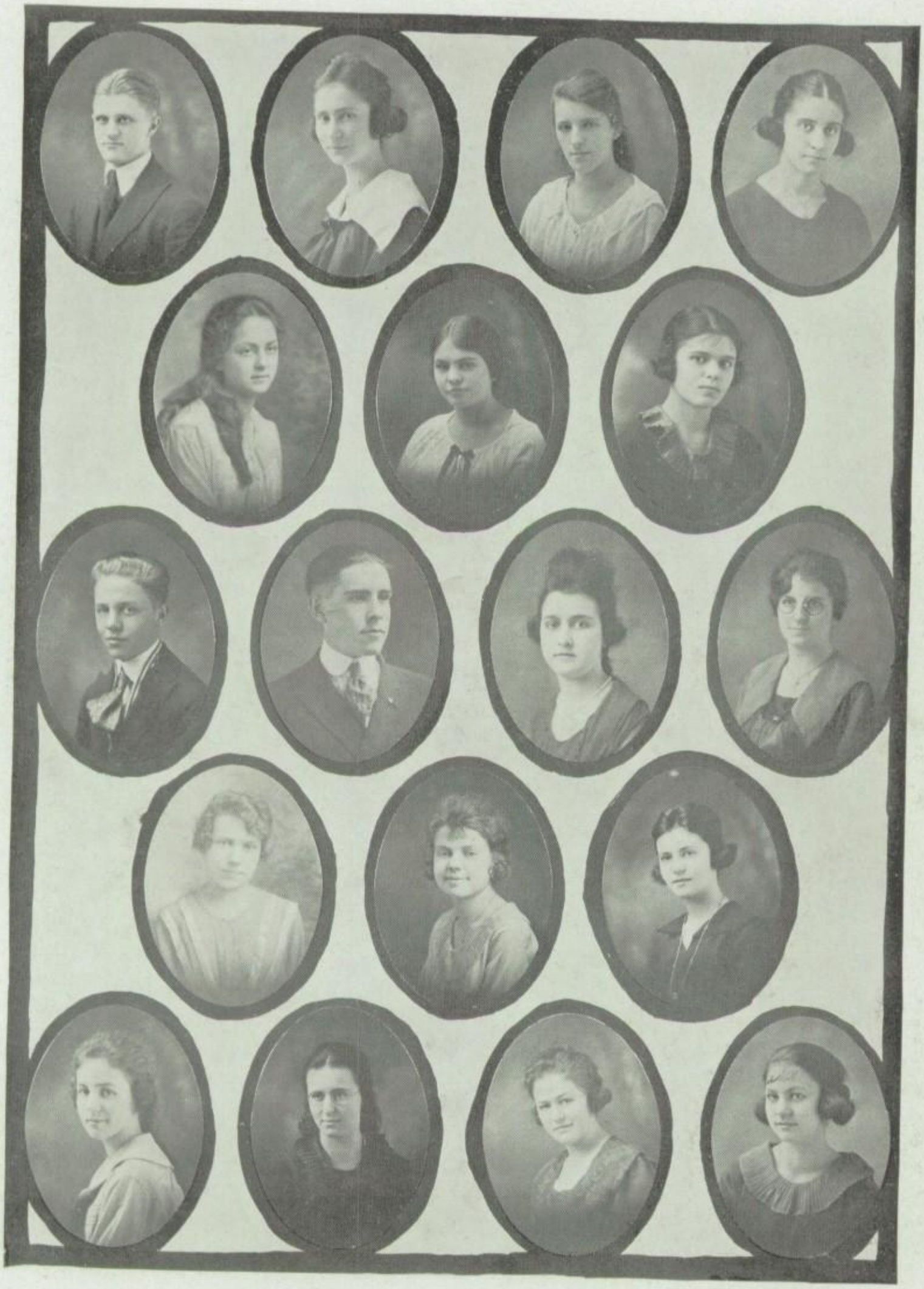
Junior Boys

Babione, Robert
Bacome, Donald
Ballmer, Walter
Bender, Leslie
Benson, Carl
Birkenkamp, Roland
Booth, George
Brenner, Luther
Brown, Claude
Buck, Arthur
Chamberlain, Herbert
Chandler, Donald
Charvat, Charles
Colbert, Floyd
Colvin, Herbert
Creu, Victor
Davies, John
Davis, John
Dean, Donald
Demuth, Burgess
DeTray, Paul
Dewey, Don
Donegan, Horace
Evans, Paul
Evey, Berkeley
Feder, Jakie
Fischer, Adolph
Furman, George
Garbe, Harry
Geach, Julius
Gladieux, Russell
Grow, Lloyd
Hart, Norman
Hopkins, John
Howe, Edward
Hunter, George
Jones, Hugh
Karl, Edwin
Kievit, Benjamin
Kiker, Clyde
King, Wilbur
Lamb, Edward
Landwehr, Addison
Lewis, Charles F.
Lipner, Arthur
McColl, John
McInnes, Malcolm
Maginnis, Robert
Meffley, Harold
Milbourne, Roy L.
Miller, Stephen
Mowery, Cloyce
Mudd, Kenneth
Munday, Harry
Nauts, Howard
Nofziger, Loyal
Norton, Dale
Otten, Durelle
Pelton, Gerald
Petcoff, Boni
Quinlan, Peter
Randel, Wilbur
Reed, Calvin
Reichhart, Ernest
Riendeau, Edward
Reisbach, Carl
Roberts, Theodore
Sarka, Arpad
Schlagheck, Paul
Schlosser, George
Siegrist, Walter
Smith, Abram
Smith, Howard
Statler, William
Stegenga, Harry
Steinhauer, William
Steinmueller, Harold
Stephanz, Francis
Stitt, Robert
Straub, Herbert
Straub, Robert
Textor, Carl
Textor, Raymond
Trautwein, Howard
VanWormer, Swain
Walter, Donald
Webster, Russell
Weiss, Eugene
Welch, Keith
Wells, William
Welsh, Arthur
Whitcomb, Ward
White, Clark
Widmer, Marvin
Williams, Jack
Winkle, Marion
Wolf, James
Young, Roy

SOPHMORE



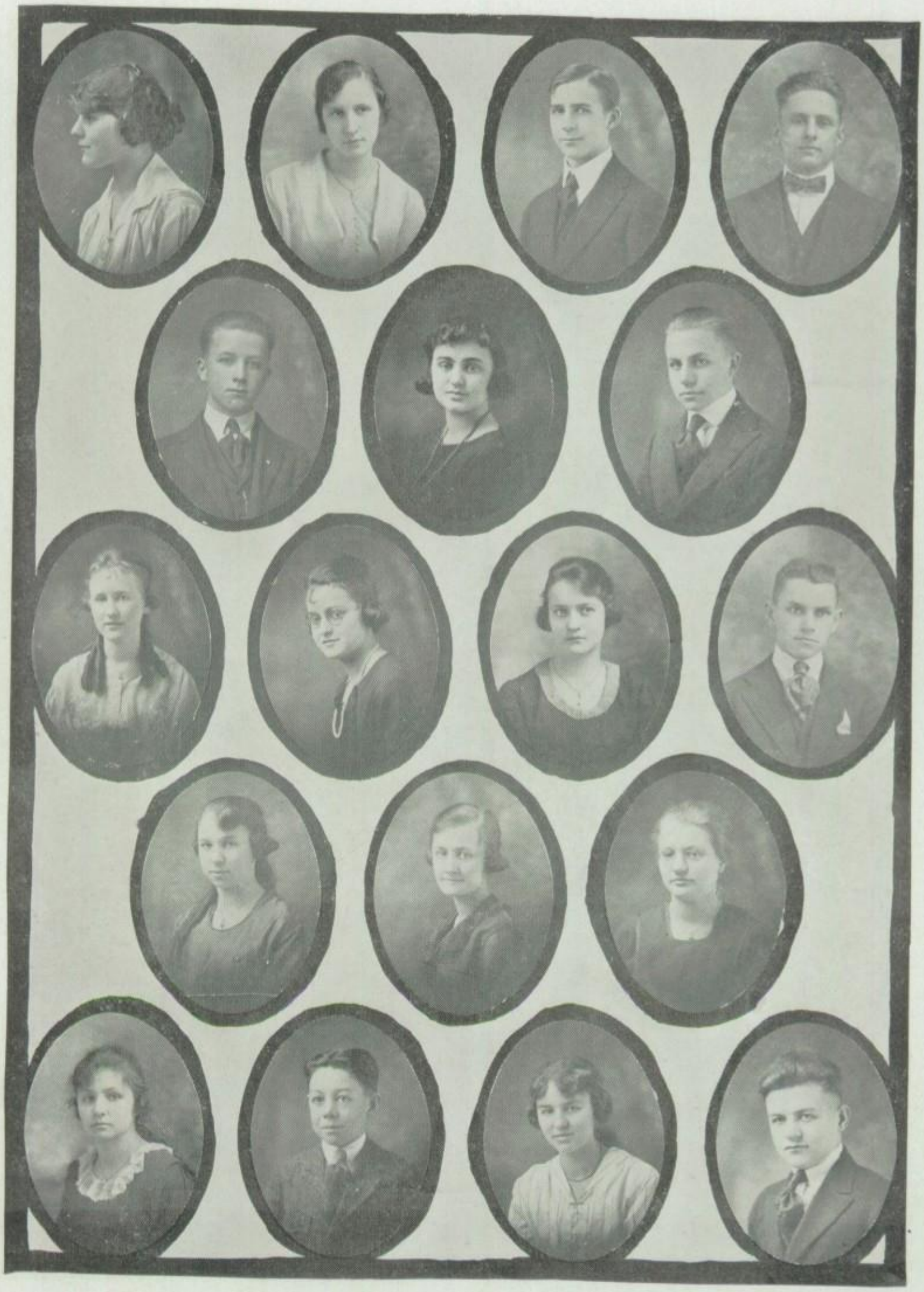
Anna Bake Susanna Bake Beatrice Bancroft Eleanor Bassett
Herbert Bay Lillian Beckman Mary Ruth Boardman
Hilda Boden Hoyt Boden Marguerite Bodette Myrtle Bohs
Grace Boughton Marion Bowland Dorothea Campbell
Rita Carnall Chester Clark Marie Clegg Harold Cook



Harry Cooper Elma Crabb Hazel Critzer Angeline Cutler
Thelma Dorr Gladys Dusha Ruth Farrell
Harrison Finch Donald Fisher Audrey Gea Phoebe Gross
Edwina Hagerty Elizabeth Hamfeldt Edna Harlan
Marie Harms Blanche Harper Isabell Harry Esther Heberling

Henrietta Helbing Marie Henderson Helen Herbert Luella Hill
Beatrice Hudson Harold Isbell Ernestine Jones
Marvin Joseph George Keller Adelaide Kiemle Robert Kinker
Margaret Kneisley Estell Knull Hildegarde Krupp
Margaret Krupp Wade Ladd Dorothy Lee Samuel Lynn

Wesley McKee Loraine Maginnis Gladys Mangold Robert Matthews
Violet Miller Harold Mills Francis Moore
Rae Morse Constance Muntz Lucile Nadeau Iris Oberle
Theresa Peach Olivette Phillips Alta Pugh
Charlotte Quill Hattie Recht Lillian Riendeau Helen Roberts



Louise Rogers Edith Rollo Norman Roth Dwight Rupple
Walter Ryan Myrtle Sanzenbacher Glenn Schick
Lavanda Schlupp Eleanor Schneider Lucile Scouten Mark Shovar
Dorothea Taylor Pauline Tefft Jeanette Tracy
Maud Upton Ronald Wade Ruth Warner Howard Warner

John Watt Florence Watters Luella Weichel Jane Wiles

Lucille Willette

Raymond Wolke Geneva Woodside Raynold Worden Ruth Zahrly

Sophomore Girls

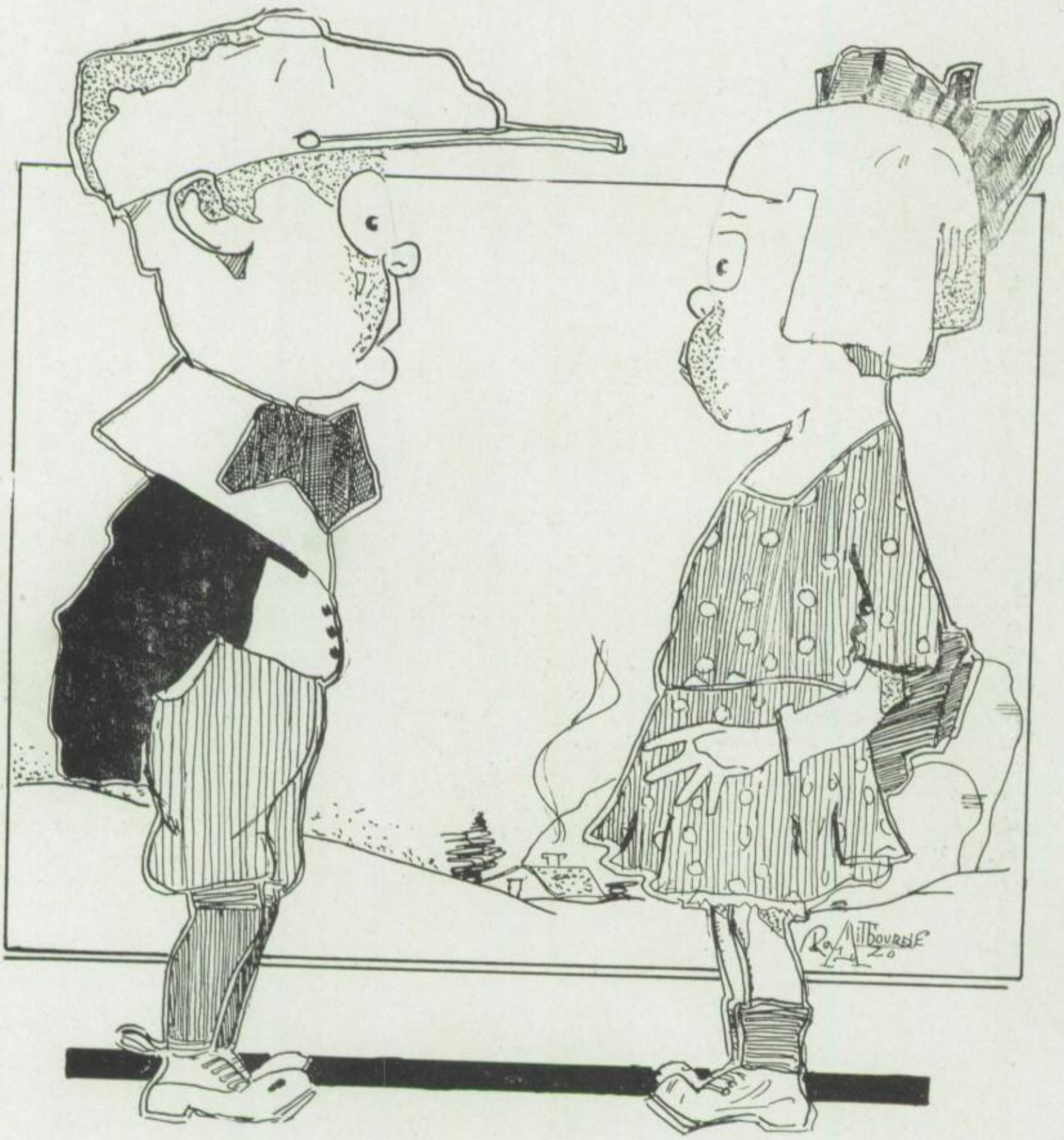
Anderson, Alice
Ayers, Helen
Bake, Anna
Bake, Susanna
Bancroft, Beatrice
Bancroft, Iva
Barnes, Ruth
Bassett, Eleanor
Beach, Mildred
Baumgartner, Esther
Beach, Mildred
Beach, Susie
Beattie, Minnie
Beese, Loretta
Birkenhauer, Erma
Boardman, Mary Ruth
Boden, Hilda
Bodette Marguerite
Bohs, Myrtle
Border, Persis
Boughton, Grace
Bowland, Marion
Brouhard, Ann
Brower, Margaret
Brown, Lilea
Bruning, Adelaide
Burgher, Gladys
Burt, Lucy
Campbell, Dorothea
Campbell, Helen
Carnall, Rita
Chambers, Gertrude
Chandler, Dorothy
Christiansen, Elsie
Cipolla, Grace
Clare, Elsie
Clegg, Marie
Cox, Lenora
Crabb, Elma
Crandall, Georgia
Crandall, Margaret
Critzer, Hazel
Culliford, Beatrice
Cutler, Angeline
Dancer, Doris
Donnelly, Dorothy
Dorr, Thelma
Duden, Beulah
Durbin, Dorothy
Dusha, Gladys
Eichner, Lylia
Eikost, Hazel
Emmel, Ruth
Evans, Hazel
Faneuff, Varie
Farrell, Ruth
Findlay, Agnes
Findlay, Nora
Flegle, Hazel
Fowler, Bertha
Furry, Elizabeth
Furry, Helen
Gassaway, Dorothy
Gea, Audrey
Gingery, Frances
Goetz, Helen
Goodyear, Helen
Gross, Phoebe
Hagerty, Edwina
Haley, Helen
Hamfeldt, Elizabeth
Harlan, Edna
Harmon, Ellen Marie
Harms, Marie
Harper, Blanche
Harry, Isabella
Hauser, Helen
Helbing, Henrietta
Henderson, Marie
Herbert, Helen
Hill, Luella
Hill, Lucille
Hudson, Beatrice
Jeffers, Nora
Jones, Ernestine
Keck, Esther
Keller, Rachel
Kenyon, Hazel
Kester, May
Kiemle, Adelaide
Kneisley, Margaret
Knorr, Ellen
Kohne, Minnie
Koontz, Eva
Krause, Laura
Krupp, Hildegarde
Krupp, Margaret
Klute, Louise
Lee, Dorothy
Lee, Ruth
Liesinger, Emma
Lindsey, Eulalee
Luebke, Ruth
Lyon, Maxine
McBride, Alyce
Mawhorter, Helen
McGinity, Irene
Maginnis, Loraine
Mangold, Gladys
Maulbetsch, Mildred
Miller, Violet
Moore, Ruth
Morse, Rae
Moses, Helen
Muntz, Constance
Murphy, Marguerite
Nadeau, Lucile
Natal, Rose
Noble, Ruth
Oberle, Iris
O'Hara, Dorothy
O'Hara, Marjorie
Owen, Dorothy
Palmerton, Merisha
Peach, Theresa
Petterson, Loretta
Phillips, Olivette
Plain, Grace
Pugh, Alta
Quill, Charlotte
Quinlan, Hazel
Recht, Hattie
Redrup, Catheryn
Reece, Helen
Reel, Elizabeth
Reutter, Matilda
Reynolds, Violet
Rice, Mabel
Riendeau, Lillian
Rinker, Lorena
Rinker, Loretta
Roberts, Helen
Rogers, Louise
Rollo, Edith
Roush, Mabel
Rowell, Gladys
Rowley, Gladys
Ruben, Helen
Stark, Eraine
Sanzenbacher, Myrtle
Sargent, Margaret
Sasse, Hilda
Scheurer, Marguerite
Schick, Lucille
Schippers, Henrietta
Schlupp, Lavanda
Schneider, Eleanor
Schoen, Nannette
Scouten, Lucille
Seeman, Hildegarde
Sessler, Eliza
Shaner, Alice
Shriver, Ruth
Stalker, Eleanor
Stewart, Gurnell
Stuck, Mildred
Taylor, Dorotha
Tyler, Muriel
Tefft, Pauline
Thompson, Alice
Tracy, Jeannette
Trotter, Irma
Upton, Maude
Veo, Esther
Warner, Ruth
Watters, Florence
Webber, Ruth
Weichel, Luella
Weidner, Louise
Weil, Florence
Wells, Marion
Wickenden, Helen
Wiles, Jane
Willette, Lucille
Woodside, Geneva
Wysong, Beaulah
Zahrly, Ruth
Zimmer, Alice

Sophomore Boys

Anderson, George
Bacon, Marshall
Balsmeyer, Harold
Bay, Herbert
Bennett, Donald
Benster, Franklin
Birkencamp, Hubert
Black, Roland
Boden, Hoyt
Boote, Arthur
Borgelt, Clarence
Boughton, Irwin
Burt, Lyman
Campbell, Stuart
Cannan, Robert
Clark, Chester
Cook, Harold
Cooper, Harry
Cordill, Ward
Crane, John
Crosby, Elmer
Culp, Cyril
Curson, Frank
Dahn, Frederick
Daubner, Nicholas
Davies, David
Daykin, Howard
Devers, James
Dier, Elmer
Dittlebeck, Lawrence
Dow, Leonard
Ely, George
Faneuff, Clyde
Farrell, Howard
Fischer, Wolfert
Fisher, Arthur
Fisher, Donald
Frautschi, Arthur
Frederickson, Frank
Fuerst, Edwin
Furman, George
Gallagher, Montgomery
Gauthier, Victor
Gogel, Edward
Goldstein, Abe
Goldstein, Reuben
Greenaway, Tilford
Greiner, Donald
Gressley, Warren
Hammond, Lester
Hartman, Eric
Hartman, Fred
Hartney, Dale
Herman, Emery
Holzer, Victor
Hosick, Kirk
Innes, Arland
Isbell, Harold
Jenne, Herbert
John, Alexander
Johnson, Donald
Johnson, Hilding
Jones, Roscoe
Joseph, Marvin
Keller, George
Killian, Luther
King, Felix
Kitchen, Clarence
Klinck, Earl
Knull, Estelle
Kruse, Walter
Kutz, Ewald
Ladd, Wade
Lashley, Leonard
Lohman, Alvin
Leonard, Roland
Limmer, Arnold
Lyle, Horton
Lynn, Samuel
McDougal, Neill
McKee, Wesley
McLain, Hubertus
McLaughlin, Gerald
McPeek, Warren
Metz, Merritt
Martell, Russell
Mason, Robert
Matthews, Robert
Meyers, Sheldon
Mills, Harold
Moore, Francis
Mugfor, Richard
Mulinix, Homer
Myers, Clarence
Morris, Paul
Newberry, George
Noller, Carl
Nopper, Burton
Norton, Laurence
Nunnold, Harold
Overmier, Eugene
Parker, William
Pearson, Eugene
Potter, John
Pugh, Martin
Riopelle, Alfred
Robertson, William
Rommel, Edward
Roth, Norman
Rowell, Howard
Ryan, Walter
St. John, Otto
Schick, Glenn
Schoettley, Frederick
Seewald, Lewis
Shauf, Herbert
Shovar, Mark
Singer, Oscar
Sipe, Lee
Sivers, Harold
Smith, Charles
Steele, Edward
Stephens, Williams
Stiffney, Bernard
Stoddard, Edgar
Sullivan, Joe
Sullwold, Harold
Swan, I. B.
Sweeny, Melville
Textor, Myron
Trumbull, Howard
Tuttle, Webb
Upp, Roy
Van Hellen, Rudolph
Wachter, Robert
Wallett, Leo
Ward, Kenneth
Warner, Howard
Watt, John
Widmer, Bernard
Widmer, Leroy
Wolke, Raymond
Yount, Paul
Zinke, Kurt

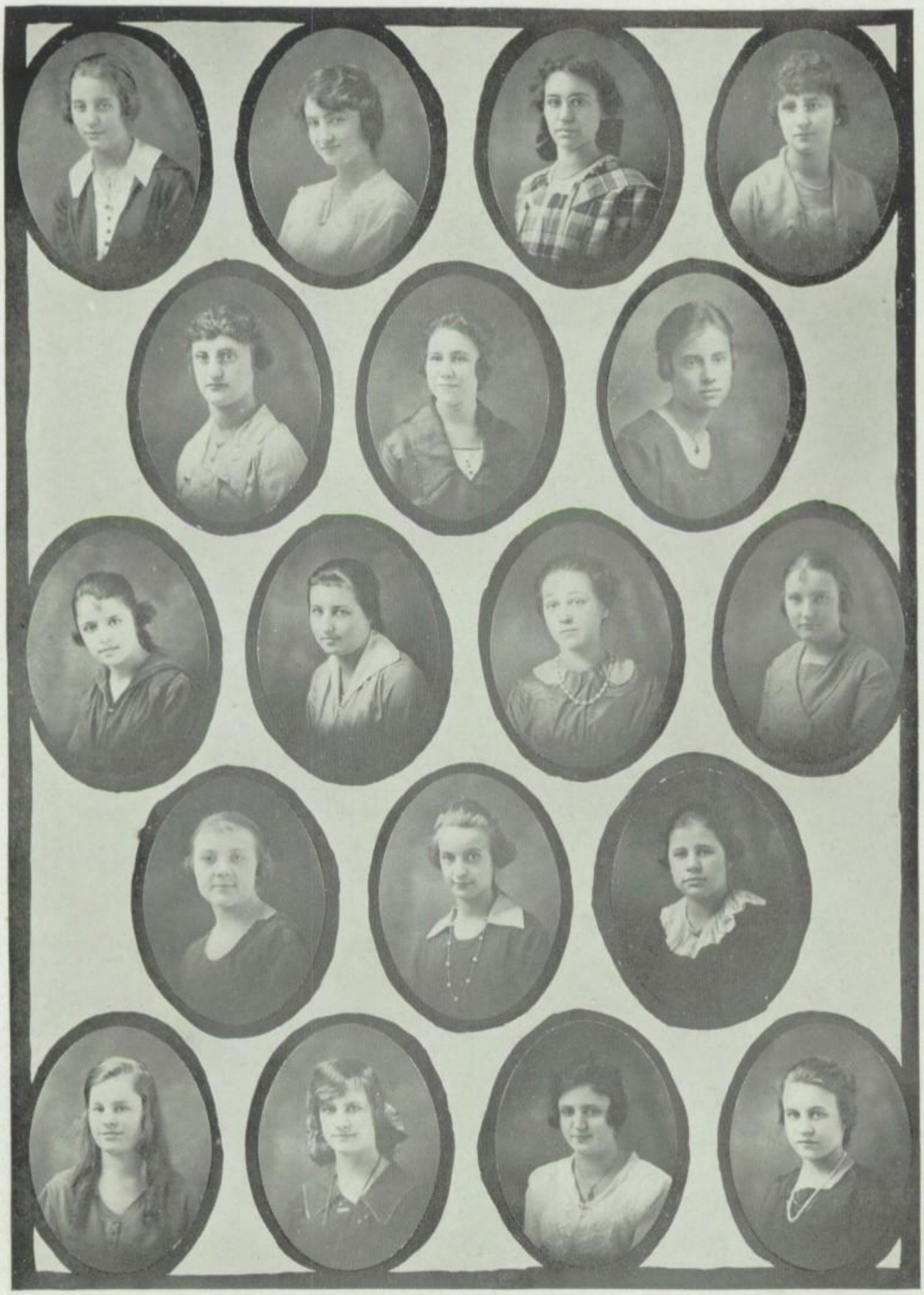
Our Library

THE Library is perhaps the most frequented place in the school. It is in the west wing of the building, on the second floor, and Miss Mary Rex is the librarian. The shelves around the room are filled with many books for reference, histories, novels, poems, and some of the latest and best magazines. Not only does our library contain books, but also trophies won in athletic contests, such as footballs, basketballs, and silver cups. Surely there is no other branch institution in the school more appreciated than the library.

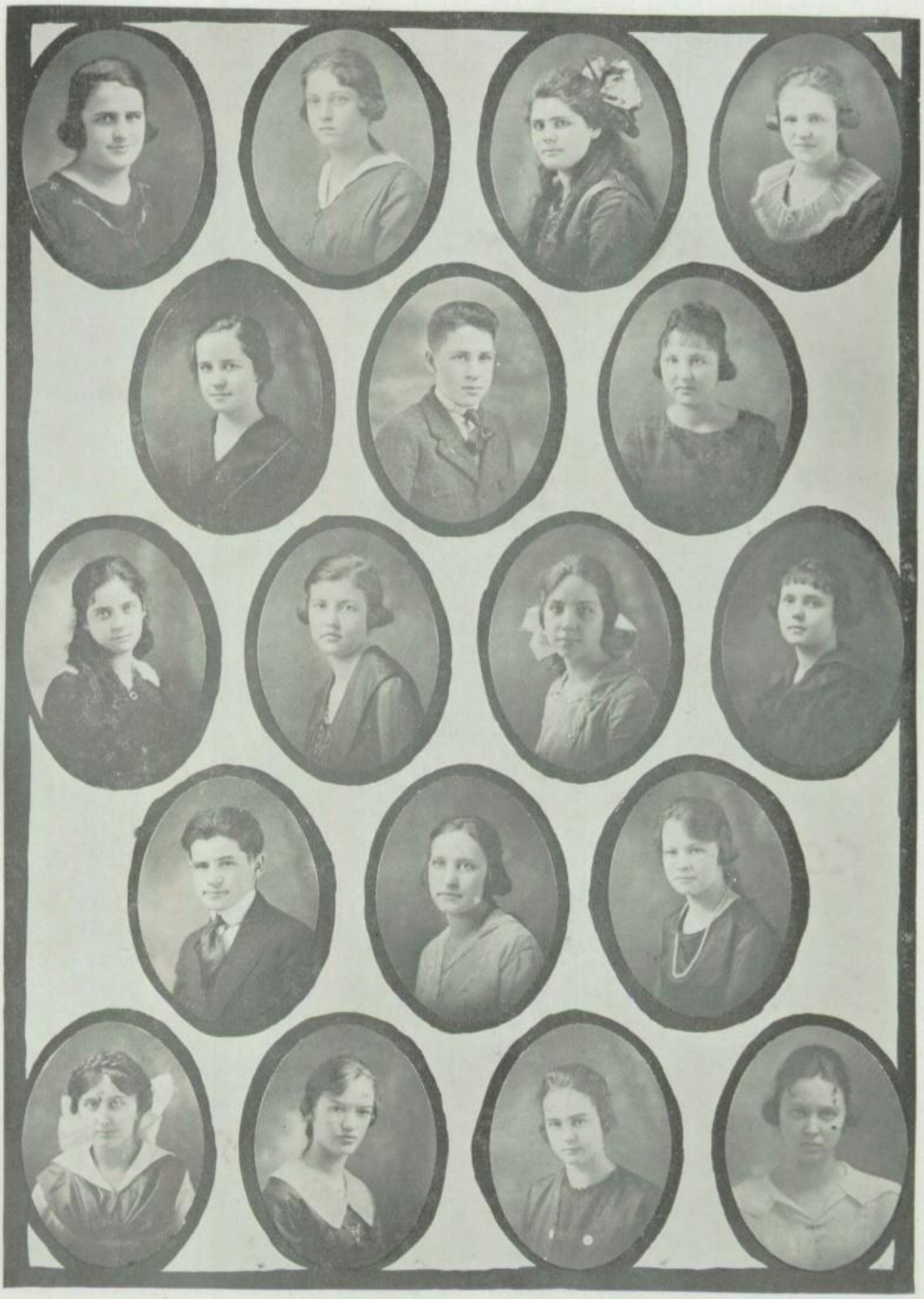


FRESHMEN

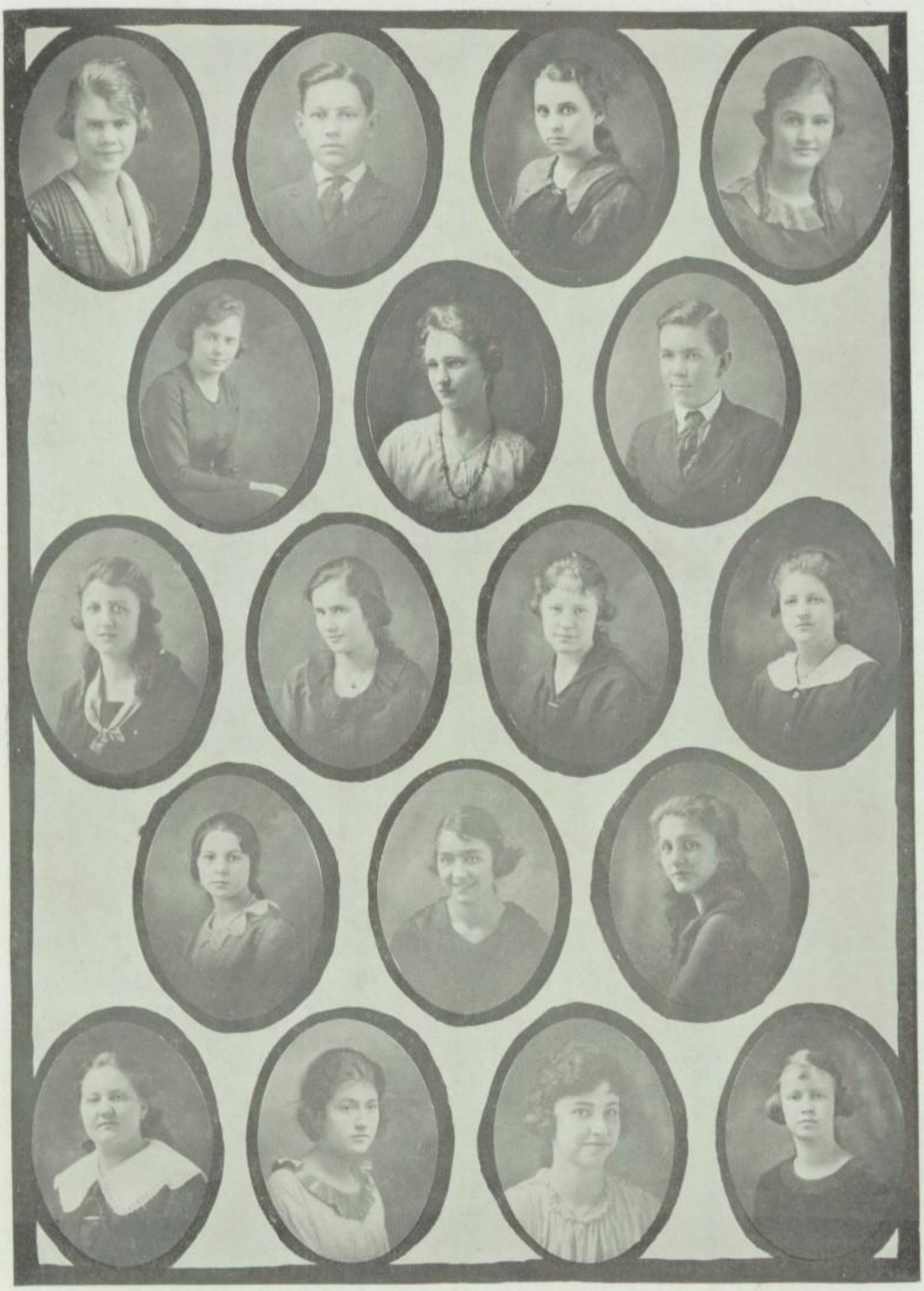
Hazel Aylor Alida Belden Helen Bennett Hilda Bettinger
Marguerite Betz Sylvia Bihl Alpheus Bitter
Harold Breese Lucinda Cedoz Lucile Cleland Helen Coy
Raymond Chapman Myron Crabb Dollie Daring
George DeVille Ethel Epker Arthur Emmel Erma Ernsthause



Ruth Farmer Leveta Foster Ethel Gladieux Hazel Granger
Nona Granger Elizabeth Gruetter Mildred Haack
Mary Hammond Ruth Hand Lula Heberger Doris Hibbs
Margaret Hinklin Lucille Hurrelbrink Florence Jackson
Ruth Kalmbach Katherine Kilian Olga Kohlmaier Mildred Krieger



Melvina LaPlante Audrey LeGron Helen Lewis Floy Luke
Bernice McGrath John McInnes Leona Mannebach
Helen Manson Eunice Martin Frances Martin Grace Meffley
Melvin Mercer Eunice Miller Zella Mills
Margaret Moon Cloetta Newman Ruth Pelton Ethel Pratt



Helen Proshek Walter Reichart Hazel Scott Mary Shocker
Ezma Smith Gladys Stafford Reville Stevens
Ruth Struck Joyce VanBinder Erma Wade Leota Wagner
Alta Wertz Rose Wheaton Leah White
Margaret Wicks Cathryn Williams Constance Williams Helen Williams

Helen Williams Margaret Wilson Theodore Woodruff Vivian Woodside
Mildred Worman Augusta Wuestefeldt

Freshman Girls

Ahrens, Edna
Allen, Ruth Leona
Anderson, Marion F.
Andrews, Adelaide
Austin, Helen Lovina
Ayers, Marie Catherine
Aylor, Hazel E.
Asche, Minnie
Bacome, Ruth
Baer, Fannie
Baldwin, Nina
Bamer, Mildred M.
Bamorth, Muriel
Barnes, Dorothea M.
Bartley, Alice
Beelman, Dorothy
Belden, Alida M.
Bennett, Helen
Bennett, Mary
Bettinger, Hilda
Betz, Marguerite
Bihl, Sylvia
Black, Dorothy
Blackford, Madeline
Blair, Ada Elizabeth
Bloom, Ida G.
Bodinus, Mildred G.
Bolan, Virginia
Borgelt, Myrtle
Boughton, Daisy E.
Brooks, Evelyn
Brenner, Ethel
Brothers, Gladys E.
Buerstrom, Frances
Burgess, Verna Jane
Byane, Lillian A.
Camper, Florence
Cassidy, Mildred
Cedoz, Lucinda
Cleland, Jennie L.
Clifford, Gertrude
Collins, Katherine
Collins, Thelma E.
Cooper, Margaret
Cowdrey, Bessie M.
Cowley, Madeline
Coy, Beatrice A.
Coy, Helen H.
Crawford, Georgia
Dahms, Pearl C.
Daring, Dollie Marie
Dase, Anna
Daubner, Dorothy E.
Dauer, eBatrice E.
David, Magdalena
De Freese, Clara G.
Dickinson, Fay C.
Douglass, Alice
Downes, Catherine Irene
Dressor, Vivian R.
Dushane, Martha M.
Dwiggans, Hazel F.
Edgington, Olga Marie
Ellis, Marion
Epker, Catherine E.
Ernsthause, Erma
Faneuff, Esther M.
Farmer, Ruth M.
Eddy, Helen
Feindt, Florence
Fille, Margaret
Flint, Alice May
Foley, Mildred
Foster, Laveta B.
Fought, Luella May
Frew, Alethia
Fritz, Esther R.
Fryman. Elsie
Furry, Eva Anna
Gilger, Mabel J.
Gingrich. Kathryn
Gladieux, Ethel B.
Gors, Esther
Granger, Hazel A.
Granger, Nona L.
Gruetter. Elizabeth
Haack, Mildred
Habib, Adele M.
Hackman, Irene S.
Hall. Helen B.
Hammond. Mary F.
Hand. Ruth M.
Harpster, Cornelia H.
Hartman, Margaret
Hassett. Roberta E.
Hastings. Lurine
Heberger. Lulu
Heinen. Mary
Heldt, Constance M.
Hibbs. Doris
Hinklin. Margaret M.
Hipkiss. Marie
Hoffman. Eulalie I.
Hogel. Bernice
Holland. Mildred
Holtgrieve. Margaret E.
Hoover. Mabel A.
Howey. Thelma
Hugg. Marie
Humberstone. Valeria
Hund. Metia May
Hurrelbrink. Mary L.
Iler. Mildred
Irwin. Margaret L.
Jackson. Florence I
Jacobs. Alma May
Jaska. Emma C.
Johnson, Martha
Jones, Ruth Ellen
Kalmbach, Ruth Mae
Kaltenbach, Nelda H.
Kelley, Juliet Mae
Kepp, Helen R.
Kilian, Katherine
King, Iva L.
Kohlmaier, Olga H.
Krieger, Mildred M.
Kroggel, Helen
Kross, Leona
Krueger, Clara E.
Krueger, Lily Alta
Krumm, Dorothy L.
Lambert, Vivian
La Plant, Melvina
Lavender, Luella E.
LeGron, Audrey O.
Lewis, Florence Helen
Lisiakowski, Clementine
Loehrke, Louise
Long, Meredith
Ludeman, Naimo
Luke, Floy
Lux, Marian
McBride, Lulu F.
McGrath, Bernice
McIlhenny. Ethel Anna
McLane, Julia
McLaughlin, Mary E.
Madson. Mary E.
Maier, Helen M.
Mann, Isabella
Mannebach. eLona G.
Manson, Helen E.
Martin, Eunice M.
Martin, Frances A.
Martin, Margaret
Matheson. Elizabeth
Meeker, Esther K.
Meffley, Grace
Meiring, Agnes
Meister, Doris
Meister, Lazetta
Metzger. Vivian
Meyer, Gertrude
Mickens, Edna
Miller, Eunice
Mills, Allene R.
Mills. Zella M.
Minder, Freda
Moone, Margaret
Moore, Garnet
McCloskey, Emily
Moran, Esther
Motzinger. Glenna
Mulinix, Etta
Murray. Heraldine
Nearhoff, Marie

Newman, Cloetta
Nickerson, Norma
Orwiler, Velma
Otte, Lucille M.
Outwater, Rosamond
Parker, Edna C.
Parkin, Vivian
Parlette, Thelma E.
Patterson, Wilma
Pelton, Ruth N.
Perrin, A. Mabel
Peter, Ruth J.
Peterson, Helen
Peyton, Olivia
Phillips, Evelyn
Pim, Mary L.
Poggemeyer, Olive
Pratt, Ethel
Preston, Marjory
Proshek, Helen
Race, Flossie L.
Raitz, Edith
Reade, Leora
Reber, Ruth M.
Reed, Verna B.
Rees, Leona
Reinwald. Alice
Ritter, Wilma
Robinson, Ivah
Root, Elizabeth
Roper, Inez
Rosentretter, Lillian
Rotert, Mabel N.
St. Aubin, Lola
St. Clair, Anna
St. Clair, Imogene
St. John, Helen
Samson, Adelaide
Sherlock, Ruth
Schaefer, Helen M.
Schlagheck, Bernice
Schmidt, Marie
Schmidtz, Leona
Schuster, Helen
Schwartz, Lucille
Scott, Hazel
Seymour, Irene
Shepard, Virginia
Shocker, Mary
Sieving, Elsa
Simon, Edith M.
Smalley, Florence A.
Smith, Ethel G.
Smith, Ezma
Smith, Helen
Stadelman, Isabelle
Stafford, Gladys
Stanzel, Thelma G.
Stein, Adeline
Stoner, Hazel M.
Strayer, Mabel
Struck, Ruth C.
Suess, Charlotte
Swan, Mary
Textor, Verda
Thayer, Beatrice M.
Thie, Mabel A.
Thompson, Dorothy H.
Tillotson, Josephine
Torrence, May Elizabeth
Tussing, Jessie J.
Twenty, Loretta A.
Vanbinder, Joyce
Vogt, Althea G.
Wade, Irma M.
Wagner, Leota A.
Ward, Pearl I.
Watters, Isabelle G.
Wege, Jeannette L
Werner, Florence M.
Wertz, Alta R.
West, Anna I.
West, Mildred L.
Wheaton, Rose F.
White, Leah M.
Wicks, Margaret L.
Wiley, Ida G.
Williams, Catharyn
Williams, Constance J.
Williams, Helen E.
Williams, Helen M.
Wilson, Margaret
Wiser, Frances
Woodside, Vivian
Worman, Mildred E.
Wuestefeld, Augusta
Ziemann, Alma
Zietlow, Mildred H.

Freshman A Girls

Baker, Marana
Bartley, Catherine
Beckman, Lillian
Boddy, Florence
Brown, Mearl
Fisher, Esther
Heberling, Esther
Holloway, Dorothy
Kirchenbauer, Erma
Koch, Helen
Lockert, Theresa
Mann, Isabella
Peterson, Helen
Pugh, Elizabeth
Rettig, Vera
Sautter, Myrtle
Sims, Anna
Snody, Helen
Southard, Doris

Freshman Boys

Alexander, William
Applegate, Glenn
Arvay, John
Auerbach, Caesar
Barger, Howard
Barnard, Kenneth
Bassett, Laurence
Beck, William
Behrens, Erwin
Bergk, Charles
Berndt, Carl
Bitter, Alpheus
Blessing, Fred
Bodette, George
Boehm, Maynard
Burkhart, Cecil
Bolander, Fred
Boner, Sherald
Booth, John L.
Boshart, Willard
Bowen, Roland
Bowland, Thomas
Bowlus, Bruce
Braun, Emil
Breese, Harold M.
Brenner, Oscar
Buchholz, Frank
Buehrer, Myron
Butz, George
Camper, Raymond
Carson, Harold
Carter, Howard
Cary, Richard
Cassidy, Alvin
Chapman, Raymond
Christen, Alton
Claus, Irvin
Cline, Walter H.
Clute, Martin
Conard, William
Cooley, Frederick
Crabb, Myron
Cumberworth, Theodore
Curtis, Hugh
Davidson, Willis
Davis, Clayton W.
Davis, DeWitt
Davis, Donald
Davis, Nome
Deister, Harry
Deline, Elmer
Derick, Harry
Dern, Paul
DeVille, George
Domhoff, Victor
Eikost, Robert C.
Elton, Truman W.
Emmel, Arthur
Fehn, Harold
Ford, Friendly
Gidley, William D.
Goate, Harold
Golin, Aubrey
Groff, Robert
Hahn, Kenneth L.
Hamilton, George
Harrison, Burton C.
Harrison, Robert
Harvey, Ruel
Hathaway, Virgil
Hoffman, Arno
Hayward, Clifford
Hayward, Lawrence
Heath, Zed
Heinemann, George
Hilgemann, Alvin
Hill, Toby Arthur
Holland, Clifford
Jenkins, Harold
Hoover, Vernon C.
Huffman, Carl
Irwin, William
Isbinski, Chester
Joehlin, Homer
Johnson, Malcolm
Jones, Sam
Julius, Norman
Kabat, Clayman A.
Kanney, Clifton
Keller, Charles
Keller, Melvin
Kelley, Edward
Kein, Fred
Kerin, William
Kimball, Clarence
King, Harvey
Kinker, Carl
Kuebbeler, Rollin
Kummer, Albert
Lark, Harland
Larter, Robert J.
Lehmann, Elroy
Linden, John
Lindner, William
Little, Jack
Livingston, Arra
Lump, Harold
McCulley, Bert
McElroy, Herbert
McGee, Allen
McInnes, John
Mann, Clifford
Markwood, Frank
Marshall, Owen
Marx, Sidney
Meier, Clemens
Meinen, Clarence
Mercer, Melvin
Miklosek, Martin
Minder, Walter
Mohr, William
Molevitz, Harry
Morrill, Orville
Moses, Norman
Moyer, Roy
Miller, George
Neeb, Carl
Ostman, Carl
Owen, Milton
Page, Robert
Parcels, Charles
Pauly, Frank
Phillips, Norman
Poisgai, John
Priest, Walter
Prottengier, Norman
Radbone, Harold
Reed, Wilmer
Reichhart, Walter
Relyea, Allen
Ricker, Ralph
Robert, Wilfred
Rogge, William
Russel, Elsworth
Salisbury, Charles F.
Sawhill, Robert
Schatz, Ernest
Scheanwald, August
Schmassman, Henry
Shrimplin, Frank
Schulty, Edmond
Schultz, Clarence
Scott, Homer
Shepherd, Everett
Sheperd, James
Sheridan, Wallace
Simonds, Leon
Smith, Muhrl
Solomon, Dwight
Stader, Joseph
Stamman, Karl
Steinman, Russell
Stevens, Reville
Stienecker, Irvin
Streib, Wallace
Steunmueller, Adelbert
Stutzman, Ray
Suhrbier, Earl
Swank, Raymond
Taraschke, Wilbert
Teaderman, William S.
Thompson, eGorge
Topliff, John E.
Toth, Alex
Trempf, Carl
Ulrich, Walter
Vogeli, Henry

Wade, Ronald
Wagner, Lawrence
Weidner, Harold
Wening, Harold
Werbach, Clarence
Whitcomb, Charles
Wiggins, Harold R.
Witzler, Norman
Wollins, David
Wood, Pierce
Woodruff, Theodore
Woodward, Ed.
Wright, Harry
Wulff, Harley
Yager, Edward
Yeomans, Leroy

Freshman A Boys

Andrus, Roland
Boggs, Edwin
Bohannan, Lewis
Boner, Sherald
Bradford, Kent
Cassidy, Walter
Cooper, Harold
Costigan, Edward
Cramer, Ralph
Downing, Lysle
Dreyer, Carl
Finch, Harrison
Kelb, Walter
Kelley, Thomas
Kinker, Robert
Kuehn, August
Levelle, Morgan
Lowe, Webster
Mackenzie, James
McMorgan, Clifford
Martin, Voight
Meyerholtz, Luther
O'Rourke, Marcel
Palmer, Ralph
Peters, Melvin
Reed, Lloyd
Ruppell, Dwight
Scheloske, Walter
Schultz, Joseph
Sutton, Russell
Tomey, Raymond
Vonberg, Fred
Wissing, Kenneth
Worden, Raynold

The Scholarship Medals

It has been the custom throughout the history of the Morrison R. Waite High School, to award scholarship medals to all pupils attaining an average of 83 or over.

Of the honor pupils 79 are entitled to gold medals, showing all "A" work; 130 are to receive silver medals, showing half or more "A" work, and nothing below "B" and 139 are in the bronze medal class with no work below "B."

GOLD MEDALS, 79

Seniors, 20—Frances Booth, Raydell Carrel, Helen Clark, Moira Dunn, Olive Fischer, Ruth Heater, Christel Hiss, Phylis Krieger, Elma Lentz, Myrtle Lorenz, Louise Masten, Doris Vye, Marie Weingardt Carl Brand, George Bruggemeier, Oliver Combs, Lorenz Fritz, Richard Gillham, Edgar Hovey, Thurlow Wilder.

Juniors, 15—Addie Crofts, Esther Gerber, Mildred Haye, Mary Jones, Colinne McClure, Charlotte Meagher, Mildred Pasch, Frances Roose, Grace Sisson, Elsie Westfall, Robert Babione, Roland Birkenkamp, Benjamin Kievit, William Steinhauer, Harold Steinmueller.

Sophomores, 15—Loretta Beese, Hilda Boden, Persis Border, Ann Brouhard, Helen Campbell, Hildegarde Krupp, Margaret Krupp, Irene McGinity, Gladys Mangold, Constance Muntz, Hilda Sasse, Marion Wells, Alice Zimmer, Hubert Birkenkamp, Edward Rommel.

Freshmen, 29—Alice Bartley, Madeline Blackford, Ada Blair, Mildred Bodinus, Myrtle Borgelt, Dollie Daring, Beatrice Dauer, Mabel Gilger, Adele Habib, Mary Heinen, Thelma Howey, Frances Martin, Margaret Moon, Rosamond Outwater, Evelyn Phillips, Mabel Rotart, Lola St. Aubin, Florence Smalley, Myron Buehrer, Willis Davidson, Harold Goate, Clifford Holland, Harold Jenkins, Clayman Kabat, Owen Marshall, Harry Molevitz, Walter Reichart, Adelbert Steinmueller, David Wollins.

The Scholarship Medal

SILVER MEDALS, 130

Seniors, 32—Louise Artz, Lucille Close, Elsa Brandenberger, Mildred Dunn, Nellie Dupuis, Olivia Frisk, Hazel Keisler, Bernice Goldstein, Irene Grasser, Marguerite Hahn, Irene Knull, Jeannette Nuneviller, Verda Pelton, Frances Sivers, Rheva Speaks, Alvena Stephanz, Pauline Tehan, Mary Washburn, Esther Weihrauch, Marvel Wenning, Helen Whitmore, William Aderman, Norman Beese, Exarhos Bekos, Arnold Bunge, Paul Dipman, William Ellis, Laurence Hawkins, Guergen Paepcke, Earl Rosengarten, Lowell Runkle, Arthur Shaw.

Juniors, 22—Annie Andrew, Jessie Belden, Dorothy Bennett, Velma Bodinus, Marion Clark, Laura Haines, Edna Hollopeter, Melva Johnson, Fannie Koons, Mildred McCalla, Elizabeth Moran, Doris Nelson, Marjorie Reek, Mary Sayen, Leona Stockton, Marguerite Sullivan, Loretta Zelner, Donald Bacome, Donald Chandler, Howard Nauts, Wilbur Randel, Howard Smith.

Sophomore, 33—Anna Bake, Catherine Bartley, Eleanor Bassett, Mary Ruth Boardman, Dorothea Campbell, Elsie Clare, Lylia Eichner, Hazel Eikost, Hazel Flagle, Dorothy Gassaway, Helen Haley, Minnie Kohne, Ruth Lee, Mildred Maulbetsch, Violet Miller, Rae Morse, Marguerite Murphy, Helen Peterson, Catheryn Redrup, Helen Roberts, Gladys Rowell, Myrtle Sanzenbacher, Marguerite Scheurer, Pauline Tefft, Alice Thompson, Jane Wiles, Geneva Woodside, Ruth Zahrly, Herbert Jenne, Harold Mills, Eugene Pearson, Russell Sutton, Kurt Zinke.

Freshmen, 43—Dorothy Beelman, Gladys Brothers, Lillian Byrne, Georgia Crawford, Pearl Dahms, Hazel Dwiggins, Olga Edgington, Ruth Farmer, Florence Feindt, Alethia Frew, Cornelia Harpster, Metia Hund, Mary Hurrelbrink, Mildred Iler, Florence Jackson, Juliet Kelley, Marian Lux, Lulu McBride, Helen Manson, Lucile Otte, Verna Reed, Anna St. Clair, Helen St. John, Irene Seymour, Isabelle Stadelman, Thelma Stanzel, Charlotte Suess, Dorothy Thompson, May Torrence, Althea Vogt, Alta Wertz, Rose Wheaton, Ida Wiley, Marguerite Wicks, Helen Meyer Williams, Mildred Zielow, Emil Braun, Myron Crabb, William Gidley, Kenneth Hahn, Arthur Kelley, Melvin Mercer, Dwight Solomon.

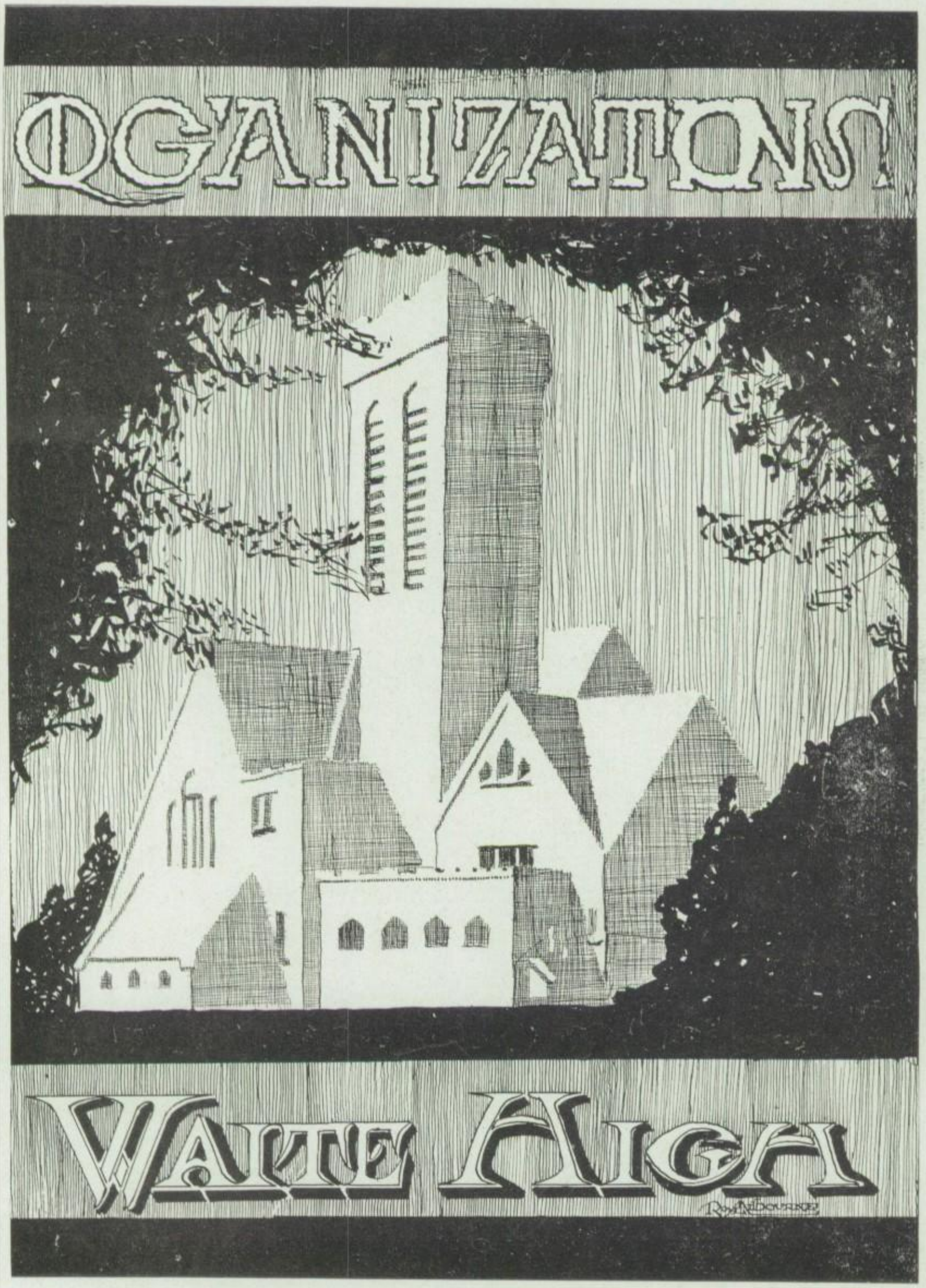
BRONZE MEDALS, 139

Seniors, 18—Berneta Block, Florence Breese, Bessie Greiner, Ruth James, Alma Knepper, Miriam Lee, Catherine McClure, Esther Quick, Carmen Replogle, Esther Sorter, Edward Cary, James Enderbury, Kenneth Goodrich, William Heldt, George Irwin, Roy Miller, Bernard Simon, Robert Smith.

Juniors, 30—Vera Applegate, Harriet Beck, Erma Baird, Edith Baumgardner, Zula Burkholder, Cleona Chetister, Marion Douglas, Grace Faulkner, Dorothy Fisher, Dorothy Kemp, Catherine Kruger, Ila Morse, Sarah Oakwood, Esther Ruppel, Geneva Scharer, Doris Sivers, Florence Shaw, Alice Sturgeon, Agnes Sullwold, Charlotte Sullwold, Constance Wegman, Helen Swinehart, Mildred Undergood, Bernice Williams, Florence Woods, Ellen Zenzer, Claud Brown, Harry Stengega, Francis Stephanz, Arthur Welsh.

Sophomores, 36—Lilliam Beckman, Myrtle Bohs, Dorothy Donnelly, Gladys Dusha, Bertha Fowler, Audrey Gea, Isabella Harry, Lucille Hill, Nora Jeffers, Esther Keck, Ruth Luebke Helen Moses, Charlotte Quill, Henrietta Schippers, Ruth Shriver, Doris Southard, Eleanor Stalker, Helen Stoll, Mildred Stuck, Beulah Wysong, Clarence Borgelt, Howard Daykin, Elmer Dier, Abe Goldstein, Arland Innes, Alex John, Robert Kinker, Clarence Kitchen, Wesley McKee, Donald Krueck, Samuel Lynn, Warren McPeek, Russell Martell, Clarence Myers, Howard Warner, John Watt.

Freshmen, 55—Fanny Baer, Helen Bennett, Sylvia Bihl, Dorothy Black, Ida Bloom, Virginia Bolan, Lucinda Cedoz, Bessie Cowdrey, Helen Coy, Esther Faneuff, Eva Furry, Roberta Hassett, Eulalie Hofman, Marie Hugg, Valeria Humberstone, Alma Jacobs, Ruth Jones, Ruth Kalmbach, Helen Kepp, Katherine Kilian, Dorothy Krumm, Naomi Ludeman, Vivian Lambert, Allene Mills, Zella Mills, Thelma Parlette, Mary Pim, Ruth Reber, Wilma Ritter, Marie Schmidt, Bernice Schlagheck, Leona Schmitz, Helen Schuster, Elsa Sieving, Hazel Stoner, Mabel Strayer, Jeannette Wege, Florence Werner, Margaret Wilson, Frances Wiser, Alma Ziemann, William Alexander, Jr., Glenn Applegate, Harold Breese, Harry Deister, Sidney Marx, Milton Owen, Robert Page, Walter Priest, Wilmer Reed, Wallace Streib, Irvin Steinecker, Carl Trempf, Stanley Teaderman, Walter Ulrich.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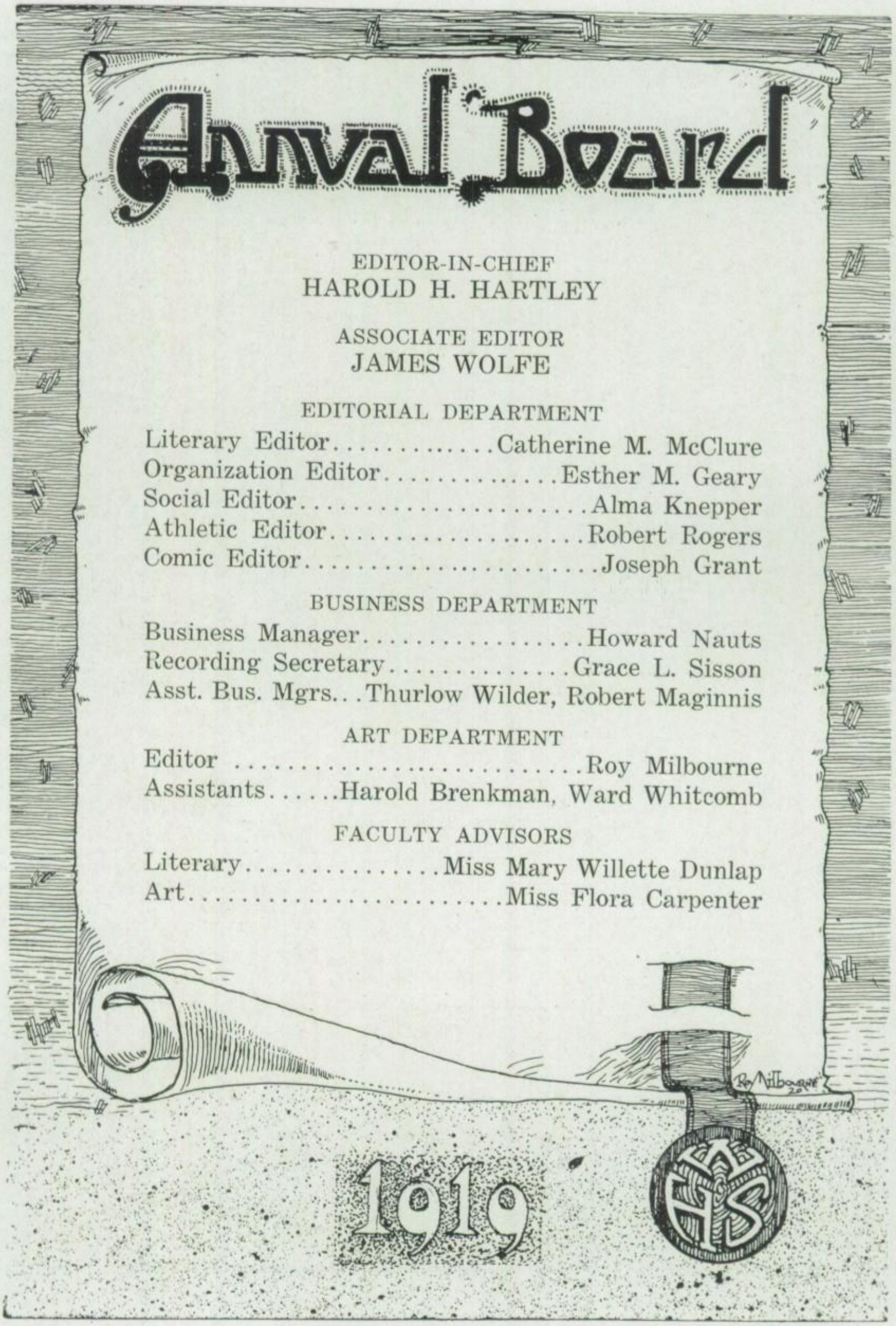
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Roy Young — John Watt

DEPARTMENTS

Literature ..... Ruth Stocking
Literary Societies ..... Frances Booth
Socials ..... Doris Vye
Locals ..... George Bruggemier
Alumni ..... Phillis Krieger
Exchange ..... Park LeGron
Athletics ..... Thurlow Wilder
Comics ..... Wernert Kiemle
Foreign Languages ..... Faculty

DEPARTMENT OF ART

Editor ..... Raymond Schmockel

Assistants

Roy Milbourne — Hildegarde Herring — Ward Whitcombe
Katherine Boiselle

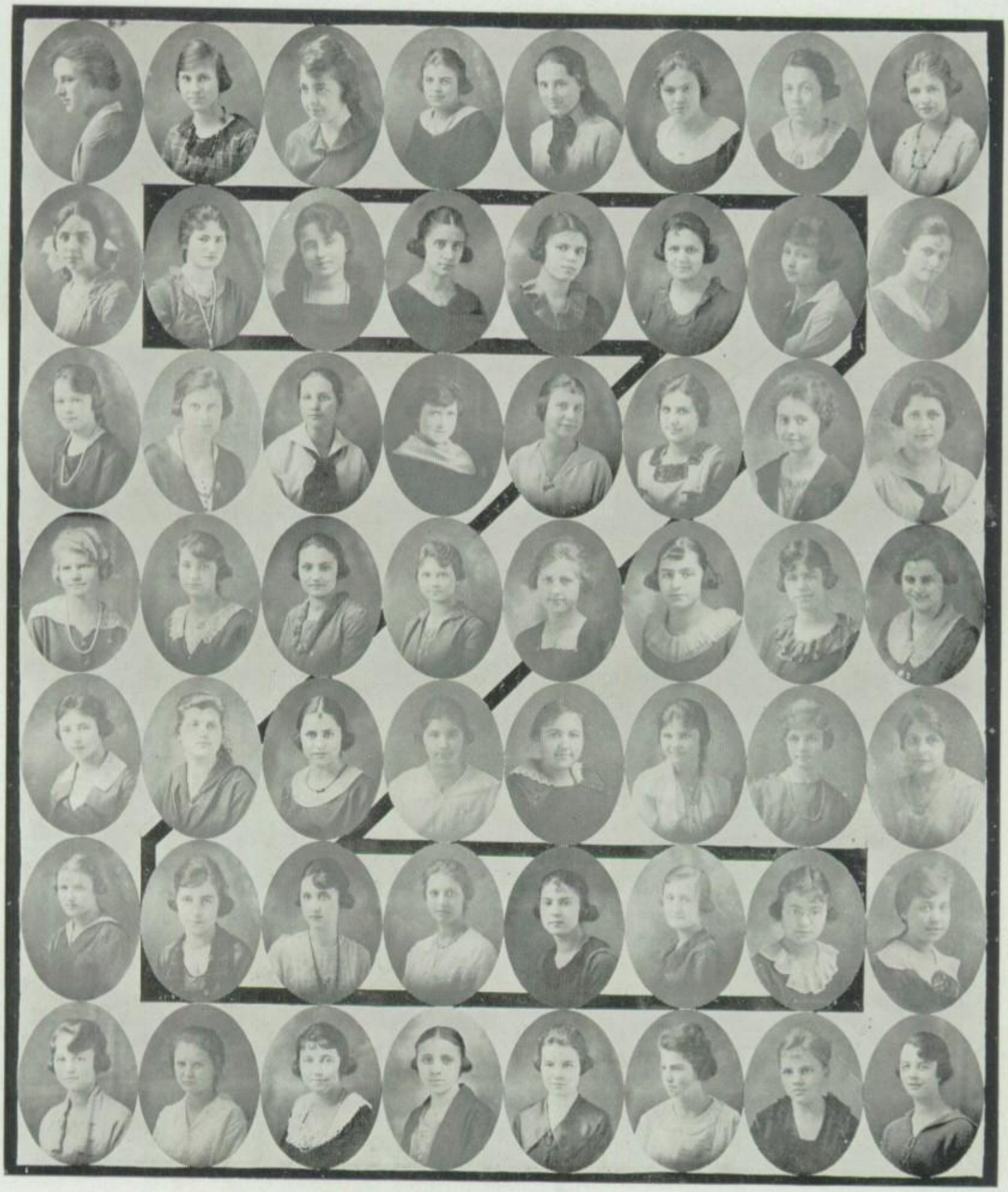
FACULTY ADVISORS

Literature—Miss Dunlap — Art—Miss Carpenter

Did We March ???

AMONG other events showing high school spirit this year, were the two parades, on April second and eleventh, welcoming the boys home from overseas. In these parades the boys from both Scott and Waite who have been taking military drill in school, took part. School was closed both times, making it possible for all the boys to march, and there was a very large turnout. There were also many former Waite students in the ranks of returning soldiers, who were in all probability, not a little elated to see such a large part of the student body of Waite turn out for their welcome. Besides giving the spectators a chance to view Toledo's heroes, these parades afforded them the opportunity of seeing the splendid marching of the High School boys, the result of a year's military training.

Athletics



ZETALETHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Zetalethean Literary Society

Founded in Year 1903.

MOTTO: Nihil sine labore.

COLORS: Silver and Green.

OFFICERS

Ruth Heater ..... President
E. Jeannette Nuneviller ..... Vice-President
Grace Sisson ..... Treasurer
Catherine McClure ..... Secretary
Colinne McClure ..... Chaplain
Florence Woods ..... Sergeant-at-Arms
Charlotte Meagher ..... Reporter

MEMBERS

Louise Artz
Zula Burkholder
Erma Baird
Florence Breese
Thelma Blake
Frances Booth
Nellie Bevens
Dorothy Campbell
Addie Crofts
Cleona Chetister
Angelina Cutler
Grace Faulkner
Olivia Frisk
Dorothy Fury
Esther Geary
Esther Gerber
Ruth Heater
Evelyn Hobe
Vera Heath
Bessie Hoffman
Dorothy Kemp
Beulah Lee
Myrtle Lorenz
Charlotte Meagher
Colinne McClure
Catherine McClure
Jeannette Nuneviller
Sarah Oakwood
Grace Plain
Esther Rupple
Grace Sisson
Pauline Tefft
Lucile Webb
Alyne Wegman
Constance Wegman
Florence Woods
Esther Weihrauck
Marion Wells
Bessie Greiner
Frances Roose
Mabel Rice
Florence Shaw
Mildred Morgan
Mildred Underwood
Ruth Zahrly
Elma Lentz
Mary Sloan
Ruth Farrel
Lucile Willett
Zella Mills
Myrtle Borgelt
Frances Martin
Mary Ruth Boardman
Mary Bennett
Ruth Stocking
Jeannette Wege
Vera Applegate
Edna Ahrens
Cornelia Harpster
Florence Feindt
Beatrice Dauer
Helen Herbert
Alice Thompson
Constance Muntz
Anna Bake
Mildred McCalla
Geneva Sharer
Ella Bender

ZETALETHEAN HISTORY

"The best part of every man's education is that which he gives to himself." It was with this principle in mind that, just sixteen years ago, a group of young girls of the East Side Central School, desiring a closer acquaintance with all that is best in literature, music, art and in various other lines, banded together for the purpose of realizing their ambitions. Miss Grace Gibson, who had awakened this interest in the minds of the girls, acted as their director, and exerted wonderful influence in laying the foundation of this organization, which was at that time called the Margaret Fuller Society.

Among its charter members were two who are now on the faculty of Waite High School, namely Miss Harriet Kimble and Miss Marjorie Belle Noble.

Later on, two important changes were made: it was moved from the school where it had originated, first to Central High and then to Waite, and its name became the Zetalethean Literary Society. During these years of reorganization, obstacles and reverses were encountered, but they were only quality-testing stepping stones to success.

Each year the girls seem to have developed more self-reliance; to have made better plans, to obtain a comprehensive view of the subjects which they had originally planned to study, and to have found more new channels of interest.

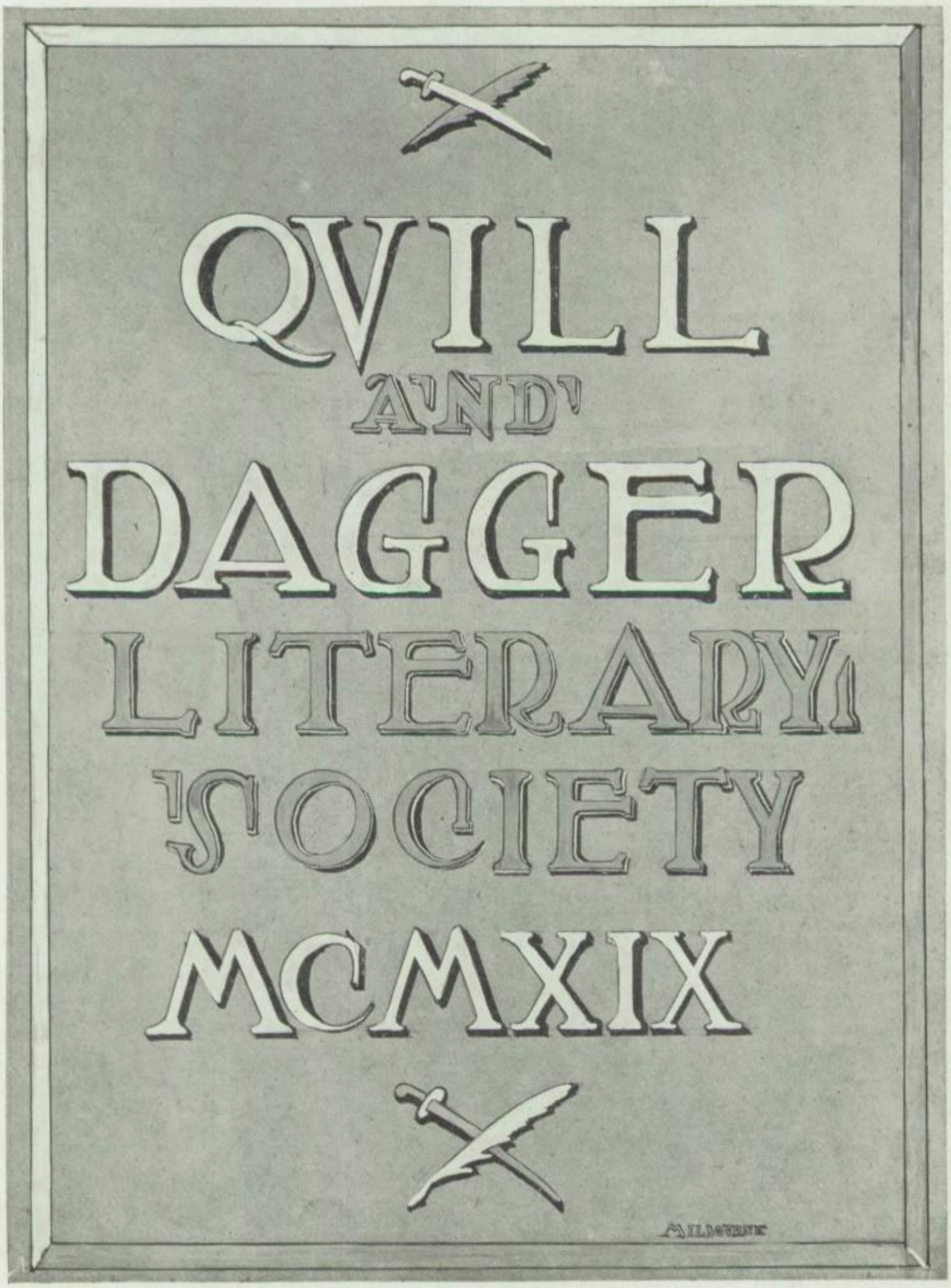
And this year the society seems to have made more progress than ever before, and to have set its standards still higher.

Look at our members! Among them are members of the Retina and Annual Boards, heads of the Literature and Literary Society Departments of the school paper, members of the girls' basketball team and more than that, our president is the vice-president of the Senior Class! Has any other society a better record for participation in school activities? And as for scholastic merit, surely the Zetaletheans are not to be surpassed by any other school organization. In truth it may well be proud of its present members, proud of those who have left the society to do their part in the world's work, yes, and proud, too, of our honorary members, the Messrs. H. A. Jones, C. W. Gayman, F. W. Mathias and R. W. Wells.

In addition to deriving such benefits as a knowledge of oratory and debating and information concerning current events, the members have enjoyed many social functions such as spreads, theater parties, and informal dances. There are, besides these, three annual events: the dance of the four literary societies, the farewell party for the seniors and the banquet given at the close of the school year, at which all the active and honorary members and critics are present.

The meetings are always well-attended and the programs exceedingly interesting, due to the co-operation of the girls, the program committee and the critics, to whom we are indebted for their willing service and kind advice. Once a year an open meeting is held and several times annually the society joins with other organizations in meetings which are always of great enjoyment and interest to the students.

With this as its record, the Zetaletheans may feel that they are fulfilling their purpose of cultivating and enriching their minds and are living up to their splendid motto: "Nihil sine labore."


QVILL
AND
DAGGER
LITERARY
SOCIETY
MCMXIX

Quill and Dagger Literary Society

OFFICERS—1919

President ..... Harold Hartley
Vice President ..... Exarhos Bekos
Secretary ..... Earl Rosengarten
Treasurer ..... Ambrose Miller
Sergeantat--Arms ..... Park LeGron
Chaplain ..... James Enderbury

OFFICERS—1920

President ..... Horace Donegan
Vice President ..... Harold Isbell
Secretary ..... Clyde Kiker
Treasurer ..... Durelle Otten
Sergeant-at-Arms ..... John Davies
Chaplain ..... George Anderson

HONORARY MEMBERS

James A. Pollock
Nelson Rupp
Fred Klag

MEMBERS

George Anderson
Exarhos Bekos
Carl Benson
Edwin Benson
Claude Brown
Harold Carson
Oliver Combs
Jack Davies
Haven Doane
Horace Donegan
James Enderberry
Lorenz Fritz
Harold Hartley
Laurence Hawkins
Clyde Kiker
Park LeGron
Ambrose Miller
Malcolm McInnis
Herbert Overmeier
Durelle Otten
Earl Rosengarten
Arthur Shaw
Gerald Trudeau
James Wolf
Harry Cooper
William Stephans
Thurlow C. Wilder
Harold Cooper
Calvin Reed

QUILL AND DAGGER LITERARY SOCIETY

The Quill and Dagger Literary Society was organized during the year 1915, by some of the most aggressive boys of Waite High School. The first year was spent in its thorough organization and framing its constitution and by-laws. By earnest, diligent and conscientious endeavor the boys who assumed the initiative built the foundation which has proven strength and unity of the society.

The Quill and Dagger Literary Society now has twenty-nine members who are carefully selected from the various classes without any thought of class consciousness. A large number of the class officers and members of the Retina and Annual, as well as many of the participants in all athletics, are members of the Q. & D.

The regular meetings held during the year have revealed a large harvest of literary as well as musical and dramatic talent in the society. The annual banquet which was held May 2, brought to light the strong fraternal feeling that exists among its members.

Because of the foundation on which it is built, the material of which it is composed, the feeling of fraternity and the conscientious endeavor of its officers and of each individual member, the Quill and Dagger Literary Society will long remain one of the greatest institutions of Waite High School.

Vive Le Q. & D.

PERICLEANS
MILBOURNE '20

Periclean Literary Society—Beta Chapter

Organized in 1901

MOTTO: Nulli Secundae.

COLORS: White and Gold.

OFFICERS—1919

Doris Vye ..... President
Marguerite Hahn ..... Vice-President
Christel Hiss ..... Censor
Alma Knepper ..... Recording Secretary
Gladys Schumate ..... Corresponding Secretary
Dorothea Fingerhooth ..... Treasurer
Louise Masten ..... Chaplain
Helen Whitmore ..... Reporter
Eleanore Durain ..... Sergeant-at-Arms

OFFICERS—1920

Mildred Pasch ..... President
Wilma Kuhr ..... Vice-President
Elenor Durain ..... Recording Secretary
Marguerite Sullivan ..... Corresponding Secretary
Dorothy Bennett ..... Treasurer
Loretta Zelner ..... Chaplain
Louise Rogers ..... Sergeant-at-Arms
Lucretia Abbott ..... Reporter

MEMBERS

Doris Vye
Marguerite Hahn
Alma Knepper
Gladys Shumate
Dorothea Fingerhooth
Christel Hiss
Eleanor Durain
Louise Masten
Helen Whitmore
Irene Grasser
Louise Rogers
Gladys Davey
Marie Winegardt
Lucretia Abbott
Leona Stockton
Martha Sullivan
Myrtle Sanzenbacher
Wilma Kuhr
Edythe Baumgardner

Bessie Grasser
Dorothy Grasser
Mildred Pash
Doris Nelson
Lucille Kelly
Marguerite Sullivan
Edna Hollipeter
Mary Jones
Georgiana Metzger
Irene Humberstone
Dorothy Bennett
Florence Cagney
Hilda Sasse
Mildred Haye
Olga Rodemich
Eleanor Bassett
Hilda Boden
Rachael Keller
Josephine Schuh

Helen Reese
Kathryn Boisell
Letha Tyler
Loreta Zelner
Lucille Hurrellbrinck
Dolly Daring
Margaret Sargent
Virginia Shepherd
Rose Wheaton
Eunice Miller
Audrey Legron
Adalaid Keimle
Ruth Farmer
Dorothea Gassoway
Lucille Scouten
Miriam Lee
Margery Preston
Elma Crabb
Mildred Foley

PERICLEAN HISTORY—BETA CHAPTER

Eighteen years ago the Periclean Literary Society began its existence at "Old Central" with seventeen members. From those seventeen the membership has increased steadily until the society is one of the largest in the school.

Upon the opening of Scott High in 1913, the society became divided and the Alpha Chapter was organized, and when Waite opened, the work of the Beta Chapter was continued.

A joint meeting of the two chapters is always enjoyable, and the annual luncheon is a function eagerly looked forward to by all of the members.

The programs during the past year have been very interesting and instructive. Debates have figured very largely in the work and dealt with very modern and practical problems.

The social functions enjoyed by the young ladies of the society, are numerous spreads and theater parties, dances and in June a farewell party for the Seniors.

Owing to the irregularities in the school curriculum this year, the annual luncheon with the Alpha Chapter was not held during the Christmas vacation as has been customary, but was held on February 22.

The work of the society is carried on by the girls themselves and entirely without the help of a director; they are, therefore, deserving of much credit for the faithfulness with which they have adhered to their motto Nulli Secundae (Second to None).

One of the most enjoyable meetings of the Periclean Literary Society held this year, took place in the Auditorium on the afternoon of Friday, November 29th. The subject of the meeting was the "Allied Armies."

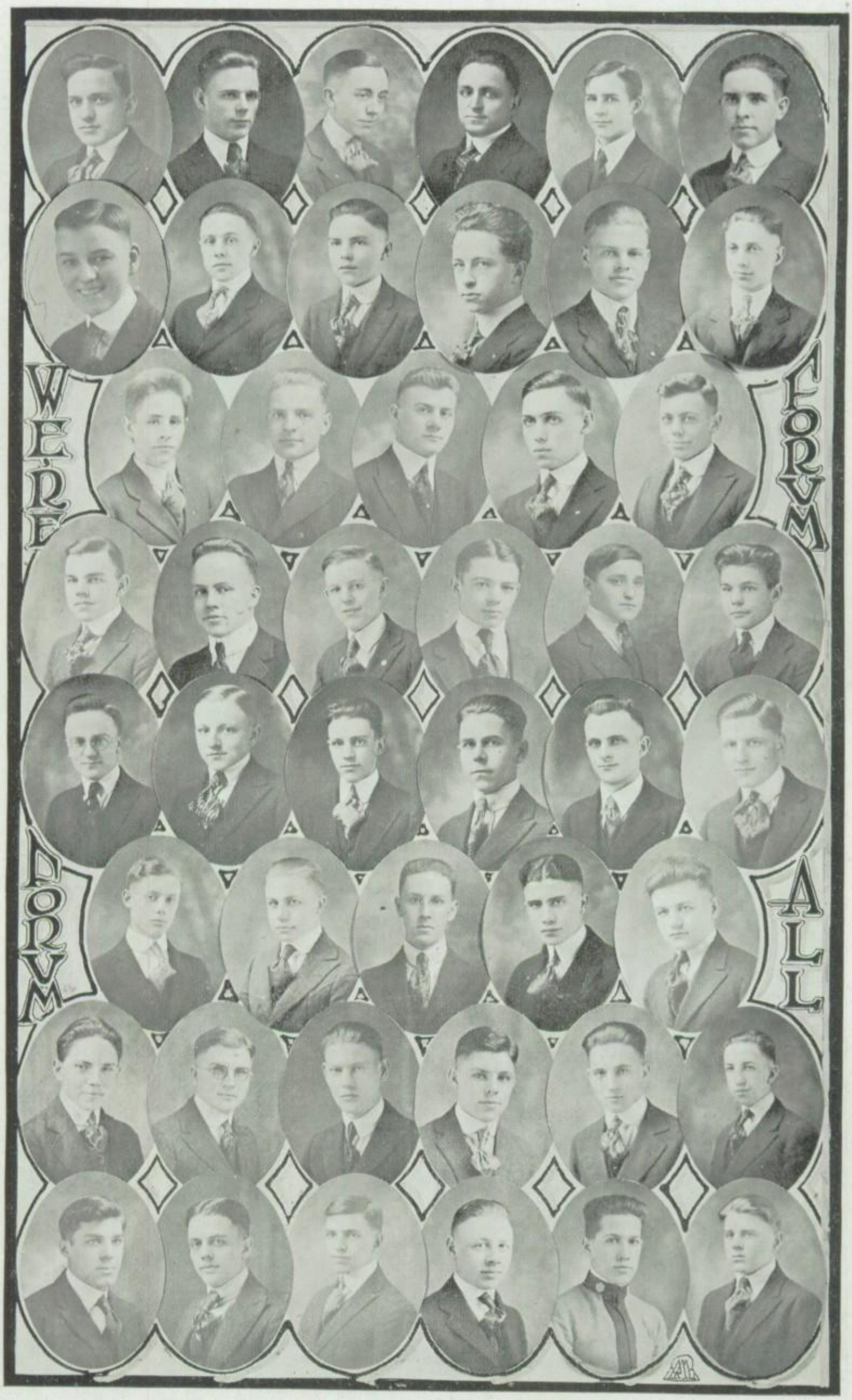
Salutatory—"The Moral of the Allied Armies".....Louise Rogers
Piano Solo.....Marguerite Hahn
Debate—"Should the Red Cross Shop be continued after the War?"
First Negative.....Loretta Zelner
Second Affirmative.....Leona Stockton
Second Negative.....Martha Sullivan
Extempore—"The Scott-Waite Game".....Myrtle Sanzenbacher
Essay—"Generals of the Allied Armies".....Doris Nelson
Valedictory—"The Condition of the Belgian People"..Eleanore Durain

Another interesting meeting was held Friday afternoon, January 24th, in Room 179.

The subject of the meeting was "Roosevelt."

Salutatory—"Roosevelt's Life".....Gladys Davy
Essay—"Roosevelt's Travels".....Marguerite Sullivan
Extempore—"Attitude of Roosevelt Toward the War"
Edythe Baumgardner
Valedictory—"Roosevelt's Books".....Dorothy Grasser

FORUM
78
Whitcomb.20


WE
FOR
FOR
ALL

Forum Literary Society

MOTTO: Satis Eloquentia Sit.

COLORS: Black and Gold.

OFFICERS FOR FIRST SEMESTER

Adelbert Kuehn ..... President
Max Shepherst ..... Vice-President
Raymond O. Schmoekel ..... Cor. Secretary and Reporter
George Bruggemeier ..... Recording Secretary
Harold Kauffman ..... Censor
John Cauffiel ..... Treasurer
Edward Lamb ..... Chaplain
Robert Maginnis ..... Sergeant-at-Arms

OFFICERS FOR SECOND SEMESTER

Harold Kauffman ..... President
Adelbert Kuehn ..... Vice-President
Paul Dipman ..... Cor. Secretary and Reporter
Edward Lamb ..... Recording Secretary
Raymond Schmoekel ..... Censor
Robert Maginnis ..... Treasurer
Benjamin Kievit ..... Chaplain
John Cauffiel ..... Sergeant-at-Arms

HONORARY MEMBERS

Mr. Klag
Mr. Collins
Mr. F. Mathias
Mr. H. Mathias

MEMBERS

Adelbert Kuehn
George Bruggemeier
Robert Maginnis
Roy Young
John Cauffiel
Wayne Thomas
William Heldt
Harold Kauffman
Ward Whitcomb
Edward Lamb
Raymond Schmoekel
Edward Riendeau
Paul Dipman
Harold Holmes
Edward Carey
Ralph Barnes
Samuel Featherstone
Webb Tuttle
Max Shepherst
Francis Stephanz
Roy Milbourne
Hoyt Boden
Richard Mugfor
Joseph Grant
Kenneth Mudd
Robert Stitt
George Booth
Kenneth Wissing
William Ellis
Harold Brenkman
Charles Swope
Howard Nauts
John Crane
Myron Raudebaugh
Arnold Bunge
Benjamin Kievit
Howard Trautwein
Richard Gillham
William Steinhauer
Harold Steinmueller
Edward Howe
Kenneth Goodrich
Don Dewey
Arland Innes
Glen Schick
Irving Moulton
Samuel Lynn
Russell Gladieux
Arthur Lipner
Clark White
Carl Textor
Francis Moore
Russel Webster
Harold Meffley
Stephan Miller
Clarence Kitchin
Howard Rowell
Frank Schaetzke
Norman Roth
Carlos Warner
Arthur Fisher
William Wells

FORUM HISTORY

In the year 1905 a group of boys met and formed the Forum Literary Society, at East Side Central High School. However, in order to graduate, they were obliged to attend Central High, as the East Side High was not equipped with Physics and Chemical Laboratories. At Central many of them joined either the Websters or the Demosthenian Societies, and it was not until the school year of 1914, when East Side Central was closed, that the Forum, which had always maintained its existence, was transferred to Central, and for the first time appeared in the Almanac.

With the closing of Old Central in preference to the new Waite High, the Forum was again brought back to the side of the river where it was born.

Since its birth, the Forum has always stood for the highest standards in all the school activities. Realizing that a student is thrice blessed who can stand on his two feet and easily reveal the operations of his mind without missing most of the cylinders, extemporaneous speaking and debating have been encouraged. Now, most of the members are super-equipped, so that they can talk without boring their associates or causing them physical pain. This is regarded as a positive asset.

While not encouraging "lounge lizards" and "parlor snakes," the Society has been active in promoting social activities in the school, and the Forum Dances are always looked forward to with pleasurable anticipations.

If the Forum in the future shall be able to live up to its glorious heritage of the past, it will always maintain its position in the front rank of the literary societies of Waite High School.

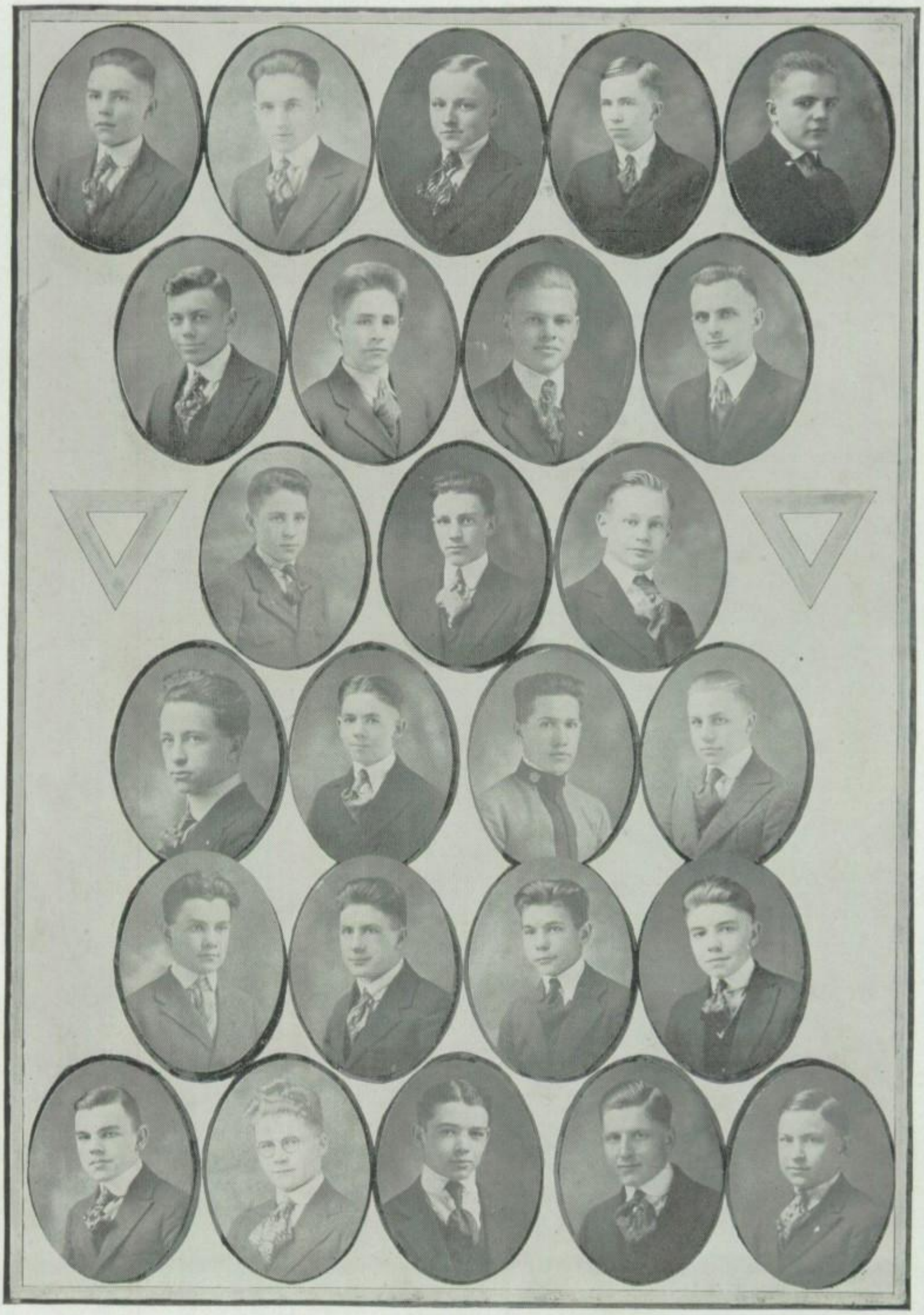
On the 24th of January, the Forum Literary Society met in the Auditorium for its fourth regular meeting. After the rollcall and scripture reading, the censor offered the following:

Humorous Reading—"I Love Corn Beef, Yanks".....Roy Milbourne
Speech—"Life of Roosevelt, as an Enthusiast".....Richard Gillham
Reading—"Public Career of Mr. McAdoo".....Max Shepherst
Speech—"Our Mineral Resources, or the New Discovery of America".....Adelbert Kuehn
Reading from "Stars and Stripes".....Myron Raudebaugh
Discussion—"Can a League of Nations Prevent War"..Howard Nauts
Humorous Reading.....Howard Trautwein
Piano Selections.....Donald Dewey and Francis Stephanz

Mr. Collins acted as critic, and after a few remarks, the society voted the program to be most interesting and a literary success.

The Forum and the Zetaletheans played a large part in the entertainment offered the Newsboys at the Auditorium Theater, Sunday afternoon, January 19th. The "Mock Trial" won much favor from the "newsies" and their friends, and in the court scene the "very serious" jury kept the audience in a continuous gale of laughter throughout the play.

HI-Y CLUB



Hi-Y Club

OFFICERS

Max Shepherst ..... President
Myron Raudebaugh ..... Vice-President
J. Donald Fisher ..... Secretary
Claud Brown ..... Treasurer
Ward Whitcomb ..... Reporter
William Wells ..... Chaplain
William Ellis ..... Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

Raymond Schmoekel
Ward Cordill
Malcolm McInnes
Samuel Lynn
Paul Schlegleck
Francis Moore
Kenneth Ward
Kenneth Wissing
Raymond Textor
Glenn Schick
Herbert Shauf
Francis Stephanz

Lyman Burt
George Booth
Stephen Miller
S. Arthur Shaw
Charles F. Lewis
Herbert F. Overmier
Arnold Bunge
Robert Matthews
Bernard J. Simon
Harold Steinmiller
Harold Holmes

Adolph Fischer
Charles Smith
Neill McDougal
George Anderson
Benjamin Kievit
George Hunter
Carl Noller
Edward Lamb
John McInnes
George Thompson
Harold Sivers
William McMorgan

HI-Y CLUB

The Hi-Y Club was organized in October, 1915, under the name of the Waite High School Boys' Club, and since that time it has grown until now it has a membership of about forty-five young men. The past years have been very successful, but this one has surpassed them all both in work accomplished and in social activities.

Much credit is due to the leader, Mr. Forman, who is a great favorite with all boys connected with this club. Mr. Warr was also a great aid in the advancement of this organization during the first part of the past year.

The meetings were held every other Saturday evening at the Y. M. C. A. and were well attended throughout the year. Very interesting talks have been given by Mr. Firman, Mr. Warr, Mr. Klag, "Coach Bill" Wright, Mr. L. O. Whitcomb and many other men connected with Y. M. C. A. work.

This club had a very competent man for chairman of the social committee. He is to be thanked for the very interesting entertainments which every member greatly enjoyed at the meetings.

On the evening of January 30th, the Hi-Y Club entertained the Girls' Friendship Club and a dandy time was had by all present. A hay rack party, followed by an oyster stew at the country home of the president, Mr. Shepherst, was one of the many other social events which the Club enjoyed during the year.

Much credit should be given the president, Mr. Shepherst, for he has been an important factor in the success of this organization.

∴ Spanish IV Club ∴

THE Spanish IV. Club, composed of only Spanish students, has been organized this year under the direction of Miss Crystal Emerson. As there has never been a Spanish Club before, the members have been doing all in their power to make this Club a success.

The reason for organizing was to stimulate interest in what is learned in the class room, and to put this knowledge to use. Each meeting is made as interesting and instructive as possible, the Spanish language being the medium of conversation. The topics discussed concern Spain and South America, and, with the aid of Spanish newspapers and the Victrola, the meetings have proved to be a marked success.

—A. M. K.

English VIII Club

MISS Dunlap's English VIII Classes have organized into a club consisting of the Alpha, Beta and Gamma Chapters. The meetings are held every other Friday in the respective classes and are somewhat on the order of those given by the literary societies. Miss Dunlap, as censor, assigns the subjects. The programs, this year, with a view of stimulating patriotism, give information concerning our own United States.

The club has its officers, but unlike literary societies, the officers of president, vice-president and secretary are rotary, that of treasurer only being permanent. Dues are collected at each meeting, and at the end of the year the money will be used for some charitable purpose. Last year the money saved by the club was turned over to the Toledo Chapter of the Red Cross Society.

This organization is thoroughly enjoyed by all its members and is very helpful in that it accustoms the student to speak in public.

English VIII Club

MARY WILLETT DUNLAP, Censor

ALPHA CHAPTER

Mary Bauer
Nellie Bevens
Oliver Combs
Helen Cripe
Gladys Davey
Dorothy Fisher
Bessie Greiner
Helen Harris
Earl Heilner
Edgar Hovey
George Moin
Ruth James
Jane Jaroszewski
LaVerne Jaynes
Alma Knepper
Miriam Lee
Katherine Parks
Arthur Shaw
Robert Smith
Doris Vye
Donald Walter
Margaret Ziegler

BETA CHAPTER

Louise Artz
Harry Basil
Clair Bergman
Thelma Blake
Catherine Boiselle
Alice Campbell
Edward Cary
Helen Clarke
Mary C. Coy
Harriett Dancer
Haven Doane
James Enderbury
Edna Gale
Ilah Hahn
Marguerite Hahn
Vera Heath
Irene Knull
Elma Lentz
Myrtle Lorenz
Albert McAfee
Ruth Stocking
Charles Swope
Carlos Warner
Marvel Wenning
Blanche Werner
Lawrence Wheeler

GAMMA CHAPTER

Carl Benson
Ruth Bowen
Carl Brand
Edward Christopher
Ella Currie
Hilda Dushane
Olivia Frisk
Richard Gillham
Irene Grasser
Ruth Heater
Evelyn Hobe
Wernert Kiemle
Phillis Krieger
Beatrice McNees
Glenna Martin
Mildred Morgan
Laura Orwiler
Alene Park
Marguerite Powell
Esther Quick
Layne Reedy
Earl Rosengarten
Ruth Ross
Audrey St. Clair
Josephine Schuh
Gladys Shumate
Thelma Valiquette
Lucile Webb
Esther Weirauch
Arthur Welsh

Waite Friendship Club

The past year has been the most successful one in the history of the Friendship Club. This is perhaps due to the change in the study course. Under the leadership of Dr. Loomis, of the Point Place Church, we are studying "Practical Subjects of Everyday Life." This takes the place of the technical course of previous years.

The members have shown a wider interest in the welfare of the club than ever before. The girls continued their social service work this year, making a large number of dresses for the refugee children and two quilts which were sent to Belgium.

Many social events were also held during the year, including hikes, roller skating parties, two parties with the Hi-Y Club and one with the Scott Friendship Club.

Waite Friendship Club

OFFICERS

Helen Whitmore ..... President
Raydell Carrell ..... Vice-President
Constance Wegman ..... Secretary
Dorothy Fisher ..... Treasurer
Edythe Bumgardner ..... Reporter
Ilah Hahn ..... Sergeant-at-Arms

ADVISERS

Miss Bryant
Miss Garver
Miss Goodall
Miss Gates
Miss Pray
Miss Lok

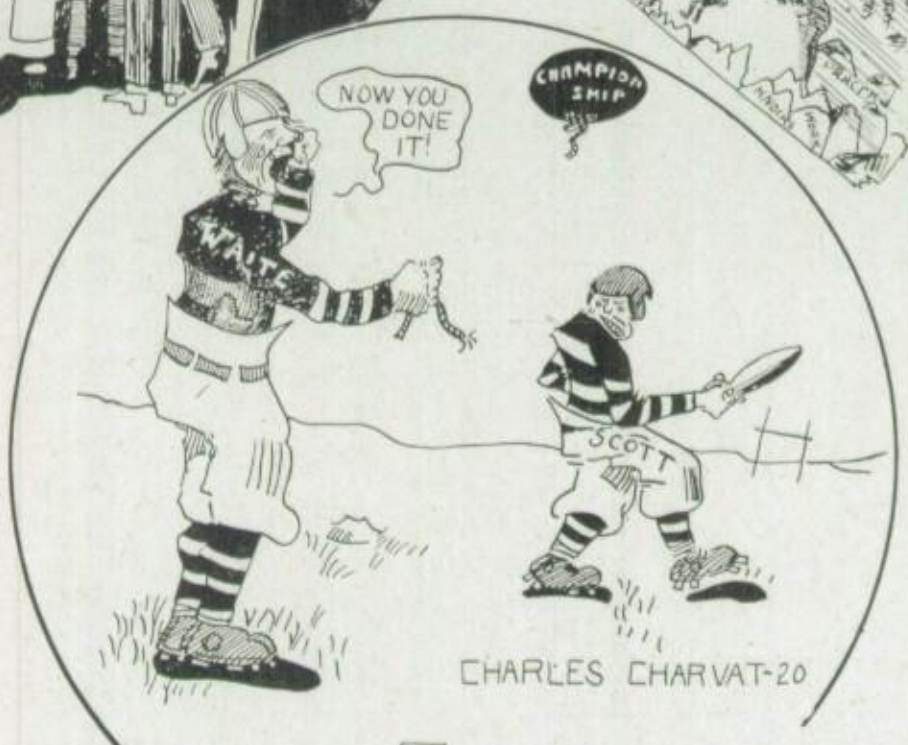
MEMBERS

Eleanor Bassett
Dorothy Bennett
Helen Bennett
Bernetta Block
Marguerite Bodette
Frances Booth
Frances Buerstrom
Edythe Baumgardner
Zula Burkholder
Raydell Carrell
Mildred Cassidy
Marie Clegg
Lucile Close
Angeline Cutler
Moira Dunn
Ruth Farmer
Dorothy Fisher
Esther Fritz
Clela Hartzog
Ruth Heater
Marie Henderson
Helen Herbert
Esther Keck
Juliet Kelley
Adelaide Kiemle
Beulah Lee
Miriam Lee
Ruth Lee
Alma Lentz
Louise Masten
Aline Park
Bertha Piel
Grace Plaine
Charlotte Quill
Mabel Rice
Helen Roberts
Hilda Sasse
Doris Severs
Florence Smalley
Alvena Stephanz
Ruth Talbot
Pauline Teft
Thelma Thompson
Althea Vogt
Isabel Walters
Alyne Wegman
Constance Wegman
Marion Wells
Elsie Westfall
Alta Wertz
Ethel Wiles
Jane Wiles
Bernice Williams
Florence Williard
Helen Whitmore

As We See It

THEY'RE BACK

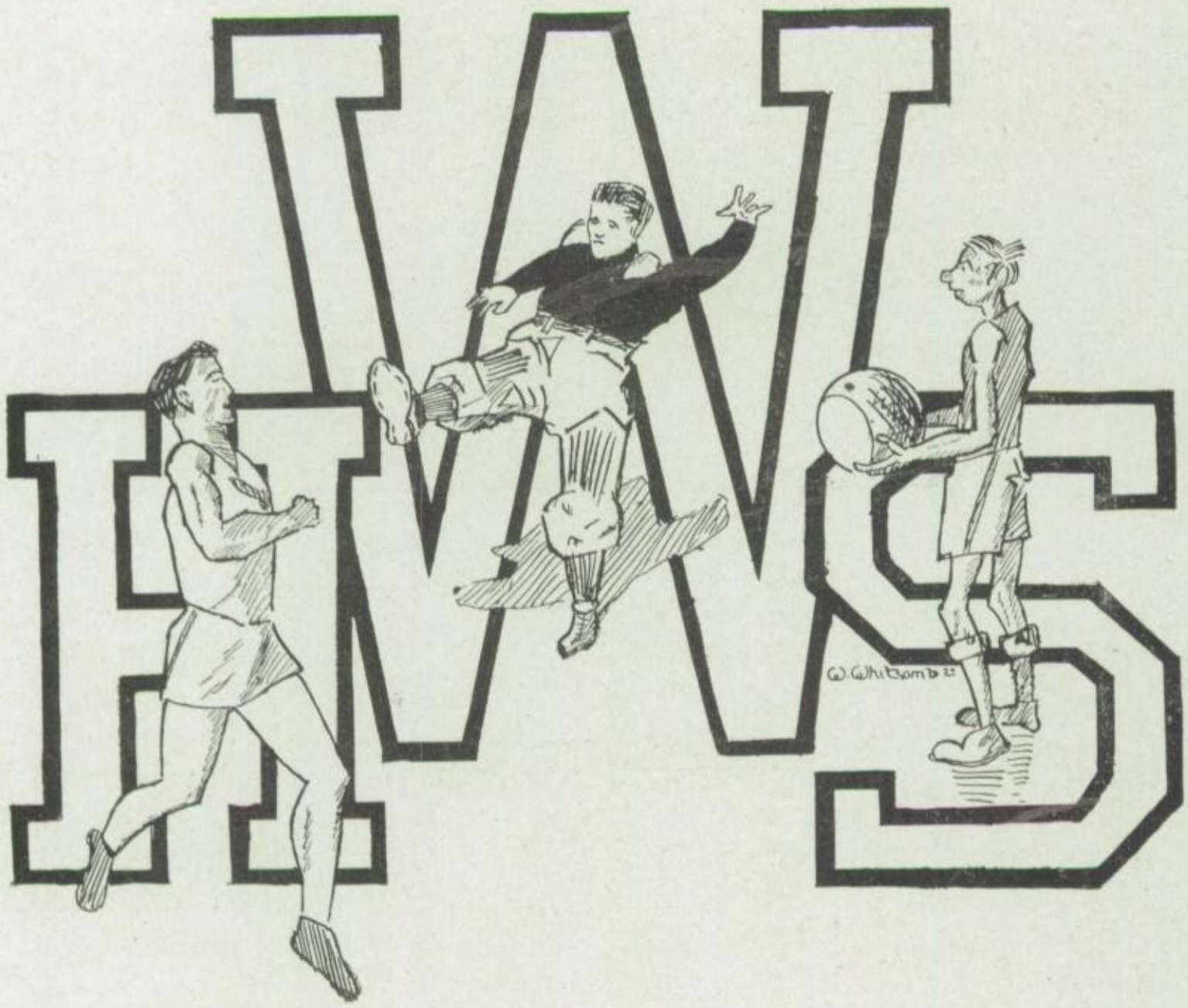
GETTING DOWN TO EARTH



IT WAS A SAD DAY FOR WAITE

CADETS!

ATHLETICS



TO make athletics successful in school, the position of faculty manager must be well filled, for he must know athletics, business, boys and a host of other things. When our 1918 season ended, we figured we had the man (namely Mr. Moohr) but due to his resigning from the faculty, the position was again open. Mr. Pollock was immediately appointed his successor and although an inexperienced man in this line, the rewards of his work show his success. When other teams were idle on Saturday, Waite was being cheered on to victory, because of the quick hand of Mr. Pollock in securing games. The other serious problems were solved with the same success. We wish to assure him that we are all back of him in this new work and hope that he shall remain in this so often vacated chair.

We are at all times ready to offer our concrete assurance that he is justly supported by all and wish him much success in his future endeavors.

Football

"Emmy" Sheets (Capt.)
"Mick" Cassidy (Capt. 1919)
"Joe" Sullivan (Alt. Capt. 1919)
"Abe" Shultz
"Bill" Young
"Bonnie" Petcoff
"Eddie" Plock
"DeVubby" DeViney
"Bill" Wilder (Alt. Capt.)
"Slats" Larson
"Cupid" Colvin
"Nop" Nopper
"Buck" Buck
"Pete" Quinlin
"Alex" Alexander
"Bobbie" Roger (Manager)

Varsity "R"

"Is" Isbell
"Slim" DeMuth
"Wormy" VanWormer

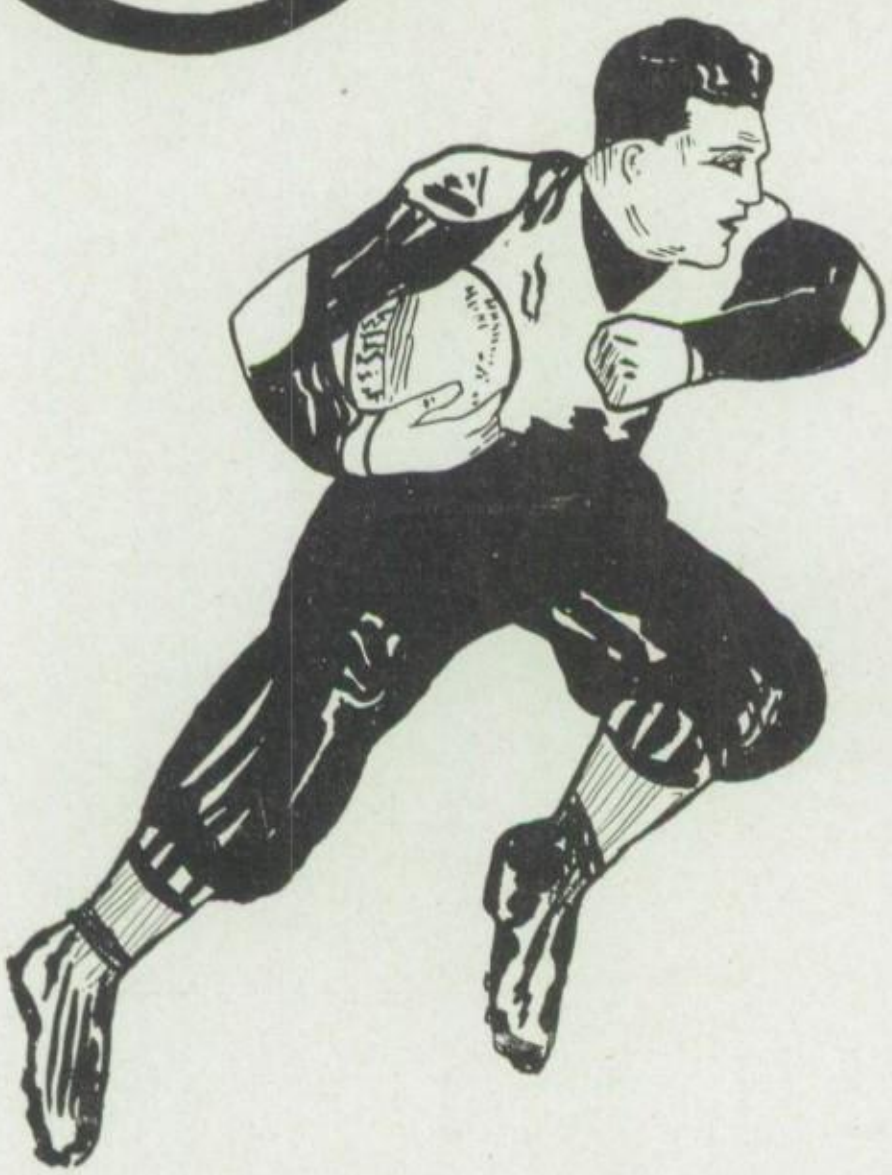
Basket-Ball

"Is" Isbell (Capt.)
"Bonnie" Petcoff
"Harold" Mills
"Nof" Nofziger
"Jack" Davies
"Art" Welsch
"Carl" Brand
"Bob" Rogers (Manager)

The Players' Ten Commandments

1. In school keep your credit good.
2. Early appearance on the field.
3. In practice think, talk and eat only football knowledge.
4. Training rules must not be overlooked.
5. Your enemies: pie, cake, dances and late hours.
6. Always something to learn.
7. This team is compounded of eleven stars. (No glittering one.)
8. During the games the spectators are all strangers to you.
9. The quarterback runs the team in the games.
10. The coach runs the team in practice.

FOOT



BALL

Catherine Boisselle '19.

THE old question had come up again, "Who was to be Waite's grid coach this year?" Would he do what no other coach had done—that of producing a successful team? These questions are very neatly answered. The former was the fortunate signing of Larry Bevan and the latter is Yes and No. "Yes" because he had a winner and "No" because we did not win from Scott. Coach Larry hails from Ohio Northern University where his work was of the very successful type. Larry, better known as "Coach" or "Bevo" is a man of unlimited ability when it comes to building a perfect football machine. This was first shown by the eagerness and pep with which he quickly jumped at what seemed to many people an unconquerable task (judging from past teams) that of producing a championship team.

Starting with a wealth of material, although their former coaching had been of no particular variety, he had to make them forget their other years of football training and make them think his way. His ironclad orders and rubs were fair and square and were obeyed to the letter. Popular with the team, but due to his many appearances at pep meetings, he has become well known to the student body.

Football Team

Management

Larry Bevan ..... Coach
Mr. Pollock ..... Faculty Manager
"Bobbie" Rogers ..... Student Body
"Emmy" Sheets ..... Captain

Line Regular

Colvin	R. End	Larson	L. Tackle
Nopper	R. Tackle	Young	L. End
Petcoff	R. Guard	Sheets (Capt.)	Quarter
Sullivan	Center	Wilder	L. Half
Alexander	L. Guard	Shultz	R. Half
		Cassidy	Full Back

Subs

Plock	Quarter	Quinlan	Guard
Shultz	Half	Isbell	End
DeViney	Half	DeMuth	Center
		VanWormer	Guard

Record and Schedule of Team of 1918

	Waite	Opponent
Bradner	114	0
Northwestern	13	7
Detroit D. U. S. High (There)	86	3
Fostoria (There)	21	0
Erie (There)	23	6
Bryan	26	7
Columbus West	38	0
Scott	7	12
Total	328	35

Lost, 1; Won, 7; Percentage, 87½%.

Capt. Sheets

"Emmy," our captain and field general, played the quarter back position. In this position, and as captain of the team, much has to be delivered in the way of generalship and headwork, which he did to the team's credit and the school's joy. He is a natural football player, for he can carry the ball as was shown in every game, in his zig-zag runs around the end, and he can pass and kick with an accuracy and form that is the best. His great enemy, injuries, which other years had hampered his success, were the least of his troubles this year, for he appeared in every game. His graduation is a great loss for Waite, but we shall not lose him entirely, for as assistant coach in 1919, his fight and pep shall still be present, and his success is assured.

Wilder

"Bill" was our alternate Captain, and as everyone knew, possessed the speed of the team. At the half back position he was a ground gainer whenever he was called upon. He could run and tackle with deadly accuracy thus saving many a score against Waite. We lose Wilder through graduation, but feel his athletic career is not at an end.

Cassidy

"Cass" the human top, who refused to be downed by his opponents, for, with a jump and spin he alluded the best of them. We all know him as the fighting Irishman for he is one of our best and hardest players. His voice of command and encouragement could often be heard above the sound of the battle, and often inspired our team to victory. As captain of our great 1919 team, he will again be heard and seen in action.

Young

"Bill" the boy who could pull down any kind of a pass, played End. No doubt the players on other teams wondered why their plays went bad around his end; it was because he could dive under any kind of interference and spill the play. We are sorry Bill leaves us, but graduation gets us all. He has secured credit both for himself and his school.

Sullivan

"Big Joe" played his old position at the pivot. His passes from center were always speedy and accurate. On the defense he played loose center and could plug any kind of a hole in the line. As Alternate Captain for 1919, we shall expect great things of Joe.

Nopper

"Nop" the boy who came from we don't know where, filled the shoes of "Sy" Young in every respect. On the scrub team last year we never heard of him. He was Sheets' find, and after a winter of coaching from "Em" he came out to make good. He was out for any position so he said, and was selected to play tackle. Coach called him the "Shoestring Boy" for his flying tackles were always at the ankles. We lose "Nop" by graduation and shall sure feel his absence.

Petcoff

"Boni" the big boy, played guard. He could bust through and hold them according to his play. He could be easily picked as the All-Ohio High School Guard. He was down on punts with a speed that surprised all. His career in Waite is not ended and his play has not reached its greatest height. We hope to see him deliver h's best next year.

Colvin

"Cupid" although not a surprise player, played a position that few expected to see him in. This was End. Larry's football eye decided this after a week's practice. He is a speed merchant, deadly tackler and hooks a ball in with great accuracy. After a punt by "Slats," Colvin was wherever the ball was caught and downed the man in his tracks. "Cupid" is with us next year and shall be a mainstay in our new machine.

Larson

"Slats" the boy with the educated toe, played on the line. The tackle position was a new one to Harry, but he filled it in fine shape. His punts were the gainers of many a yard, for he outpunted our opponents every time. "Slats" is not attending school at present, but we hope to see him in our new machine next season.

Buck

"Buck" the hard-hitting full back, showed many a line that it had weak spots in it. His best quality was in backing up the line, as our second means of defense. At this point the plungers of the first line always stopped. Arthur will be with us next Fall and we expect to see him in his old form.

Alexander

"Alex" was a new man in Waite High Athletics. His goodly size and hard work soon proved him to be the man needed to fill up the line at guard position. With three more years to play "Alex" shall be a great strength to our team.

Shultz

"Abe" was the fullback who alternated with "Buck" as was shown in the Scott-Waite game. His play proved him to be the real cog needed in the back field to round it off, but due to injuries, he could not play as often as he liked. He could plunge or run the end with the same ability for he hit hard and was fleet of foot. "Mule" as the coach called him, will show us some real gains on the grid next year.

Plock

"Eddie," second in line for most any position in the back field, was a very valuable man. At quarter he could direct the team with great skill, and at half he could run the end in fine style. Eddie's career in football has ended at Waite, for the roll of paper with the ribbon, takes him away.

Quinlin

The line, as is well known, is an easy place to receive injuries. For this reason a man equal in skill to those playing, is held in reserve. This position was held by "Pete," who, though hampered in his play, due to a bad eye, never failed to come across with the goods. "Pete" has one more year to play and it should prove his best.

Isbell

"Is," who sat on the bench most of the season, fought every minute to get in there, as he often did. He played most any position in good style, for he had speed and knew how to hand the ball. With this year's experience, Harold will be a great strength to next year's team.

DeViney

Another man, sitting on the bench waiting for his turn to get in and battle, was "De Vubby." Playing in the back field where he could hit the line hard, was his favorite position. We lose De Viney by graduation, but wish him success in future life and in athletics.

DeMuth

De Muth, the long boy, went in whenever there was a vacancy near the center of our line. He did not appear often but his work in practice helped to develop our first team. DeMuth will, no doubt, be on the first team next year and we know his work will be his best.

Van Wormer

"Wormy," another boy who helped to make the first team, had his chances in real games, but a few times. One of these was up at Detroit, where he showed the wise boys how to stiff arm, by laying out five men in a row. With another year ahead of him, we hope he holds a regular berth next year.

Games

NO season, perhaps, in the history of Waite's career in football began with such a promising outlook as that of the Fall of 1918. With twelve of the old Varsity men back and plenty of new material to fill the places of the boys that went to play for Uncle Sam, the season began. There was also Waite's new hope, Larry Bevan, with a new influence and with the motto "I will succeed."

The elements of work and fight had been quickly instilled, so when Bradner came along, the outcome of the battle could be easily seen and Bradner was glad to retire with a defeat of 114 to 0.

Due to the changing of management, the schedule of games did not have the best arrangement, for our hardest game came second. It was Northwestern of Detroit, the champs of Michigan, and whose stock ran high in that direction this year.

The Bradner game could only be called a preliminary, but it gave our boys confidence and a good workout. Before the game, Larry gave out the fact that when the battle was over the Waite team would be the new crowned champs of Michigan. The game not only proved his statement correct, but showed he knew what his boys could do. Thus busting Waite's stock sky high. Northwestern had been led to a sad delusion that they were invincible and came to Toledo harboring this viewpoint. When they came on the field the spectators' faces, which had before shown with victory, quickly changed; the shouting ceased for they looked a team and what a team it was. They surely looked invincible for they were matched in size, speed and skill. While they loosened up, Larry was putting confidence and pep in the Waite squad, and after announcing the line-up, Waite took the field amidst great cheering from the team's loyal followers. Sheets won the toss and chose to defend the west goal. Detroit kicked off to Slats, of the Waite 30 yard line and ran it back 15 yards. After "Em" tested his opponents' line and ends, with many successful plays, "Slats" fell back and punted to Detroit's 30 yard line. With a wide end run, Shield gained 5 yards, but further gains were impossible for Waite's line proved a stone wall. Detroit punted to Waite's 30 yard line where, after a series of trick plays, the ball was advanced to mid-field where the quarter ended.

The second quarter started with the ball in Waite's possession in mid-field and neither side had scored as yet. Here "Em" worked two plays to draw Detroit's ends in, then with a quickly executed pass to Wilder, he caught their ends unprepared to stop it and Wilder went to Detroit's 10 yard line. Here Detroit held and upon receiving

the ball on downs, quickly punted out of danger to mid-field. With the ball in Waite's possession, "Em" called upon a wing pass play. It was the one we all know to be our jonah, for it was intercepted by the alert Detroiters and ran for a touchdown, after which they kicked the goal. Quarter ended 7-0, Detroit.

After giving them H——, Larry brought our boys out with the idea that seven points was nothing to overcome. Larson kicked to Detroit's ten yard line, from which the latter quickly punted to Waite's 40 yard line. After many attempts to connect in overhead play, the ball went to Waite on Detroit's 30 yard line. From here Sheets hurled a pass to Wilder which resulted in a touchdown, Larson made the goal, thus tying the score. Waite again kicked off and Detroit returned the ball to Waite's 30 yard line. Here Waite recovered a fumble, Wilder slipped around the end for 15 yards and quarter ended.

With the score tied and the championship at stake, those last twelve minutes were the fiercest ever fought in the Waite Bowl. The ball seesawed back and forward in mid-field for a time, then with a smash at the center, and a dash around each end, the ball was on Detroit's 20 yard line where they held. Shield of Detroit, dropped back to kick, but the ball was blocked by Buck and rolled to Detroit's 4 yard line, where Larson covered it. From here Cassidy plunged over with what proved to be the winning score. Larson missed goal. Waite again kicked off to Detroit and the play on Detroit's 40 yard line. The final score was Waite 13, Detroit 7.

The generalship of Sheets and punts of Larson showed that Waite had a star quarter and a wonderful punter. The line outclassed that of Detroit in every way, for they worked like a well-oiled machine. The game was the best exhibition of sportsmanship ever seen in the Waite Bowl. Excitement reigned and the cry was "Bring On Anything!"

Line-up

Northwestern, 7		Waite 13
Marion	L. E.	Young
Wise	L. T.	Petcoff
A. Springstein	L. G.	Nopper
W. Springstein	C.	Sullivan
Clark	R. G.	Quinlan
Perkins	R. T.	Larson
Walters	R. E.	Colvin
Sweeney (c)	Q. B.	(c) Sheets
Chapin	L. H.	Plock
Day	R. H.	Wilder
Shields	F. B.	Cassidy

Scoring. Detroit: Touchdown, Shields. Waite: Wilder 1, Cassidy 1. Goal from touchdown, Larson.

Officials—Referee, Wearley; umpire, Remington; linesman, Berry.

Substitution: Waite, Buck for Sullivan; Detroit, Knitts for Day; Woodlock for Shields.

October 12th found us in Detroit. We were there to play D. U. S. High. The Michigan lads proved to be a very game and scrappy outfit, but what could they do with a team that ran five touchdowns from the kick-offs. One of these plays, Sheets carried the ball, and he sure showed Detroit some open field running. The ball was raced up and down the field with perfect impunity, much to the amazement of the Detroiters. Cassidy and Shultz showed Detroit some real line bucking for they repeatedly tore through the opponents for large gains.

The defense of the Waite Team showed a decided improvement. Wilder was sure "wild" for due to a sprained ankle, he was compelled to remain on the bench. The second string performers showed their cleverness and frequently caused the Varsity men to take heed.

Line-up

University, 3		Waite, 86
Finn (c)	L. E.	Young
Reilly	L. T.	Nopper
Reno	L. G.	Pitcoff
Fitzgerald	C.	Sullivan
O'Connor	R. G.	Buck
Holland	R. T.	Larson
Bowman	R. E.	Colvin
Degerdey	Q. B.	Sheets
McCarthy	L. H.	Plock
Savage	R. H.	Schultz
Murphy	F. B.	Cassidy

Scoring. Touchdowns: Waite, Sheets 5, Cassidy 3, Schultz 3, Plock 1, Colvin 1. Goals from Touchdowns: Larson 6 in 10; Sheets 2 in 3. Drop kick, McCarthy, 1. Referee Lawton. Umpire Torbit. Linesman, Grogan.

The flu ban, during the latter part of October, was playing hob with the football teams, for games were often canceled and new ones were hard to secure. Coach Bevan said "We must have a game, for practice without an occasion of fight never made a winning team." So, on October 26th, the town of Fostoria turned out to give Waite all of the fight they wanted. Down at Fostoria they housed the Ohio Champs, so when the game was over and Fostoria retired, the loser, the pugilists decided on a quick revenge. They jumped in with

swinging fists and loud voices, expecting a quick victory, but were stopped with harder blows and were rescued by the local police force.

The teams were matched pretty evenly in size, but the football knowledge of the Waite boys far surpassed that of the locals. Being scouted by both Scott and Columbus, and with Captain Sheets out, due to a sprained ankle, it was up to us to win with straight football and this we did. Waite did not count on first quarter, but in the second they went over for two touchdowns. The first was due to a recovered fumble by Waite, after which Plock circled the end and scored. The second came after the ball was run to Fostoria's 25 yard line, and a successful pass to Wilder. In the fourth session a long pass; Plock to Colvin, gave Waite its third touchdown. Larson kicked all these goals.

The playing of Nopper, Sullivan and Petcoff on the defense, was of much credit to our team, while the performance of Cassidy and Shultz must not be overlooked. Waite blocked five punts, which is a very noticeable improvement in its alertness and power on the defense.

Line-up

Fostoria 0.		Waite 21
Gorril	L. E.	Young
B. Young	L. T.	Noppy
Norris	L. G.	Petcoff
Warner	C.	Sullivan
Hartley	R. G.	Quinlivan
Bartliee	R. T.	Larson
Fox	R. E.	Colvin
Roby	Q. B.	Plock
Foster	L. H.	Cassidy
D. Young	R. H.	Schultz
Bradner	F. B.	Wilder

Touchdowns: Plock, Wilder, Colvin. Goals from Touchdowns: Larson 3. Referee, Pruden (Oberlin). Umpire, Baxter (Toledo). Headlinesman, Long (Tiffin).

For the third time in three weeks Waite returned home from a foreign gridiron, with their opponents' scalps hanging to their belts. November 2nd certainly was a sad day for the Erie boys, for it brought about the first defeat that the Western Pennsylvania Champs had experienced for many a season. The Erie field which was spotted here and there with mud puddles, was very slow and made rapid progress impossible.

The game opened up with Larson making a onsida kick, which was scooped up by Captain Sheets and carried far into the opponents' territory. A line plunge by Cassidy which netted 10 yards, was fol-

lowed by a pass, Sheets to Wilder, the latter crossing the goal line for the first tally. Larson missed goal. The superior strength of Waite was obvious and the ball was seen in the Waite Team's position most of the time. Again in the first quarter Waite worked the ball up the field to Erie's 15 yard line, and Wilder took the ball over the goal on an end run, for the second score. Larson added one point. The second quarter, after series of line bucks and end runs, the ball was Waite's, in Erie's immediate danger zone, and it was from this position that a pass, Sheets to Cassidy, resulted in the third touchdown for Toledo. Slats again was unsuccessful at goal.

An injured ankle caused Sheets to retire to the side line in the early part of the second half, Plock being substituted. The only points Waite secured in the second half came in the last few moments of the third quarter when Sullivan and O'Dea on two different occasions, were tackled with the ball behind their own goal line for safeties.

With five minutes left to play, and the pigskin in Erie's position, on Waite's 30 yard line, McMahon, the 500 lb. Pennsylvania Tackle, was called back and was used to hit the Waite line, for five successful plunges which resulted in a touchdown. Sullivan missed goal. Further efforts were futile, and the ball stayed in mid-field through the remainder of the contest. The splendid performance of Nopper at tackle was very outstanding, and the harmony of the team in general was superior to that of the Erie Boys. Captain Devine, Sullivan and McMahon were the glittering ones for Pennsy.

Line-up

Erie		Waite
Fries	L .E.	Young
Schoenfield	L. T.	Larson
Hamilton	L. G.	Buck
Waite	C.	Sullivan
Morgan	R. G.	Petcoff
McMahon	R. T.	Nopper
Wright	R. E.	Colvin
Sullivan	Q. B.	Sheets
O'Dea	R. H.	Wilder
Devine	L. H.	Shultz
Shaner	F. B.	Cassidy

Substitutions: Waite, Plock for Sheets. Erie: Smith for Morgan, Morgan for Hamilton. Touchdowns: Waite, Wilder 2; Cassidy 1. Erie: McMahon 1. Goals from touchdown, Waite, Larson 1. Referee, Edgworth, U. of Ill. Umpire Lehman, Cleveland. Time of periods, 12 minutes.

At last we were to perform in the bowl again. Although the

bowl contained some of the water (soup) that could not be scooped up in tin cans (spoons), Bryan put up a fine scrap and gave Waite a scare. It happened this way: Larry started a Pony backfield against what was thought to be an easy eleven to conquer. Often times under-estimated man-power and real football ability on the part of an opponent have led perfectly good football teams, championship ones, if we might term them as such, to total ruin.

At the end of the first quarter one might have thought, Waite was going to experience this very same sad fate, for the score stood 7 to 0 in Bryan's favor. Much of the excitement was due to Bryan's little plunging half-back, Graves. To have seen him slip from the grasp of one player after another, you would have said he was greased, for the whole Waite defense could not stop him. He had scored Bryan's first and last touchdown.

The first team boys on the bench could not hold their anxiety any longer and when the coach gave them permission to go upon the field, the cheering can never be equaled. With Sheets, Shultz, Cassidy and Wilder in their old positions, the spirit of victory was again established, and from then on the ball moved more often in the direction of Bryan's goal. Five minutes after taking the field, Sheets took the six point line, followed closely by Wilder. This ended the first half, the score being 7 to 13 in Waite's favor. In the third frame Sheets again crossed the coveted goal line for the third tally. Larson in the fourth quarter, also added six points by recovering a fumbled ball over the goal line. Graves was Bryan's only hope and it was he who made most of Bryan's gains. The same Waite fighters were there again as are always present when it comes to breaking up an opponent's chances for victory, and all the boys performed exceptionally well.

Line-up

Bryan		Waite
Jones	R. E.	Quinlan
VanWormer	R. T.	Colvin
Ryan	R. G.	Petcoff
Curtis	C.	Sullivan
Williams	L. G.	Alexander
Johnson	L. T.	Larson
Ickes	L. E.	Nopper
Shafer	Q. B.	Plock
Graves	L. H.	DeViney
Wetzell	R. H.	Isbell
Buns	F. B.	Buck

Substitutions — Waite: Sheets for Plock, Cassidy for Buck, Schultz for DeViney, Wilder for Isbell, DeMuth for Quinlan, Plock

for Shultz. Touchdowns: Bryan, Graves. Waite, Sheets 2, Wilder 1, Larson 1. Goals from touchdowns: Bryan, Buns. Waite, Larson 2. Referee, Wearley. Umpire Mason. Headlinesman, Berry. Time of quarters, 12 minutes.

Doing all its coach promised it would do, even to using the famous Georgia Teck Shift and the Carlisle Indian lateral pass, Waite swamped West High of Columbus in the Waite bowl, Saturday afternoon, November 16th. The score, 38 to 0, did not show the extent to which the East Siders outclassed the champions from Columbus and Southern Ohio. Waite won the toss and chose to receive. Kurtzhalz kicked to Sheets, who, catching the ball, ran through a zig-zag course behind good interference for the first touchdown. It was a wonderful play and swept the Columbus boys off their feet. The determined manner in which Waite scored the second touchdown showed plainly that West was playing out of its class. Wilder made the second touchdown on a delayed double pass. In the second half the rain made the ball difficult to handle. Waite used the jump-shift play only once, but it was enough for the West High boys, it being good for fifty yards. The Lateral-Pass play which was executed only once, went for a touchdown in the last minute of play. The ball coming from Joe to Cassidy, who laterally passed it to Sheets, who in turn forward-passed it to Young, the latter running an open field for the final touchdown. On one occasion West obtained the ball on Waite's five yard line, but encountered a stone wall when they attempted to cross the goal line. The Waite line showed up most prominently, playing a big league game all the way through. The back field, as usual, was tip-top, with each member of the quartet contributing to the score.

Line-up

Columbus West		Waite
Palmer	L. E.	Young
Lindsay	L. T.	Larson
Beck	L. G.	Alexander
Kellar	C.	Sullivan
Mack	R. G.	Petcoff
Van Meter (c)	R. T.	Nopper
Varner	R. E.	Colvin
Gray	Q. B.	(c) Sheets
Wheeler	L. H.	Cassidy
Miller	R. H.	Wilder
Kurtzhalz	F. B.	Buck

Substitutions—West: Jackson for Mack; Crouse for Kurtzhalz. Touchdowns—Cassidy 2, Sheets 1, Wilder 1, Buck 1, Young 1. Goals from touchdowns, Larson 2. Referee, Walter Wright. Umpire, Wearley. Headlinesman, Baxter. Time of quarters, 12 minutes.

Waite-Scott Game

Let us start with the weather outlook on Wednesday evening. Mr. Weatherman said "fair weather" and all indications pointed to the same, but those that were up as early as six o'clock Thursday morning, doubted the above statement. At this time a slight drizzle started, which increased to pouring torrents and continued until an hour before game time.

The Waite boys gathered in the gym and as feeling ran high, there was little said except an occasional "Lots of pep, boys" or "We cannot play in this," but little was said as to the score or that victory was a certainty. The coach was not in favor of playing, for his winning plays proved to be those that required speed and for speedy plays to be successful, the ground must not be in a molten condition. Mr. Gayman made the statement that the game could not be postponed due to weather conditions, so we prepared to play. The boys' ankles were rapped with great care by the coach and, according to the boys, he sure fixed them fine, for not a bad ankle did we have all season. When all were dressed and the final words of encouragement, pep and hope were given, they jumped in waiting cars which quickly took them to the field. Upon appearing on the field, the cheers of the loyal students far surpassed that of other years, for was not this Thanksgiving Day to bring forth the joyous realities which were so looked forward to as the realities of a turning tide. After a cheer for each of the glorious heroes, the cheering ceased a little and the eyes of the mass were looking upon a snappy signal drill. The numbers called by Sheets as he directed the plays were distinct and clear. After a few plays, the mud clinging to their shoes, found the men off the field, so that it could be removed before the whistle blew. Scott came on the field and was also heartily cheered. Larson and Sheets punted the ball a few times and each kick was cheered and cheered for they were long and high.

Wright comes upon the field, then calling the officials and captains together, they toss the coin. Rah! Sheets has won and chooses to receive with the Purple and Gold defending the east goal. The teams line up and the "fight, fight, fight" is the greeting the Waite players give each other. Andrews is to kick. The whistle sounds and the battle is on. The kick is poor and goes to Sheets on Waite's 40 yard line. Sheets has not time to gain. The ball is put in play with Scott on the defense. "Em" tries their line with Shultz acting as the battering ram. He gains 5 yards. The second down, 5 to go. Cassidy gains 3 yards. The third down. Kick, formation, Larson back 40-3-7-10: zip! the ball snaps back and Sheets is running through an open field with but one Scott to pass. We have visions of a touchdown, but "Em" is dropped on the Scott 10 yard line. Some run eh, boys? With 10 yards to go for the first touchdown in four years against

Scott, Wilder is given the ball and on a pretty run goes to Scott's 3 yard line. Cassidy gains 2 yards. With their backs to the wall, Scott had decided it can't be done, but listen, did you hear the signal, Tank formation, Cass back; zip! the ball is over and Waite has started. Larson is next called upon to score. With the ball wet and a muddy foot and at a difficult angle, few thought it possible, but straight as an arrow the ball goes over the bar for an additional point. The score is 7-0 with the game 5 minutes under way.

The teams line up and Scott has chosen to receive. Larson again shows us a real kick for the ball goes to the 5 yard line and is caught by Scotter who is downed on 15 yard line. Scott cannot gain and Benny kicks to Wilder on the 50 yard line. With the ball in our possession, we prepared to score again. Wilder slips running the end. No gain. With a quickly executed pass, Sheets to Wilder and a beautiful run, Wilder scores the second touchdown. The crowd has gone crazy. What? No good? Yes, no good. Hamilton the umpire so declares it, for, says he, "Bill Young was holding Scott's little quarter back" (?) Yes, the crowd sure did go mad. The ball is brought back to the 35 yard line, then a 15 yard penalty is inflicted, putting the ball in midfield. Waite still has ball and once again starts for the Scott goal. The first and second tries showed no gain, but the third found "Abe" Shultz had advanced 6 yards. The fourth down no gain. Ball goes to Scott. On first try, Scott is penalized 15 yards after which Benny kicks to Waite's 30 yard line. On the first down Cassidy gains 3 yards. Waite is caught off side and receives 5 yard penalty. The next play, Sheets' attemped pass is intercepted by Scott, but Waite's line is made of stone and Scott kicks on fourth down to Waite 35 yard line. Wilder cannot gain on end run. Sheets makes 6 yard through Scott line. Cassidy no gain. Larson kicks to 15 yard line. Scott again fails to gain, kicks to Waite 35 yard line.

Up to this time the breaks of the game could be called equal, but from now on the hard luck stuff goes to Waite and the other, good luck, to Scott.

On first play called by Sheets the signals were misunderstood. The play was to be a line buck, so Sullivan's pass had a little smoke on it and when it was missed by the Waite backs, was bounding down the field, closely followed by the Scott end Rob, who scooped it up and ran for a touchdown. Benny missed goal. Score 7 to 6. Earned touchdowns Waite, 1; Scott, 0. Here started a 35 yard penalty for Waite which was inflicted later. Buck was substituted for "Abe" Shultz. Scott kicks to Waite 35 yard line. Waite gains 7 yards in three downs. Larson kicks to Benny who returns 3 yards. Here quarter ends. Score 7 to 6 Waite.

Shultz returns to his place, Buck going out. Scott receives. Benny gains four yards. Scott is thus penalized 10 yards. Benny kicks to 40 yard line. Wilder returns it 5 yards. On end run Waite loses 3 yards. Cassidy gains 5 yards through line. Larson kicks over goal. The ball is brought out to 20 yard line and given to Scott, but they lose and Benny kicks. Another break. Waite played, unable to hold slippery ball and Scott recovers. Benny tries over head play and is successful third time, but Nopper prevents a gain. Scott kicks to Sheets who returns 5 yards. Cassidy makes 7, Shultz 2. Scott is penalized 5 yards. First down for Waite. Cassidy gains 4. Buck goes in for Shultz second time. Waite kicks to Scott, but they cannot gain and kick to Sheets who again shows us a pretty run to Scott 45 yard line. Cassidy gains 10 yards on a smashing buck. Wilder loses on end run. Larson kicks to Scott 10 yard line where half ends. Score 7 to 6 Waite.

The rest period between halfs was to talk over the game. Helping hands clean the mud from the players feet and uniforms. Coach Bevan pointed out the weak spots of both teams, told what plays could best be used and with a final world of pep and confidence, the boys again took the field.

Scott receives and makes first down on a series of line smashing bucks. At this point Quinlan goes in for Alex. Scott fumbles on the next play and Waite recovers. Cassidy rips 'em open for 10 yards. Sheets follows with 5. Cassidy gains 5 more. Cassidy and Shultz together make 10 yards. Here Waite is stopped and Larson is forced to kick. Scott then started what later proved to be the winning score. (With the help of severe penalties inflicted on Waite.) After making first down twice the game was stopped to substitute Shultz for Buck but due to the fact stated in Umpire Hamilton's little book, that a player substituted the third time is ineligible, Shultz could not enter. Buck was put out and 35 yards were given to Scott as a helper in the securing of the needed tally. Plock was appointed to Buck's place and the play was resumed. This was perfectly legitimate, but nevertheless this act pricked deeply into the spirit of the Waite boys. This put the ball on Waite's 35 yard line and for the first time in the contest, Scott showed to a better advantage. For the hammer-like blows struck in quick succession at the left side of Waite's line, Scott's advance could not be stopped until Waite's 10 yard line was reached. The next act on the part of Umpire Hamilton seemed most fitting for the occasion. Scott had made 8 yards of this 10 on three downs and had 2 yards to go, which seemed impossible, for the Waite team had found itself and was fighting like demons. But on this last down, Scott was caught off-side and was penalized 5 yards, thus placing them on Waite's 7 yard line with only one try left to make a touchdown.

This put the Waite team on edge and things began to look brighter, but no luck. The umpire on the next play called off-side on Waite and returned the ball to Waite's 2 yard line, thus giving Scott first down at this point. The remainder was easy and Swartzbaugh took the ball over. Moses again fails to kick goal.

Waite received, but failing to gain, Larson kicked to Scott 20 yard line. Here Scott was held and forced to kick. Waite attempted to make first down, again failed and Larson kicked. This ended the third quarter.

The last period found both teams doing their utmost to register a tally, but nothing of this sort was realized. Waite tried everything from a fake kick to a forward pass, the latter being resorted to with noticeable frequency the last few minutes of play, but were of no avail. Cassidy was Waite's big ground gainer, when a few yards were needed through the line. He was consistent throughout in his good playing and exhibited a splendid fighting spirit. Captain Sheets and Alternate Captain Wilder made a great many yards on long runs and were dangerous men on the defense. The line held many stars too worthy of mention to be overlooked and boys who will be back next year to turn the pages of Waite's football history from the negative to the more joyful affirmative side of the question. "Was Waite victorious?" We are all positive that the time will soon come when the tables will be turned for Waite and we are all hoping that next Thanksgiving Day will be the joyous commencement of that long wished for time.

Line-up

Scott		Waite
Wechtel	L. E.	Young
Andrews	L. T.	Larson
Mealand	L. G.	Alexander
Snyder	C.	Sullivan
Coombs	R. G.	Petcoff
Faber	R. T.	Nopper
Myers	R. E.	Colvin
Moses	Q. B.	(c) Sheets
Matlin	L. H.	Cassidy
Swartzbaugh	R. H.	Wilder
Skinner (c)	F. B.	Schultz

Touchdowns—Scott: Swartzbaugh, Robb. Waite, Cassidy. Goals from touchdowns—Waite: Larson, 1. Referee, Walter Wright; Umpire, Don Hamilton, Notre Dame. Head Linesman, Earl Prugh, Ohio Wesleyan. Time of periods, 15 minutes. Substitutions—Scott Robb for Meyers, Meyers for Mathias. Waite: Buck for Schultz, Schultz for Buck, Buck for Schultz, Plock for Buck, Quinlan for Alexander.

"Safety First"

Our Reserve Squad

THE Reserve Football Squad receives very little credit for their work, but they should receive praise for the fact that they harden and help to make the clock-like mechanism of our First Team. They are the reinforcement and will help to make the stone wall of our 1920 team, which we hope will be the best in the country. Having practically no coaching, except for the bumps and knocks they received from the "Varsity." The team gave Genoa a trouncing of 26—0 score, playing on our gridiron. The "kids" played well and the ball was in Waite's possession most of the time. Waite's first score was made by Benson, when Genoa fumbled from a punt formation back of Waite's goal and he fell on the ball. In the second quarter Hartman carried the ball over for another six points. Captain Mills kicked goal. The half ending with a 13—0 score. Several passes were tried in the game and in the third quarter a forward pass being made, Davies increased the score to 19—0. The ball went back and forth on the field and no scoring was made until near the end of the game when Mills made a touchdown on a line buck through center and then kicked a goal which made the final score 26—0 in our favor. Austin showed up good in his kicks from the T. Trautwein, Otten, Stitt and Whipple deserve credit in holding Genoa to a low score. Then the team had no games for about a month, when they traveled to Genoa, being beaten by a 13—9 score. Genoa thought they were playing Soccer for they had an English soccer player for a referee. Mills put two drop-kicks through the goal posts, but they only counted one of them. The team outplayed Genoa in their field play. Substitutes were made which showed up well, being McInnis, Downing, Campbell and Cooper, who showed up good for "green men," being the first year they played.

The Reserves, although being called "scrubs," deserve a great deal of credit because they were faithful to the "Varsity" until the last. It is pretty hard to be a "bench warmer" all season, but they showed fine Waite spirit. The team was "fleet of foot" and they held the Varsity to a scoreless battle many nights at practice. Those worthy of mention for their work in behalf of the Varsity and Reserve football teams, are the following who are wearers of the "R."

H. Mills, Capt.	Q. B.—'20	M. McInnis	H. B.—'20
K. Austin	F. B.—'21	Harry Cooper	E.—'20
Trautwein	E.—'20	Cyril Culp	C.—'20
C. Bensen	T.—'20	F. Stephanz	H. B.—'20
C. Whipple	H. B.—'20	Carl Burndt	G.—'21
L. Downing	T.—'21	Stuart Campbell	G.—'20
M. Joseph	G.—'21	F. Hartmann	T.—'20
	Jack Davies	E.—'20	

W
Basketball
Milberne

Harold J. Isbell

CAPTAIN ISBELL

Isbell, our captain, although a new man on the varsity and with little traveling in fast company, proved to be very successful as a leader. "Is" played guard and the fact that his position did not call for many baskets, was not enough to keep him from scoring a goodly number of points. The continual pep talk during the game kept the players doing every minute. With this year's experience "Is" will be one of Waite's best in 1920.

COACH MONETTA

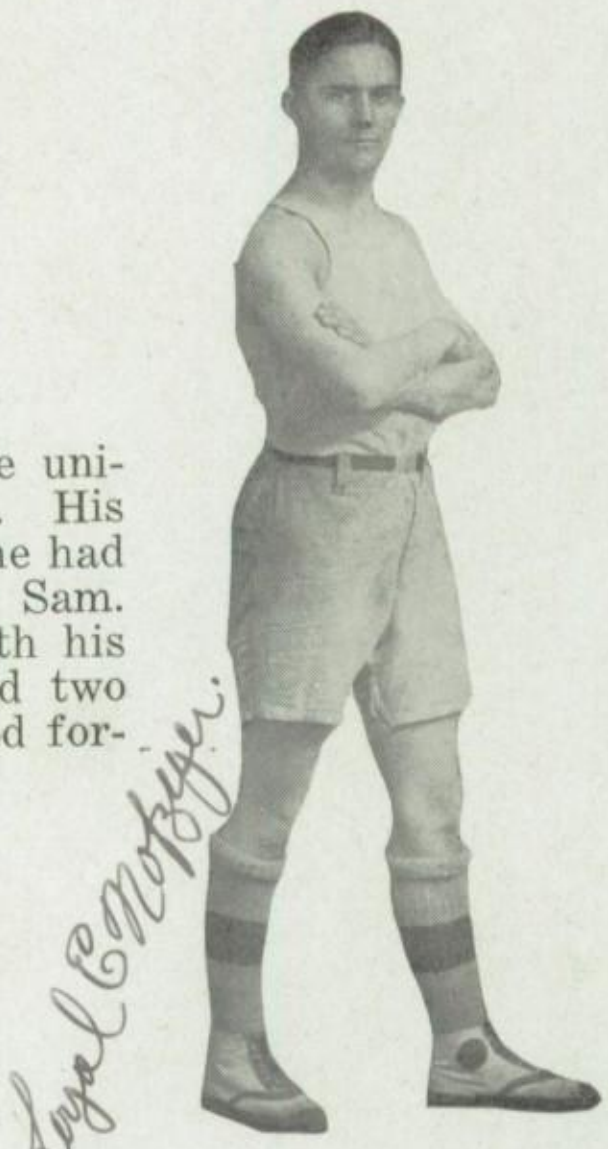
Coach Monetta better known as "Sam" was secured to fill the vacancy left by the resigning of Larry Bevan. The job before Sam was a big one. He was called upon to produce a team out of material poor in quantity, but not quality, that would satisfy the demands of the student body. The success of his work is well known and appreciated by the school. We wish to thank Sam for his wonderful work and hope him success in future coaching.

MILLS

Harold Mills was the little forward, but big factor of Waite's scoring machine. This is Mills' first year on the varsity and we know with another year to play, the management might as well purchase an adding machine, for they will sure need it.

NOFZIGER

"Nof," another new man in the Waite uniform, played the other forward position. His size did not keep him from fighting, for he had to show this to make a position under Sam. He was a fine shot and teamed well with his mates. With this year's experience and two years before him, Waite is sure of a good forward in the line-up.



BURNDTE

"Kelly" played the center position. He was small, but his legs possessed springs which enabled him to get the tip-off from the best of them. He was a sure shot and could follow the ball with surprising speed. Next year we shall see him again, for he is still in the green mist of the upper floor.

PETCOFF

"Boni" possessed the beef of the team and played at the guard position. Under the basket he proved the stopping place of many an opponent's play. The speed he showed here surprised the fans. Then, too, he tossed the fouls in and out of the basket. (Mostly in). Boni is with us again next year and will again be a mainstay in the defense.

BRAND

Carl could play either forward or center with the same ability. He appeared in nearly all the games. His floor work and shots were very good and helped in many a victory. This was Carl's first year on the varsity. He will not be with us next year.

WELSH

"Art" played either guard or forward. He was always full of pep and instilled this in the team. His slight build and speed made him a hard man to hold. Sickness in the middle of the season kept him out, but when he got back with hard work he again made the varsity. "Art" is with us next year and we know he will produce.

BAY

"Hub" played guard. Although he did not get in many games, his work in practice was of the best. The only reason he did not appear was that "Boni" and "Is" were not out of many games. Bay is large and with this year as a start, we hope to see him in the game often next year.

McINNIS

"Red" was another guard who did not appear often. The spirit and fight he showed in practise easily shows he will be a good man next year. We hope to see him in a varsity uniform in 1920.

DAVIES

Jack played the forward position. Although he did not start many games, he was in at many a finish fighting and showing the first five to keep their places they must work. His size held him back, but his dead shots took the fight from many opponents. Jack is with us again next year and will hold down a regular position.

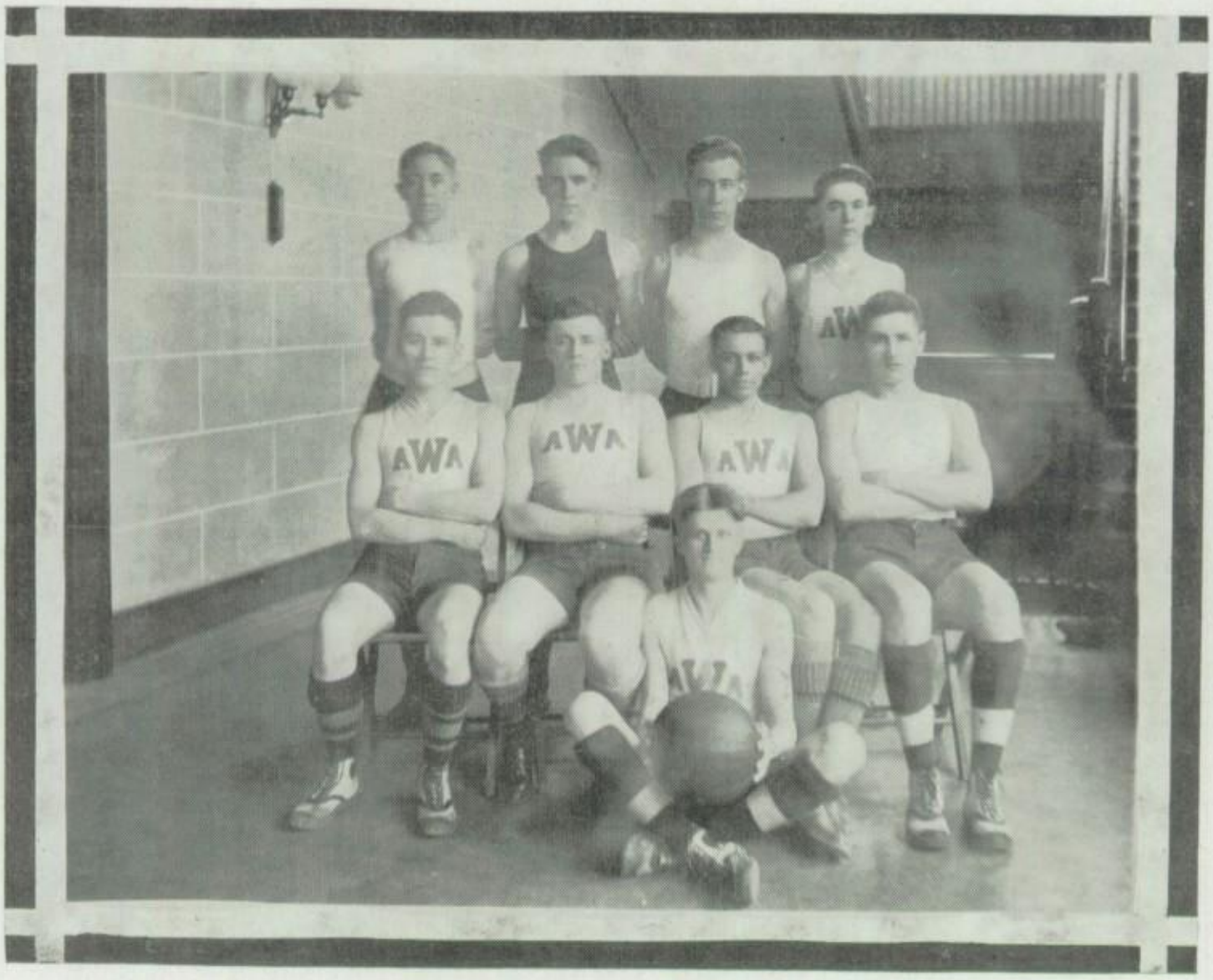
Games

Date	Waite	Opponents	Played
January 17	31	Alumni (41)	Here
January 25	0	Lima (2)	There
January 31	24	Woodward (29)	Here
February 7	40	Leipsic (19)	Here
February 8	10	Detroit Central (18)	There
Febru'ry 14	19	Scott (30)	Here
Febru'ry 21	35	Findlay (23)	Here
March 1	28	Detroit Central (13)	Here
March 7	27	Ann Arbor (28)	Here
March 14	18	Scott (39)	There
March 21	33	Tiffin (23)	Here

BOB ROGERS

"Bob" our football manager, was also chosen to fill this position in basketball. He looked after the men's needs and kept the equipment in fine shape. As Mr. Pollock's right hand man, he was a great help. To him much of our athletic success is due. "Bob" leaves us due to graduation, but we hope to hear of his successful managing in future work.

The Second Team



The record of the 1919 Reserve Squad did not prove to be as good as other years, but their work was faithful and very good. They fought hard in practice and never were discouraged at defeat. "Chuck" Smith was appointed their captain at the opening of the season, with players Cooper, Ulrick, Campbell, Milbourne, Othen, Goldstein, Culps, Brown and Roberts to complete the outfit.

The opening game was lost and was followed by a series of defeats. The most stinging by Scott Reserves by the score of 39 to 0. Their season is still in progress and perhaps they will win a game before long.

The seconds were champs,
  Alone in their class.
But to win a game
  Was a thing of the past.

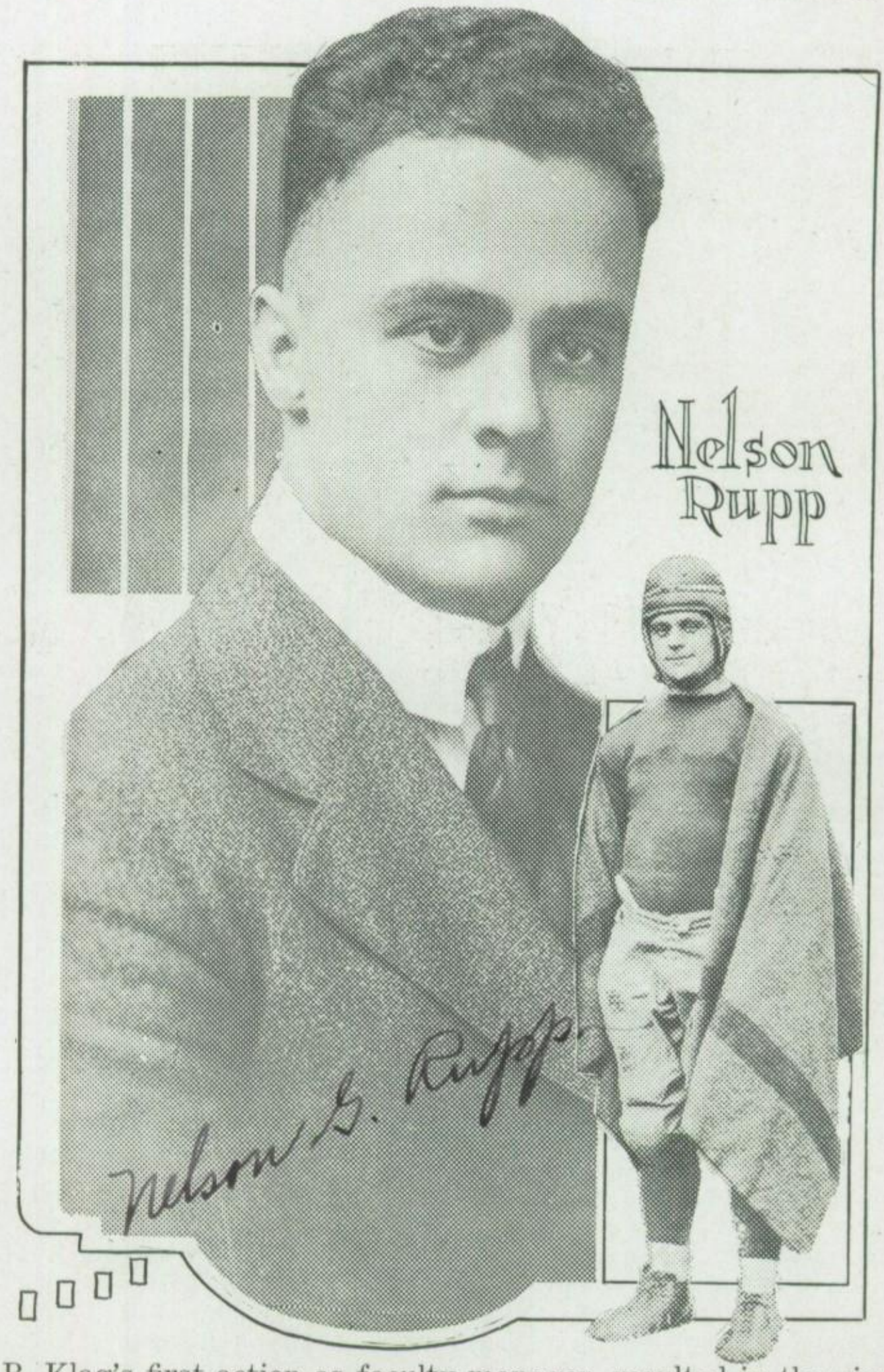
They played with a ball,
  Bad unies and all;
The basket to them was
  But a mark on the wall.

—Bob Rogers.

WHEN Mr. Gayman tendered his resignation as principal of Waite High School, various changes in the important offices of this school followed, as a matter of consequence. Mr. Pollock, much to the satisfaction and joy of the student body, as well as to all concerned, was immediately appointed as Mr. Gayman's successor, thus vacating the faculty manager's chair, which he had held so successfully for nearly a year.

Mr. Pollock's good judgment—yes, his foresight of success, was responsible for his appointing Mr. Fred Klag, physics instructor, as the new faculty manager of our school. His splendid selection has, oft and again, met with the greatest of satisfaction on the part of all, and it is to him that we owe many thanks for the wise choice that he has made.

Our new manager's previous experience as athletic supervisor offers many promises for his coming success. Mr. Klag was the first faculty manager of Waite High School, and it was the year following the birth of Waite, while he was in office, that Scott so meekly succumbed to defeat at the hands of our boys in every sport except track. We, one and all, are satisfied that he will attain that one great achievement—success—and we are ever ready to co-operate, to help him gain that end. As a manager, he is unsurpassed; as a speaker, he is eloquent; as a friend to boys, he is their "champion," and above all, he is first for right and last for wrong—in fewer words, he is a leader of men.



MR. Klag's first action as faculty manager, resulted in the signing of "Nocky" Rupp, as coach of athletics at Waite. Our close relation with this Port Clinton boy assures us that there are wonderful possibilities in store for him and his charges. "Nocky" attended Doane Academy (1908-13); football there for 4 years; captain of team that licked Old Central High in 1911, 5—0; 100 yard dash, 10 sec.; 220 yard dash, 22 3-5 sec.; basketball team, guard; baseball catcher. Denison U. (1913-17); all-Ohio halfback, ('14-'15-'16). Camp Sherman, physical director; the picture above was taken while he was star half on the Camp eleven; baseball coach. France, manager and coach of 83rd Division baseball team.

IN general, we hardly realize the work which is being carried on in the Girls' Gym. They certainly appreciate the great opportunities which that wonderful place affords, and make good use of them. They are under the very best of instructors since Miss Armbruster and Miss Lecklider are in charge of the work. They spend two days a week there, Wednesday and Friday, and the Freshmen and Sophomores come to a class for one hour each of those days. On Wednesday afternoons there is an advanced gym class, which consists of Juniors and Seniors. They have Indian Club Drills, marching, and different kinds of dancing, after which the girls played basketball until the season was over. This year the gym was opened to all the girls of the school on Friday afternoons for about one-half hour for dancing, after which the girls enjoyed rope climbing, apparatus work, and different games and contests. They are grateful to the Athletic Association for their help, furnishing balls, etc.

One of the main events always in the year, is the Annual Gymnasium Exhibition, which was held this year, Wednesday evening, May 28. This year they had an especially good program. The regular gym classes gave wand drills, dumb bell drills and dances, and the advanced class showed skill in handling Indian clubs and in marching, and their dancing was exceptionally well done. It was at this event that the basketball girls received their W.'s. This is the first time they were ever given letters, but we hope it will not be the last, and that they will receive both letters and sweaters next year.

It still remains in the future for the girls and boys to give an exhibition, together, perhaps, in the Waite bowl, but we must admit that the boys will have to work up a bit before that can be done.

Catherine McClure, our speedy little forward, has certainly lived up to the standards of a Waite Captain. Due to the clever star's "nack of being there" the good fortune of the team has been a common thing. Catherine graduates this year, much to our loss, but we wish her as well as her team-mates, all the possible success for the future.

Esther Gerber certainly deserves much credit for the hard work which she has done this year. She was a fine forward, playing an especially good floor game. She was strong and always able to "get around" her guard. Esther is the only girl on the team who will be out next year, since the others are all seniors.

Our center, Mary Sloan, was hardly ever outjumped in a single game. She was always quick and on the job every minute. As Manager, we could never have found a better one in the school. Mary's basketball career was surely successful, and we are sorry to say is now ended at Waite, as she is a senior this year.

Helen Whitmore was one of those strong barriers which served to keep the ball constantly at one end of the floor and seldom did it get past the center toward the opposing team's basket while she was in the middle square. Helen has starred for two years in the position of side center, and the team next year will suffer a great loss since she is graduating.

In our heavy guard, Elma Lentz, who might be termed as a stone wall, since she served in that capacity on the basketball floor, we have found a world of talent. She performs her duties to perfection in guarding which we all know is a difficult job, and we feel mighty sorry to lose her by graduation this year.

Beulah Lee surely knew how to guard. She did not have the strength, perhaps, that some of the other girls had, but she was quick and stuck to her guard like glue. We are sorry to say that Beulah will not be back next year, since she will be lost by graduation.

...Basket-Ball...

This year has composed one of the best girls' basketball teams that Waite High School has ever had. A good choice of players began the good work and the astonishing speed of the girls kept this work up. They have always been encouraged by rooters and many others who have given their full support.

It was not only their good clean playing that won them fame, but the spirit which they had was nothing short of wonderful. They certainly have the credit for putting Girls' athletics on a good foundation and starting them to boom, and it is expected that next year the girls with the co-operation of the rest of the school, will keep up the good work and meet with much better success than the team of '19.

Of course, the secret of the good results of the team's work lies with the skillful Coach, Miss Lecklider. She spent many hours of real labor, although they were pleasurable, in teaching the girls the fine points of the game. It is remarkable what love exists between the girls and their most capable leaders, Miss Armbruster and Miss Lecklider.

This year the girls had a very competent Faculty Manager, Miss Lok, whose work they greatly appreciated, and who found great pleasure in going to the games.

The second team certainly did fine work this year, winning most of their games. Jane Wiles, the captain, showed up especially well, and will, no doubt, be on the first team next year, and Elsie Westfall was the chief point-getter.

A step toward better things has been taken this year, since, we are glad to say, the girls received letters in appreciation for the work they have done.

The following is the line-up of both the first and second teams, and those of the first team are the ones who received W's.

Line-Up

First Team		Second Team
Catherine McClure (Capt.)	R. F.	Elsie Westfall
Esther Gerber	L. F.	Susie Shick
Mary Sloan (Manager)	C.	Helen Bennett
Helen Whitmore	S. C.	Jane Wiles (Capt.)
Elma Lentz	R. G.	Esther Fritz
Beulah Lee	L. G.	Charlotte Quill
Grace Plain (Sub.)	G.	

Waite vs. KuPhis

For the first game of the season the girls tackled a pretty hard proposition, for to come up against the KuPhi team of the Y. W. C. A. is to play for city honors, since they have, no doubt, the best girls' team in Toledo. Although they lost by a score of 16 to 10, nevertheless they made a splendid showing, and it could plainly be seen that they would develop into a first class team.

Waite vs. Y. W. C. A. Second Team

Having lost to the Y. W. first team, the Waite girls entered the floor on February 15th, to show them that they could at least beat their reserves, which they succeeded in doing after a hard fight, the final score being 8 to 5.

Waite vs. Cathedral High

On March 14, the team from Cathedral came over and the Waite girls had little idea of what kind of a team they had. But it was not long before they found out. The Waite Six certainly outdid themselves that day, scoring 21 points while the opponents made 2. There was quite a large crowd to see the game and this was greatly appreciated by the girls.

Waite vs. Scott

Great was the joy thereof when Scott, on March 5, came over to Waite only to be defeated by a 12 to 3 score. During the first half the spectators became very anxious as the score at the end was only 3 to 2 in favor of Scott. But in the second half the girls showed what was in them and chiefly due to McClure, the score ran up to 12, while Scott made no points.

Waite vs. Cathedral

The return game with Cathedral was considerably more difficult than the first one, since Waite was not accustomed to their small, slippery floor. But the Waite stars did not allow themselves to get behind once during the game, and ended up one point ahead, 9 to 8 being the score.

Waite vs. Y. W. C. A.

On March 27, the Y seconds were determined to seek revenge for the defeat handed them some weeks before, but the Waiteites were just as determined not to receive it. The contest was hard, but the Purple and Gold Girls proved too much for them, defeating them 11 to 9. Elma Lentz showed great skill in this game, in "getting around" that famous forward, Bert Bishop.

Waite vs. Scott

Confident of a sure win, the Waite girls went over to Scott April 10. At the end of the first half, Waite was ahead, but Scott "boomed up" in the second, and when the final whistle blew, the Waite girlies found themselves one point behind, having only 9 points to Scott's 10. Of course this necessitated another game, since both schools had now won one game. Therefore a third game was played at the Y. W. C. A. April 10, before a large crowd of spectators (mostly from Waite). The spirit shown by the Waite boys, girls, and teachers will never be forgotten, and special appreciation must be given to the principal, the faculty manager and cheer leaders.

The game was fast and interesting, owing to the close score; at the end of the first half, it was 5 to 5. Whitmore and Sloan certainly showed wonderful playing in this game. In fact the whole team far outclassed that of Scott. Although the score at the end was 15 to 13 in Scott's favor. In the three games played with Scott the total number of points made by Scott were 28 and those made by Waite 34.

SUMMARY

Jan.	31	Waite	10	KuPhis	16
Feb.	15	Waite	8	Y. W. C. A.	5
Feb.	28	Waite	21	Cathedral High	2
Mar.	5	Waite	12	Scott	3
Mar.	14	Waite	9	Cathedral	8
Mar.	27	Waite	11	Y. W. C. A.	9
April	10	Waite	9	Scott	10
April	17	Waite	13	Scott	15
			93		68

Total No. Points

McClure 63, Gerber 30

SOCIAL

ANNUAL PERICLEAN
BANQUET

Given by the

PERICLEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

of

WAITE AND SCOTT HIGH SCHOOLS

at the

WOMAN'S BUILDING

Saturday, February 22d,

1919

ANNUAL PERICLEAN BANQUET

The Periclean Literary Society of Waite and Scott High Schools held its annual banquet for its active members, alumni and directors of the society, February 22, 1919, in the Woman's Building.

The tables were arranged to form the Greek Letter Pi and were adorned with baskets of narcissis tied with gold ribbon, displaying the society's colors.

After a delightful dinner and short program, the members assembled in the dance hall to enjoy the remainder of the afternoon dancing.

QUILL AND DAGGER BANQUET

Given by the

QUILL AND DAGGER LITERARY SOCIETY

of

WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

at the

MAUMEE RIVER YACHT CLUB

Friday Evening, May 2

1919

QUILL AND DAGGER BANQUET

On the evening of May the second, at the Maumee River Yacht Club, the Quill and Dagger Literary Society gave its annual banquet for the active members, alumni and directors of the society.

The tables were artistically decorated. After a good dinner, which was enjoyed by all, a number of delightful toasts were given. Mr. Rupp chaperoned the banquet.

JUNE FESTIVAL

Given by the

STUDENTS AND FACULTY

of

WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

Friday, June 6

1919

JUNE FESTIVAL

On June the sixth, the students and faculty celebrated the return of the Waite High soldiers. Various athletic contests took place during the day, which were enjoyed by everyone.

After the banquet in honor of our boys, a dance was given in the gymnasium for the students and their friends, while those who cared not for dancing, enjoyed a splendid movie in the auditorium.

SENIOR BANQUET

Given by the

SENIOR CLASS

of

WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

at the

REFECTORY

Saturday Evening, June 7

1919

SENIOR BANQUET

The Senior Banquet which was given Saturday evening, June the seventh, in the refectory, was a very brilliant affair.

The tables were artistically decorated with baskets of pink roses. After a splendid dinner, which was enjoyed by all, the seniors assembled into the auditorium where the class history by James Enderbury, the class novel by Arthur Shaw, the class poem by Francis Sivers, and the Class Prophecy by Jeanette Nuneviller were read.

Then the members of the Senior Class enjoyed the remainder of the evening dancing in the gymnasium.

ZETALETHEAN LUNCHEON

Given by the

ZETALETHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

of

WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

at the

WOMAN'S BUILDING

Saturday Afternoon, June 14

1:00 o'Clock

1919

ZETALETHEAN LUNCHEON

At one o'clock on Saturday afternoon, June 14th, the Zetalethean Literary Society gave their annual luncheon at the Woman's Building. All the active members and a number of the Alumni were present. The chaperones were Miss Pafenbach, Miss Gates, Miss Garver, Miss Hutchison and Miss Emerson.

DANCING
MADELINE THOMPSON

"VICTORY" DANCE

Given by the

PERICLEAN, QUILL AND DAGGER,
ZETALETHEAN AND FORUM
LITERARY SOCIETIES

of

WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

at the

WAITE HIGH GYMNASIUM

Saturday Evening, November 23

1918

VICTORY DANCE

The social season of Waite High School was opened by a charming "Victory" dance, given by the four literary societies, the Periclean, Quill and Dagger, Zetalethean and Forum, November 23, 1918, in the Waite High gynasium. This dance took the place of their regular annual Hallowe'en Dance which was postponed because of the flu ban.

Harold Morgan's orchestra furnished the music for nearly 300 dancers, among them were many of our S. A. T. C. boys. The gymnasium was beautifully decorated with the national colors of all the Allied Nations. The chaperones were Miss Pafenbach, Miss Gates, Miss Wales, Miss Baerger, Mr. Hiss, Mr. Cotter and Mr. Stuart.

WAITE HIGH "J" HOP

Given by the

JUNIOR CLASS

of

WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

at the

WOMAN'S BUILDING

Friday Evening, January 24

1919

WAITE HIGH "J" HOP

The Waite High "J" Hop, one of the notably informal affairs of the season, was an event of Friday evening, January 24, 1919, in the Woman's Building.

The ball room was artistically decorated with flags of the Allied Nations.

During the evening the football letters were awarded to the members of the team.

The dance was a wonderful success, about two hundred and fifty persons being present.

ANNUAL DANCE

Given by the

FORUM LITERARY SOCIETY

of

WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

at the

COLLINGWOOD

Tuesday Evening, February 25

1919

ANNUAL FORUM DANCE

On the evening of February Twenty-fifth, the Forum Literary Society gave its annual dance at the Collingwood. The music was furnished by Mrs. Cassidy's Orchestra. A pleasant evening was afforded those attending. The chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Gayman, Miss Gates, Miss Black, Miss Pafenbach and Mr. Hiss.

ANNUAL QUILL AND DAGGER
DANCE

Given by the

QUILL AND DAGGER LITERARY
SOCIETY

of

WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

at the

COLLINGWOOD

Friday Evening, April 25

1919

QUILL AND DAGGER DANCE

On the evening of April twenty-fifth, the Quill and Dagger Literary Society gave its annual dance at the Collingwood. Harold Morgan's orchestra furnished the music for dancing.

About two hundred young people were present.

The chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. Pollock, Miss Wales, Miss Boerger and Miss Emerson.

INFORMAL DANCE

Given by the

PERICLEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

of

WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

at the

COLLINGWOOD

Saturday Evening, May 3

1919

PERICLEAN DANCE

An informal dance was given by the Periclean Literary Society for its members and their friends at the Collingwood, May the third.

Nearly one hundred young people enjoyed the dancing for which Pike's orchestra played.

Dainty decorations lent their charm to the evening's pleasure.

The chaperones were Mr. Pollock, Mr. Klag, Miss Noble and Miss Pray.

WAITE HIGH SENIOR PROM

Given by the

SENIOR CLASS

of

WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

at the

WOMAN'S BUILDING

Friday Evening, May 16

1919

SENIOR PROM

Friday evening, May sixteenth, more than two hundred young people enjoyed the Waite High Senior Prom at the Woman's Building.

The hall was effectively decorated with palms, flags and the Waite High colors, purple and gold.

The dance proved to be one of the most splendid events of the social season.

The chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. Pollock,

ZETALETHEAN DANCE

Given by the

ZETALETHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

of

WAITE HIGH SCHOOL

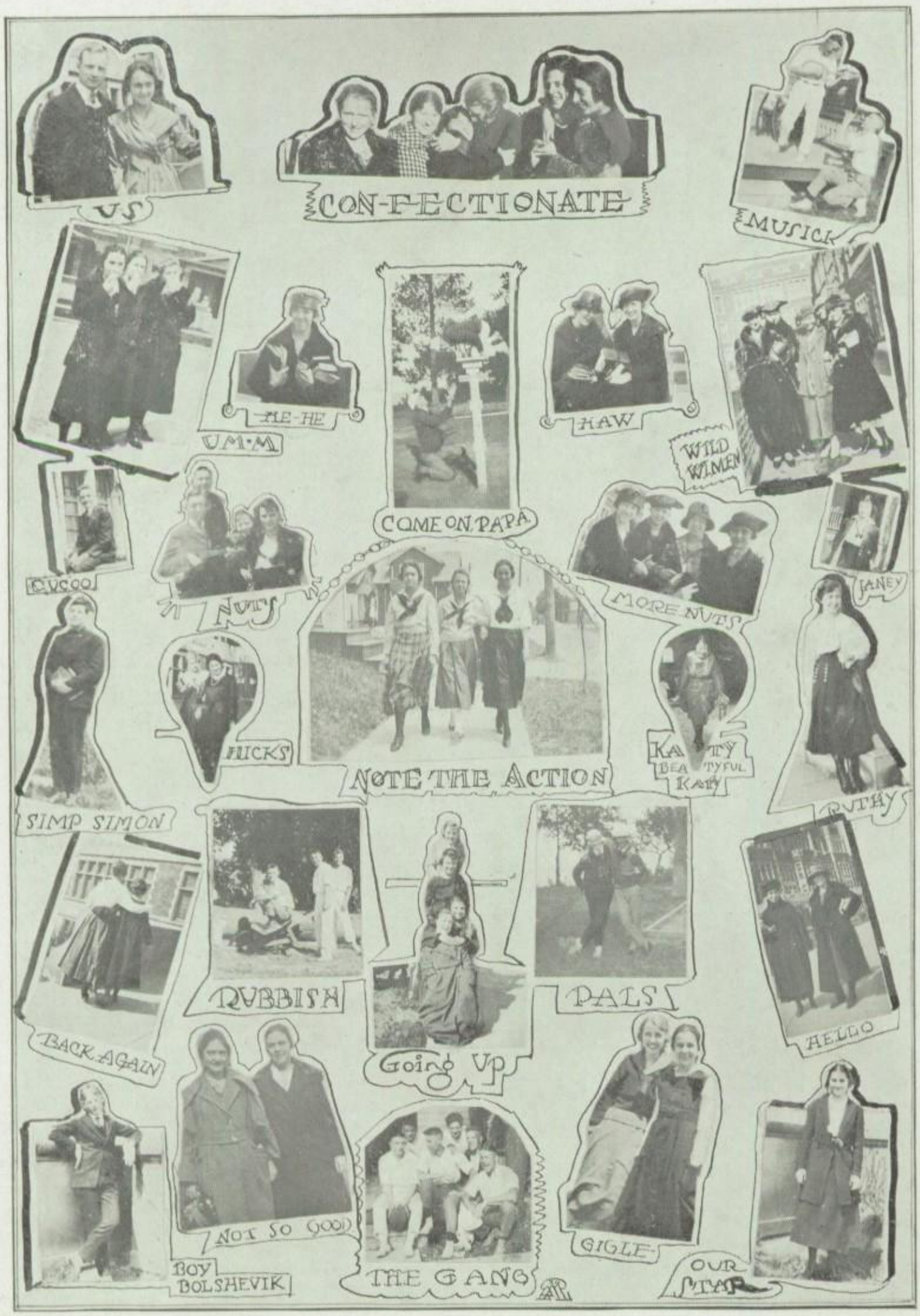
at

THE COLLINGWOOD

Saturday Evening, May 31

1919

ZETALETHEAN DANCE

On Saturday evening, May 31, the Zetalethean Literary Society gave an invitational dance at the Collingwood Hall. In spite of the warm weather, a good time was enjoyed by everyone present. This dance was chaperoned by Mr. Kuhlman and Miss Crystal Emerson.

US
CON-FECTIONATE
MUSICK
HE-HE
UM-M
HAW
WILD WIMEN
COME ON PAPA
COZY COO
NUTS
MORE NUTS
JANEY
HICKS
NOTE THE ACTION
SIMP SIMON
RUTHY
RUBBISH
PALS
BACK AGAIN
Going Up
HELLO
NOT SO GOOD
BOY BOLSHEVIK
THE GANG
GIGLE-
OUR STAR

SEPTEMBER

9. Well, we're here once more.
10. Haven't we some "classy" new teachers?
11. Miss Dunlap assigns a lesson.
14. The Freshmen are "greener" 'n ever.
20. Pink slips are already in circulation.
23. My! How big the Sophomores think they are!
24. Dick G. chooses his co-workers for the year. "Some staff!"
27. Wow! We're certainly starting fast—Waite 114—Bradner 0.
30. One month ended.

OCTOBER

7. "Sneeze unto others as you would have others sneeze unto you."
8. Prevent the "Flu" from spreading.
10. Freshmen think locker keys are ornaments.
13. Is everybody getting the "Flu"?
14. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." School closed indefinitely on account of the "Flu."

NOVEMBER

9. "The wedding bells ring out" for Miss Bartelle. We all wish her happiness.
11. We celebrate, "for it's over over there."
12. Oh joy! No final exams!
13. Senior class shows "class" in election of officers.
14. Coach Bevan tells the student body to stand behind our "invincible eleven' 'and all push.
16. "Team rah! Team rah! Ra! Ra! Team!" Waite 38, Columbus West 0.
18. Juniors elect officers.
23. Four "Lits" give a "Victory" Dance in the gym.
25. Alas!—Our glorious football record shattered.

DECEMBER

1. Santa Claus is coming!
4. First Retina! Isn't it a "darb"?
7. "Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?" Another vacation.
24. Freshmen hang up their stockings.
25. Merry Christmas!

JANUARY

1. Everybody makes resolutions, but nobody keeps them.
6. Oh, those dreaded lessons!
9. "Rise, Cynthia, rise," fifteen minutes earlier.
17. Alumni "slips one over" on our basketball team—Alumni 41, Waite 31.
24. J" Hop." Our football heroes are given their rewards.
30. Mr. Mathias gets a hair-cut.
31. Grade cards! D's, C's, B's, and A's.

FEBRUARY

3. Waite Auditorium is filled with harmonies by the Swiss Bell-ringers.
7. Our new basketball is a wonder—Leipsic 19, Waite 36.
16. Who is M. C. B.? We hear she is in love with Bill Young.
21. Our playmates across the crystal Maumee beat us again. Scott 30, Waite 9.
22. Why doesn't Washington's birthday come 365 times a year?
23. Someone ought to have told Keuhn that the Scott girls were fickle.
28. Forum dance at the Collingwood.

MARCH

3. Seniors on last lap.
4. Where is Sy Keuhn's Forum pin?
5. The mystery is solved—Ruth Heater has it.
10. We wonder what makes Esther Geary blush so.
14. Scott trims us again. 18—39.
15. McClure—Rah! It is not Lewis or Dick, but Catherine, the basket ball stellar. Waite 12, Scott 3.
17. Did you notice Irene Grasser's green socks?
19. What a joke! Ed Carey, the dancing king, is nominated for class poet.
21. Mr. Gayman resigns. We shed copious tears.
27. Annual Board has a "talk-fest." Grace Sisson gives her views on love.
31. Hurrah! Mr. Pollock is our new Principal.

APRIL

1. Did you get fooled?
4. Waite High army leads Scott around the downtown district "when the boys come home."
7. Four trees are added to Waite High's campus in honor of our fallen heroes.

11. Our Cadets march again.
14. Can Hartley be in love, too? He seems so nervous.
15. What's coming off April 25?
16. They all flop sooner or later. Even Lorenz Fritz.
17. Where did Shaw and Combs get those purple and gold collars?
21. The Q. D.'s find it pays to advertise.
22. At last the Seniors have begun to practice their commencement music.
25. The Q. D. Dance is a huge success.
28. Who said Janey N. was bashful?
30. Isn't our new coach good looking?

MAY

2. Q. D. Banquet which Wilder, Stephens and Cooper will never forget.
3. Periclean Dance at the Collingwood. What makes Bill Wilder's hair so sticky?
6. Oh joyful bliss, seniors sing again!
9. Weren't those Dark Town Minstrels great?
12. Echoes of "Bring back my boy to me" are heard in the auditorium.
16. All the seniors attend the Prom.
19. "Kaiser Bill" is counting the days which he has left to live.
28. Girls Gym Exhibition. The basketball girls each receive a letter.
31. Zet Dance and OH, those moonlight waltzes!

JUNE

6. June Festival.
7. Senior Class Banquet, and every senior found out all about his future.
10. We all go to Sugar Island. The seniors only, of course.
15. Baccalaureate Sermon at First Congregational Church.
19. We graduate and we say good-bye and good luck to Waite High School.

Comics

AMERICA'S GREATEST WOMAN'S MAGAZINE
PICTORIAL REVIEW
"OH HUM! JUST FIVE MINUTES MORE THEN I'LL GET UP"
THE CAUSE OF THE "LINE-UP" IN 126 EVERY MORNING AT 8:20
OUR CADETS ARE MISREPRESENTED
HAMMERING HIS HEAD FOR IDEAS
I KIN REMEMBER WHEN TH' SWIMMIN' POOL WUZ OPEN UP AT WAITE
VE OUR BOYS!
YOU BUY BRINGS
RY NEARER
SEEN IN THE REFECTORY
Whitcomb 2.0

Pat was strolling about one day with an Englishman, when they met a beggar woman.

"Pat," said the Englishman, "I will give that woman a dime for every penny you give her."

"Right," said Pat, and he gave her a quarter.

When the Englishman had given her his share, he said: "Well, Pat, which one of us was the biggest fool?"

"It was you," said Pat.

"No," said the Englishman, "it was you, for you gave her all you had."

"But," said Pat, "it's a mighty stingy man who won't give his own mother a quarter."

Ruth H.: "Yes, I wanted to do my bit, of course, so I thought I'd raise some potatoes."

Evelyn H.: "Well, I thought I would do that too, but when I looked up the way to do it, I found that potatoes have to be planted in hills, and our yard is perfectly flat."

Lucretia A.: "Look! I weigh three pounds more than you do."

Myrtle S.: "Aw you're cheatin'! You've got your hands in your pockets."

When a man without cash or credit attempts to leave a hotel, and lowers his valise out of a back window by means of a rope, it makes charity seem cold to hear the voice of the landlord below, yelling up: "Allright, I've got the valise; let go the rope."

"Si" K.: "What's the difference between capital and labor?"

John C.: "Well, if I had to work and turn three-fourths of my wages over to you, that would be labor."

"Si": "Yes?"

John: "On the other hand, if you had to work and turn three-fourths of your wages over to me, that would be capital."

Customer: "Who's waiting at this table?

Chorus of Waitresses from Serving Counter: "You are!"

Myron R.—How did you happen to name a hen McDuff?

Mar S.—So that I can say "Lay on, McDuff."

'22—The more I read on the subject the less I seem to know about it.

Miss Pafenbach—I see you have been reading a great deal.

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Mr. Flory, the clothing merchant, found his clerk on the floor looking dazed and battered.

"What's happened?" he enquired.

Roy: "An Irishman came in for an overcoat and I asked him if he wanted an ulster."

Canvasser—"Would you ask the lady of the house if I can supply her with a vacuum cleaner?"

Flossie, the Maidservant—"Thank you, but none of our vacuums require cleaning."

Arnold N.—"What did you do to your hand?"

Herbert C.—"Why I went down the street to get a good cigar and a horse stepped on it."

Father (to son who is showing him around the campus)—"Son, I heard that every foot around these parts is historical."

Son (as co-ed goes by)—"Yes, and some of the ankles, father."

Little Willie: "Ma, I think baby swallowed that little bell you gave her to play with. Shall I shake her and see?"

Uncle Ezra—"The leading lady at that opery-house says she had a New York run."

Uncle Eben—"I don't doubt it. She's got a Bowery walk."

Beach Attendant (excitedly)—"Don't go in. There are man-eating sharks in the water!"

Fair Bather (coldly)—"I'm not a man."

He—"What is your highest ambition?"

She—"Six feet one and just released."

One of the new styles which is cordially indorsed is the hip-length tunic, and, inasmuch as we never yet have got it into our heads whether the tunic is a waist or gown, one can imagine our trepidation as we go about our daily tasks.

Stude—"Ever drink gasoline?"

Stewed—"No, only benzine; it's more refined."

James E.—"Paw, what is the breath of suspicion?"

Paw—"The one that has cloves on it, my son."

She—"Will you be happy when you start for France?"

He—"Happy? We will be in transports."

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Teacher (in Natural History Class)—"Well, Tommie, you may tell us what a groundhog is."

"Please, Ma'am, it's a sausage."

On one transport going over, one negro trooper said to another, a boy, hanging over the rail seemingly deeply interested in the blueness of the water: "Look out dere an' see dat sail boat."

"Don't you call me for no sailboat, nigger, don't you call me at all unless you see a tree."

An officer, at a state camp, decided to see for himself how his sentries were doing their duty. He was somewhat surprised at overhearing the following:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friend with a bottle."

"Pass friend! Halt bottle!"

Newedd—"Did you run short of flour, Helen? The pie crust doesn't half cover the pie."

Mrs. Newedd—"I know, dear; your mother told me that you like your pie very short."

SO SIMPLE

Earl R.: "What is periphrasis?"

Ralph L.: "It is simply a circumlocutory and pheonastic cycle of oratorial sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality lost in a verbal profundity."

Earl: "Thanks."

Teacher—"And the father of the prodigal son fell on his neck and wept. What did he weep for?"

George B.—"I guess you would weep, too, if you fell on your neck."

Visitor (at demobilization camp): "Now that the war is over, I suppose you boys will be beating your swords into plowshares?"

Corporal Comeback: "Like blazes! What we're going to do is hammer our tin derbies into dinner pails."

Wife (at 3 a. m.)—"This is a nice time for a husband to come home!"

Husband—"Sh! Sallie, this is not a nice time for a husband to come. I am surprised at you saying such a thing. You ought to set your husband a better example."

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Scien Tific writes as follows:

"I am now making some important scientific experiments with Limberger Cheese as a motor, but have no data whereby to work. So new and unusual is the motor to science, that I am unable to get anything relative to its history.

"1. When was Limberger cheese first discovered, and by whom?

"2. What did he do it for anyway?

"3. To what do you attribute the bad odor in which Limberger cheese is held by scientists?

"4. Looking from what may be termed a purely utilitarian standpoint, and not allowing ourselves to be influenced by incongruous incandescence, should you say in all respects that virtually in view of the heterogeneous mobility of attended animalculate it might had or couldn't possibly was?"

Answer:

1. Limberger cheese was first discovered by Galileo, floating through space, during his studies relative to the heavenly bodies.

This was about 1609.

The body had, however, been floating through space for many millions of years previous to that, as Galileo remarks in his diary that he wasn't proud of it at all, for it was evidently in a very poor state of preservation.

Galileo caught some of it and tamed it, but the scientific minds of that age had not yet made the attempt to utilize it as a motor.

2. The discovery was purely accidental. At about the time referred to, Galileo had constructed his powerful telescope which would bring the moon down so that the valleys and hills of that body were plainly visible. One day the telescope brought down a fragment of Limberger Cheese that was floating through space. It magnified the cheese to such an extent that Galileo could smell it distinctly.

This was the true cause of Galileo's abandonment of the Copernican theory and eventualy of astronomy.

3. The last answer really disposes of your third question.

4. Grappling with the obtruse and alarmingly previous unsufruct embodied in the omnipresent, and constantly emanating and noticeably refractory diagnosis, herein set forth, and still wandering on through the ever changing, yet constantly invariable and fluctuating, yet undeviating perihelion of the heavenly bodies, with unprejudiced mind and unbiased judgment.

Arriving at the conclusion that perhaps in some cases it might not, or yet again it might or might not, and still it might.

Bill Nye.

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Question: "Would you kindly give a few general rules of table etiquette, which would be useful to the many admirers of your classic style?"—Eti Quette.

Answer: 1. Care should be taken while at the table not to get large foreign substances like hair-pins, soup-bones, or clothes-pins into the mouth with food, as it naturally requires some tact to remove them. 2. If by mistake your get your spoon in the gravy so far that the handle is more or less sticky, do not get ill-tempered and show your displeasure, but draw it through your mouth two or three times, laughing a merry laugh all the time. Do not attempt to polish it off with your handkerchief. It might spoil your handkerchief. 3. When you get anything in your mouth that is too hot, do not get mad and swear, because the other guests will only laugh at you, but remove the morsel calmly and tell the waiter to put it on ice a little while for you. Bill Nye.

Angry Wife (time 2 a. m.): "Is that you Charles?"

Jolly Husband—"Zash me!"

Angry Wife—"Here have I been standing at the head of the stairs these two hours. Oh! Charles, how can you?"

Jolly Husband (bracing up)—"Shtandin' on your head on t' stairs! Jenny, I'm shprized! How can I? By jove, I can't! Two hours, too! Strornary woman!"

Roy M.: "Did you hear that big siren whistle the other day?"

George B.: "Was she a blonde or brunette?"

Eleanor D.: "Do you know I saw the Aurora Borealis the other night for the first time."

Ruth S.: "Did you really. Was it a good show?"

Eddie P.: "How far is it from here to Maumee?"

Joe Shultz: "Oh, about ten miles."

E. P.: "How far is it from Maumee to this place?"

J. S.: "Don't you know that it is as far from one place to another as it is from that place back?"

E. P.: "Oh, I don't know, it is a lot farther from New Years to Christmas than it is from Christmas to New Years."

Officer (just back from abroad)—"Gladys, why didn't you answer my last letter?"

Gladys—"I never received it."

Officer—"You never received it?"

Gladys—"No!—anyway, there was something in it I didn't like."

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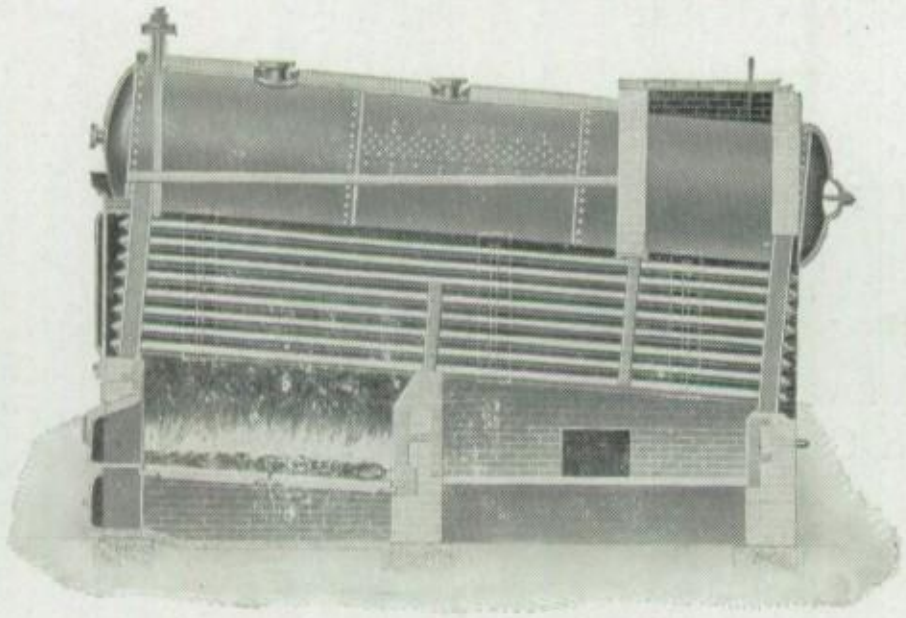

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Carlos W.: "What did her father say when he came into the parlor and found her sitting on your lap?"

Charles S.: "He told her to evacuate all occupied territory at once."

"How about that telephone girl who married for love?"

"The line's still busy."

"What do you mean?"

"She's doing the family washing."

Liza—"Did you heah about my Sam Brown getting promoted in the army?"

Jane—"No, tell me."

Liza—"Yeas, ma'am. He's done been made a Corpusal."

Miss Dunlap—"Edward, is that gum you have in your mouth? Bring it forward this minute."

Edward C—"Just a second, Miss Dunlap, I have a fresh stick in my pocket."

Oliver C. (about to go): "Hello, it's raining."

"Take father's umbrella then he'll be glad to have you call again."

Mr. Pollock: "Over what cases has the Supreme Court jurisdiction?"

Albert Mc.: "Over all suit-cases."

"Cupid"—"Thanks, Bill, for the five dollars, but what is this pamphlet you've handed me?"

Bill Y.—"I always give that with a loan, it tells how to strengthen the memory."

Irene G.: "Do you think that there is any truth in the theory that big creatures are better natured than small ones?"

Haven D.: "Why sure, look at the difference between a Jersey mosquito and a Jersey cow."

Salesman: "I suppose you require a grand piano, madam?"

Mrs. Mewnishuns: "Grand! I want a magnificent one."

Robert S.—"Have you got my shoes done?"

Cobbler—"No."

R. S.—"But you said you would have them ready today."

Cobbler—"No, I didn't; I only told you to call today."

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Joe S.: "Our friend Sheets tells me that he is doing settlement work lately."

Pete I.: "Yes, his creditors finally cornered him."

Paul: "I know that you love me, dearest."

Marvel: "Then I can never marry you."

Paul: "Why not?"

Marvel: "Because I have sworn never to marry a man that knows more than I do."

Mr. Stitt: "You can get rid of money faster than any fellow I know."

Bob: "True, dad, but listen. By getting rid of it quickly, I save lots of time, and time, you know, is money."

Park L.: "There's some foreign substance in my stew."

Head Waiter: "Thank you for calling my attention to it. The Waiters sometimes forget to charge for these imported extras."

Cop (to homing clubman)—"Where are you going at this time of night?"

Clubman—"I'm-hic—goin' to a lecture."

"They say London is foggy."

"Still, they give you a hearty greeting."

"Welcome to our mist, so to speak."

Murphy was on guard for the first time, and his post was in the vicinity of the officers' quarters. At about 1:30 a. m., the Colonel emerged from his tent, clothed in the majestic splendor of his pajamas.

"Halt"! pipes Murphy, "Who's there?"

"Colonel Rogers," answered the colonel.

"Er-oh-oh! Pass in review."

Telegrapher von Pabst—"Sir, General von Pilsner reports that there are four reasons why he can't capture the town of Crepe de Chine."

General Budweiser—"Himmel, what are they?"

Telegrapher von Pabst—"Three Irishmen and a pile of bricks."

Private Snow—"One of dese yere Tommies done tol' me today that he got a D. S. O. sompin' er ruther."

Private Frost—"Wuzzat mean?"

Private Snow—"I dunno, but I wasn't lettin' him put anything ovah on me, so I tol' him I had considerable W. S. S. myself."

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SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

Why is it that from yonder tower
The colonel's lamp is beaming still,
Though it is past the midnight hour,
And all's serene o'er vale and hill?
'Tis not the wisdom of the sages,
Nor army lore his mind enchants;
An earthlier task his time engages—
He's sewing buttons on his pants.

—Stars and Stripes

His Girl: "I suppose you picked up a little French patter?"

Returning Doughboy (earnestly): "You know I wouldn't do anything like that, Tessie, with you and me engaged all the time!"

Pat, just returned from the trenches with his head swathed in bandages, was the center of attraction. "How did you get wounded, Pat?" asked a proud admirer.

"Well," said Pat, "the dirty Boche wuz raisin' ned wit' our trinches whin our brave captain shouts 'kape down, boys, and stand Pat!' I obade."

When you meet
A Wonder
At a dance....
And the next day
You call
On an old, old friend
Who is very sweet to you....
And the day after that
You get a letter
From an awfully nice
Little girl....
Oh boy! Don't you wish you were a Mormon.

"Waddayamean by writing your girl that you were C. O. yesterday? Weren't you on K. P.?"

"Same thing. The C. O. means 'cuisine operator'."

Mess Sgt.—"Reggie, after you finish scrubbing the pots I'm gonna let you rest for two hours."

Reggie—"Y'mean I can go up to my tent and sleep for two hours?"

Mess Sgt.—"Naw! I mean y' can sit down an' peel spuds for two hours."

Summit Cherry Market House

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HOW TO WORK YOUR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

"Gimme a cigarette."
"Lend me five."
"Got any change? All I got's a bill."
"Lend me a hunk of paper, I left my notebook home."
"So long, fellows, I gotta be drivin' along. Yeh, I always did eat fast."

Jack: "What do you think of my new russet shoes?"
Bill: "They're immense."

Lady of the House (to new cook)—"I'll put you to the test. If you are so accomplished, how do you make citrate of fungi with Hollandaise sauce?"

"Quite simple. C16 H10 O5 in a quart of H2O, with Ca C2 and a pinch of Na Ce!"

Judge (to witness): "Why didn't you go to the help of the defendant in the fight?"
Witness: "I didn't know which was going to be the defendant."

C. P. O. (at roll call)—"Murphy!"
No answer.
C. P. O. (again)—"Murphy! Answer up when I call your name. If you don't know what your name is, look in your bloomin' hat."

Wild-Eyed Customer—"I want a quarter's worth of carbolic acid and I want it quick."

Quick-witted Clerk—"This is a hardware store and we don't keep carbolic acid, but we have a fine line of ropes, revolvers and razors."

"Then we're engaged?"
"Of course."
"And I am the first girl you ever loved."
"No dear, but I am harder to suit now than I used to be."

"Phwats thot noise, Mrs. Mullaly?"
"Mary Ann's phractisin' the scales."
"Begora! She must weigh a ton!"

Captain: "How many fathoms?"
Pilot: "Can't touch bottom, sir."
Captain: "Well, d—n it, how near do you come?"

THE STUDENT

Who looks forward to home ownership, dedicates himself to the upbuilding of America's citizenship.

THE E. H. CLOSE REALTY CO.
BOTH PHONES

"Hurry Back Jimmy---

'cause my mother is baking today and she always makes things us kids like."
Even the kiddies will see the difference in your baking if you use

A No. 1
FLOUR
(Pure Wheat)

The woman who uses A No. 1 Flour can depend upon better bread, better cake and better pastry than she has ever made before. Thousands of housewives have found that to be true—why don't you order a trial sack?

Add A No. 1 to your grocery order tomorrow

Made by **Mennel Milling Co.** Toledo, Ohio

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JOSH BILLINGS SAYS:

Truth iz sed to be stranger than frickshun; it is to most pholks.

About the hardest thing a fellow kan do iz to spark 2 gals at one time and preserve a good average.

If a young man hain't got a well-balanced head, I like to see him part his hair in the middle.

There is no man so poor but what he can afford to keep one dog, and I hev seen them so poor that they could afford to keep three.

I have seen men so fond of argument that they would dispute with a guideboard at the forks of a country road about the distance to the next town.

Capt. Clark (1st Hour Drill)—"Straighten out that line there! What d' ya think this is, the Rainbow Division?"

Bill Heldt (in military drill)—"Saluting reminds me of poker.

Kenneth G.—"How's that?"

Bill—"Every time an officer passes, we raise him five."

"Do you believe a college education helps a boy in business life?"

"Sure I do. My son was a champion sprinter at college, and now he has a position as bank runner."

It happened in a little town in Ohio. A visiting Easterner stood on the veranda of a little hotel there watching the sun go down in a splendor of purple and gold.

"By George!" he exclaimed to an impassive native lounging against a post," That's a gorgeous sunset, isn't it?"

The native slanted his head a little and looked critically at the glowing west.

"Not bad," he drawled. "Not bad for a little place like Hoopville."

Butcher: "Come, John, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. Williams' chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him."

John (briskly): "All right, sir; just as soon as I have sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

"I've been reading your poem, but what does it mean?"

"Means beefsteak for dinner," answered the jubilant bard.

A cautious look around he stole,
His bags of chink he chunk;
And many a wicked smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk.

Hey!
We want
You to
Know that
D. & B.
Never stop
Getting
the Better
Ones....

The New Satin-Piped Belters are some suits---don't worry about the prices---we sell 'em $5 to $10 less than ordinary stores could afford to sell 'em, if they had them.

THE
Damschroder-Berry Company

Adams and St. Clair Streets
Wedgewood Building

We columnists may dig and toil
Till our finger tips are sore;
But some 'poor fish' is sure to say
"I've heard that joke before."

"Hey, there, boy!" exclaimed the groceryman, going to the door, "What are you doing?"

"Nothing," answered George B., with his eyes fixed on a barrel of red, juicy apples.

"Nothing, eh?" doubtfully returned the man. "Aren't you trying to steal some of those apples?"

"No, sir," responded George, "I'm trying not to."

Myron R.—"Can you lend me an umbrella?"

Raymond S.—"Why, there's no sign of rain."

M. R.—"I know that, but the weather's sure to change. If I wait till it rains, you'll be using your umbrella yourself."

She—"I was a fool to marry you."

He—"No doubt; but I'm not willing to let you bear all the blame. I asked you to."

Ray Sheets—"Say, Will, what were you doing down at the lumber yard yesterday?"

Wilder—"Oh, I just went down to get my board."

"My girl writes me that she thinks my attentions are divided."

"Divided? Huh! She means multiplied."

IN THE NAVY

"Man Overboard! Throw him a life preserver."
"Who is it?"
"Kelly."
"Throw him an anchor."

"For cat's sake!" ejaculated Claudine, of the rapid fire restaurant, "What's the matter with that guy up in front?"

"Aw he's got the hiccoughs, and is eating spaghetti and trying to tell the fella next to him that his name is Willoughby and that he is from Walla Walla, Wash." replied Heloise of the same establishment.

Bill—"What are those two strings tied around your fingers for?"

Gill—"Why, my wife tied one of them this morning to remind me to buy her something at the store. The other one is to remind me not to tell her I forgot it."

Harold H.: "Did your mother ask you what time you came in?"
Adolph F.: "Yes, I told her quarter of twelve."
H. H.: "But it was after one when we left the place."
A. F.: "Well, quarter of twelve is three, isn't it?"

"We are informed that the gentleman who stood on his head under a pile-driver for the purpose of having a tight pair of boots drove on, found himself the next day in China, perfectly naked, and without a cent in his pockets."

Pvt. Jones happened to be in ranks for the first time the day that the regiment was reviewed by the colonel. Everything went well until the regiment band played while the men were at attention. At the end Private Jones started clapping his hands in applause. He got K. P. duty for six Sundays.

Robt. S.—"Isn't the floor wonderful?"
Doris M.—"Not particularly, that is my foot you're dancing on."

Lucretia A.—"Sometimes I think that Darwin was right."
Joe G. (startled)—"Great cats! What have I done now?"

There was a young lady who clerked
In a store for six weeks, where she smirked
  At the young-fellow trade
  As the goods she displayed,
But she never got reckless and worked.

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For Anything in Heavy Hauling, Piano Hoisting or Storage,
Just tell HARRY to HURRY

HARRY L. DREW, Manager 625 Huron, near Cherry Street

OVERHEARD IN THE ARMY

"Let's go and eat at a restaurant."
"Nope, I ain't hungry tonight, I'm going to regular mess."

Yank (who has just captured a Hun): "Have you a wife?"
Hun: "Nein."
Yank: "Nine! Holy Smoke! Where's your iron cross?"

First Rookie—"Where you going now that the war is over?"
Second Ditto—"Some place where they don't call stewed prunes 'fruit'."

Colonel (ou tour of inspection): "What are your general orders, sentry?"
Sentry: "Sh-h-h! There's a German out there." (Colonel retreats through communication trench). Sentry: "I never could remember them general orders, anyway."

Wernert K.—"Donigan says these lady barbers know their business."
Gerald T.—"Elucidate."
W. K.—"He went in for a flirtation and came out with a shave, a shampoo, a haircut and a singe."

Roxleigh (who advertised for a chauffeur)—"Got any recommendations as to your honesty?"
Applicant—"The other night I was blackballed by the Chauffeurs' Club."

Solitary Diner (Suddenly rising)—"Ladies and Gentlemen, may I suggest to you all the good old toast, "Absent Friends," coupled with the name of my waiter, whom I haven't seen for more than half-an-hour?"

Binks (sociably)—"I-hic-alwaysh hold y' up ash shinin' light, Jones, ole man."
Jones (strictly sober)—"H'm! Well, don't mistake me for a blooming lamp post."

Penitentiary Guard (to floppish arrival): "Well, you're sure some moving picture, old top!"
Pickpocket—"Rawther! and of the more exclusive variety, fellow."
Penitentiary Guard—"My word! Now for the proof, Watson?"
Pickpocket—"I won't be shown elsewhere for thirty days!"

KEDS Everywhere you go this summer you will see well dressed people wearing **KEDS**

They harmonize with summer's weather and occasions. Light airy uppers of fine canvas allow cool comfort. Live rubber soles impart the spring of youth.

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Ask your Shoe Dealer to show you KEDS

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The Mark of Quality

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DELIVERIES? Ask our Customer
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TOLEDO, OHIO

A savings account in this institution will afford you the opportunity of building up a surplus fund of ready cash and enable you to fight more easily the battles of life.

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Home Phone, Main 4241. Bell Phone, Main 905.

As Found in "Si" Kuehn's Diary

WAITE HIGH, November 11—Awake early, and did hear the whistles blow because the armistice was signed.

To school, it being the first day back after four week's vacation because of the strange epidemic which did sweep the country. My dog, who did follow me from home, occasioned much excitement by racing in the study rooms.

We did all assemble in the Auditorium to hear Dr. Allen A. Stockdale, home from the wars. He bravely led us in cheering and singing patriotic songs; the renowned pianist, Harold Morgan, playing the accompaniment.

Dr. Stockdale then spoke bravely about the great problems in Russia, Serbia, Turkey, Austro-Hungary and in Germany.

We did then march bravely over town, where there was much celebrating and all very gay.

Home about 1 a. m., all very tired, and did fall asleep in my fine new arm chair.

TUESDAY, November 14—A fine day. Early to school and we did all assemble in the Auditorium, before the great game with Columbus West, a fine school of the South. Coach Bevan did give a fine pep talk, urging the teachers and pupils to give better support to our brave football team.

Milton Zink, our brave cheer leader, has gone to the wars, so Bob Maginnis, a fine fellow, will replace him at the game.

FRIDAY, Aprll 18—The brave Forum team did defeat the team of the Quill and Dagger, in a goodly game of basket ball, in the gym, this fine afternoon. "Emmy" Sheets and Boni Petcoff did expertly referee the game.

FRIDAY, May 16—The great Senior Prom was held at the Woman's Building this evening. I did greatly enjoy the fine dancing, and did a turn with many of the beautiful young ladies of our excellent school, although I have learned to dance but lately. Home and to bed about 12:00, greatly pleased with myself and the fine affair.

SATURDAY, June 7—Thru the town and to the great Senior Banquet, where I met many renowned men and women from our school. Did meet the President, Thurlow Wilder, who was surrounded by a merry group, and they were in a great fit of laughter over some story he had told, but I could see no mirth in it soever. Did also see the renowned George Bruggemeier and his brave friend Paul Dipman, who were skillfully eating green peas with their knives. And so home and to bed.

The Worst Annual

Ever Published

would have been the
result of this year's
labors, had it not been
for the liberality and
generosity of our

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Vice-President Ruth L. Heater

Secretary

Treasurer

Sergeant-at-Arms

Junior Class Officers

President Boni Petroff

Vice-President

Secretary

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Sergeant-at-Arms

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Park M. L. Gross '19. "Exchange".
Hildegard Herring '20 Art Assistant
George Buggeneier "——"
Roy R. Rubourne Art Dept.
Adelbert A. Ruston Sp'19 Bus. Mgr.
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Robert D. Maginnis '20 "Mack"
Howard J. Rauts.
Grace L. Sisson '20.
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Mary Kurek

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Ruth Jamie '19

Ruth Bowen '19

Helen Swinehart '20.

Velma Bidelman '20.

La Verne Jaynes '19 "Janie."

Norman Beese '19

Bessie Hoffman '20

Cleona Chelister '20

Geneva Scharer '20

Maud Scofield '20

Charlotte Meagher '20. "Penny."

Bessie. L.K. Fraser '20.

Marion E. Clark

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Peter M Quinlan
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Otto St John 21
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Abram H Smith 20.
Robert Babione '20
Esther Gerber '20.
Velma Bodine '20.
Harriet Beck '20
Leona Strassi '22
Margaret E. Hartman
Mary Aglaia Sayen '20.
Bernard J. Simon '19.
Valentine Fischer '19
Myrtle Sanzenbacher '20 "Sanzie"

Autographs

Loyal C Nofziger. '20
William Wells '20
Robt H Stitt '20 "Bob"
William Steinhauer '20
Mary Bauer '20 "Peggie"
Russell Webster '20
Harry Sarle '20
Paul Evans '19
Laurence R. Hawkins '19
Laura E Driver '19
Norman Hart "20" Jan.
Mabel Powell "Billie" '19.
Paul E. Dinsman '19.
Valdemar E Pfab '19.
Frank A. Schaffke '19
Marguerite Thompson '20 "Peggy"
Russell S. Gladding '20 "Russ"
Arthur Sifner '20 "Art"
Rachel L. Scharer '19
Alvena Lucille Stephany '19 - "Squirrels"

Autographs

Barbara Gracie Boyd
Marguerite F. Griffith.
Hildegard L. Street.
Gertrude M. Black.
Mary Orin B. Noble
Lee L. Canfield
A H. Stuart
Kathryn Newbert
Joseph Woodall

Julius Geach '20
Ruth Talbot '20
Geraldene Lash '20.
Frances Roose '20
Clara A. Palmer '20 "Slim"
Berneta Block '19 "Bebe"
Dorothy M. Grasser - '20 "Dot"
Harry H Basil '19
Mary Coy '20
John Crane '21
Paul Black '19

True Appreciation

Thank Heaven, it's finished! This being the exclamation of Annual Board members in chorus.

"Now I wonder if they'll appreciate it," from one. "Gee, wonder if they'll think of the work we did," piped Wolf.

Well, answer for yourselves. You've read it; yes, conned over it, I'll bet. Now, what do you think of it?

Although handicapped by unlooked for interruptions in school work, we have worked earnestly and have spared no efforts to make Purple and Gold, 1919, a true memorial to the splendid days spent at Waite during the past year.

The spirit and perseverance of the various members of the board has been ably matched by the wonderful spirit of co-operation shown by the student body.

This co-operation is what counts—the moving force that makes a school.

So it is up to YOU! With YOU lies the power of holding Waite where it is today in its rightful place as a foremost secondary school of the United States.

Your appreciation of our humble efforts can best manifest itself by an added interest in the welfare of dear old Waite.

—Waite High Annual Board

THE END

Pauline Holaday '20 "Polly"
Evarlos K. Rehrer '19.
Frances C. Sievers '19. "Poetess."
Zula Buckholder '20
Clyde E. Kerker
Loretta Zelner '20 Betty.
Mildred Underwood '20
Ella Bender '20 Andy.
E. Jeannette Neuweiler '19 "Jean"
Class Prophetess.
Francis Stephany '20
Louise M. Artz. '19.
Lucille Dean '20
Esther Ruppel '20.
Irving O. Moulton '19.
J. Max Shepherd '19
Doris Severs '20 "Spuz"
Howard M. Barnes '21
Donald Fisher. '21. "Don".
Mildred Morgan '19
Ora May Critchet '20
Dorothy Reitzel '19.

Bernice Williams '20
Maribel Aline Park '19.
John Caulfield '19.
Editha MacPhie '19 "Spuzzy"
Henrietta Sh. Helbing. '21 "Heinie"

Latin II III IV V VI

The marriage of Marjorie, daughter of Mrs. Edward Stanley Noble and John Mark Osborn, Jr., was solemnized Wednesday afternoon at four in the summer home of the bride's mother at Olivet, Mich.

Rev. R. Lincoln Long performed the ceremony.

Ferns and white asters formed the improvised altar, and these blossoms in pink and white were used about the other rooms in attractive arrangement.

The bride wore white georgette and satin with veil and carried bride's roses and swansonia. Miss Helen Noble as her sister's maid-of-honor, wore pink georgette and carried a fan of white ostrich showered with forget-me-nots. Harry Batchelor, of Nashville, Tenn., served as best man and the groomsmen were Messrs. Arthur Young, of Chicago; Harry Simons, of Coldwater, Mich., and Best Thomas, of Lansing.

Mr. Osborn and his bride have gone to the Adirondacks on their honeymoon. They will be at home in Toledo after December 1.

DIPLOMAS AND HONOR MEDALS PRESENTED TO WAITE PUPILS

All Those Who Received Rating Above "B" for Year's Study Are Awarded Emblems—Lower Classes Get Them in September.

Seniors of Waite high school received diplomas and medals for superior work, Thursday evening. Gold medals were received for all "A" work, silver medals for more "A" than "B" work, and bronze medals for no work below "B."

Pupils of lower classes who have won medals will receive them at the opening of school in September.

Following is list of medal winners:

Gold Medals.

Seniors — Frances Booth, Moira Dunn, Olive Fischer, Ruth Heater, Myrtle Lorenz, Louise Masten, Doris Vye, Marie Weingardt, Carl Brand, Lorenz Fritz, Richard Gillham, Thurlow Wilder.

Juniors—Esther Gerber, Mildred Haye, Mary Jones, Colinne McClure, Charlotte Meagher, Mildred Pasch, Frances Roose, Robert Babione, Roland Birkenkamp, William Steinhauer, Harold Steinmueller.

Sophomores—Loretta Beese, Ann Brouhard, Irene McGinty, Constance Muntz, Marion Wells, Alice Zimmer, Hubert Birkenkamp, Edward Rommel.

Freshmen — Alice Bartley, Mildred Bodinus, Myrtle Borgelt, Dollie Daring, Beatrice Dauer, Adele Habib, Frances Martin, Margaret Moon, Rosamonde Outwater, Mabel Rotart, Florence Smalley, Myron Buehrer, Willis Davidson, Harold Goate, Harold Jenkins, Clayman Kabat, Harry Molevitz, Adelbert Steinmueller, David Wollins.

Silver Medals.

Seniors—Elsa Brandenberger, Raydell Carrel, Nellie Dupuis, Olivia Frisk, Hazel Geisler, Bernice Goldstein, Irene Grasser, Marguerite Hahn, Christel Hiss, Phillis Krieger, Verda Pelton, Rheva Speaks, Esther Weihrauch, Alvena Stephanz, William Aderman, Norman Beese, Exarhos Bekos, George Bruggemeier, Arnold Bunge, William Ellis, Laurence Hawkins, Edgar Hovey, Earl Rosengarten.

Juniors—Annie Andrew, Jessie Belden, Dorothy Bennett, Velma Bodinus, Marion Clark, Addie Crofts, Laura Haines, Edna Hollopeter, Melva Johnson, Fannie Koons, Mildred McCalla, Elizabeth Moran, Marjorie Reek, Mary Sayen, Grace Sisson, Leona Stockton, Marguerite Sullivan, Elsie Westfall, Loretta Zelner, Donald Chandler, Benjamin Kievit, Howard Nauts, Wilbur Randel, Howard Smith.

Sophomores — Catherine Bartley, Eleanor Bassett, Mary Ruth Boardman, Hilda Boden, Persis Border, Dorothea Campbell, Helen Campbell, Elsie Clare, Lylia Eichner, Hazel Eikost, Hazel Flagle, Dorothy Gassaway, Helen Haley, Minnie Kohne, Hildegard Krupp, Margaret Krupp, Violet Miller, Marguerite Murphy, Helen Peterson, Cathryn Redrup, Hilda Sasse, Pauline Tefft, Alice Thompson, Jane Wiles, Geneva Woodside, Ruth Zahrly, Herbert Jenne, Harold Mills, Russell Sutton.

Freshman—Dorothy Beelman, Madeline Blackford, Ada Blair, Gladys Brothers, Lillian Byrne, Georgia Crawford, Hazel Dwiggins, Olga Edgington, Ruth Farmer, Florence Feindt, Cornelia Harpster, Mary Heinen, Thelma Howey, Mary Hurrelbrink, Mildred Iler, Juliet Kelley, Marian Lux, Lulu McBride, Lucile Otto, Evelyn Phillips, Verna Reed, Anna St. Clair, Helen St. John, Isabelle Stadelman, May Torrence, Rose Wheaton, Margaret Wicks, Ida Wiley, Helen Meyer Williams, Mildred Zietlow, William Gidley, Clifford Holland, Arthur Kelley, Owen Marshall, Walter Reichart, Dwight Solomon.

Bronze Medals.

Seniors — Louise Artz, Berneta Block, Lucile Close, Alma Knepper, Irene Knull, Catherine McClure, Jeannette Nuneviller, Esther Quick, Esther Sorter, Oliver Combs, Kenneth Goodrich, George Irwin, Roy Miller, Arthur Shaw, Robert Smith.

Juniors—Harriet Beck, Edith Bumgardner, Marion Douglas, Dorothy Kemp, Ila Morse, Doris Nelson, Geneva Scharer, Alice Sturgeon, Helen Swinehart, Mildred Underwood, Bernice Williams, Florence Woods, Ellen Yenzer, Donald Bacome, Claud Brown, Harry Stegenga, Francis Stephanz, Arthur Welsh.

Sophomores—Lillian Beckman, Dorothy Donnelly, Gladys Dusha, Bertha Fowler, Audrey Gea, Isabella Harry, Esther Keck, Ruth Luebke, Gladys Mangold, Helen Moses, Helen Roberts, Gladys Rowell, Arland Innes, Samuel Lynn, Wesley McKee.

Freshmen — Fanny Baer, Sylvia Bihl, Ida Bloom, Virginia Bolan, Bessie Cowdrey, Helen Coy, Esther Faneuff, Althea Frew, Eva Furry, Eulalie Hoffman, Valeria Humberstone, Florence Jackson, Ruth Jones, Helen Kepp, Katherine Kilian, Naomi Ludeman, Helen Manson, Irene Seymour, Hazel Stoner, Mabel Strayer, Charlotte Suess, Margaret Wilson, Emil Braun, Myron Crabb, Harry Deister, Kenneth Hahn, Robert Page, Wilmer Reed, Carl Trempf, Walter Ulrich.